



The Blodgett Fifth Reader

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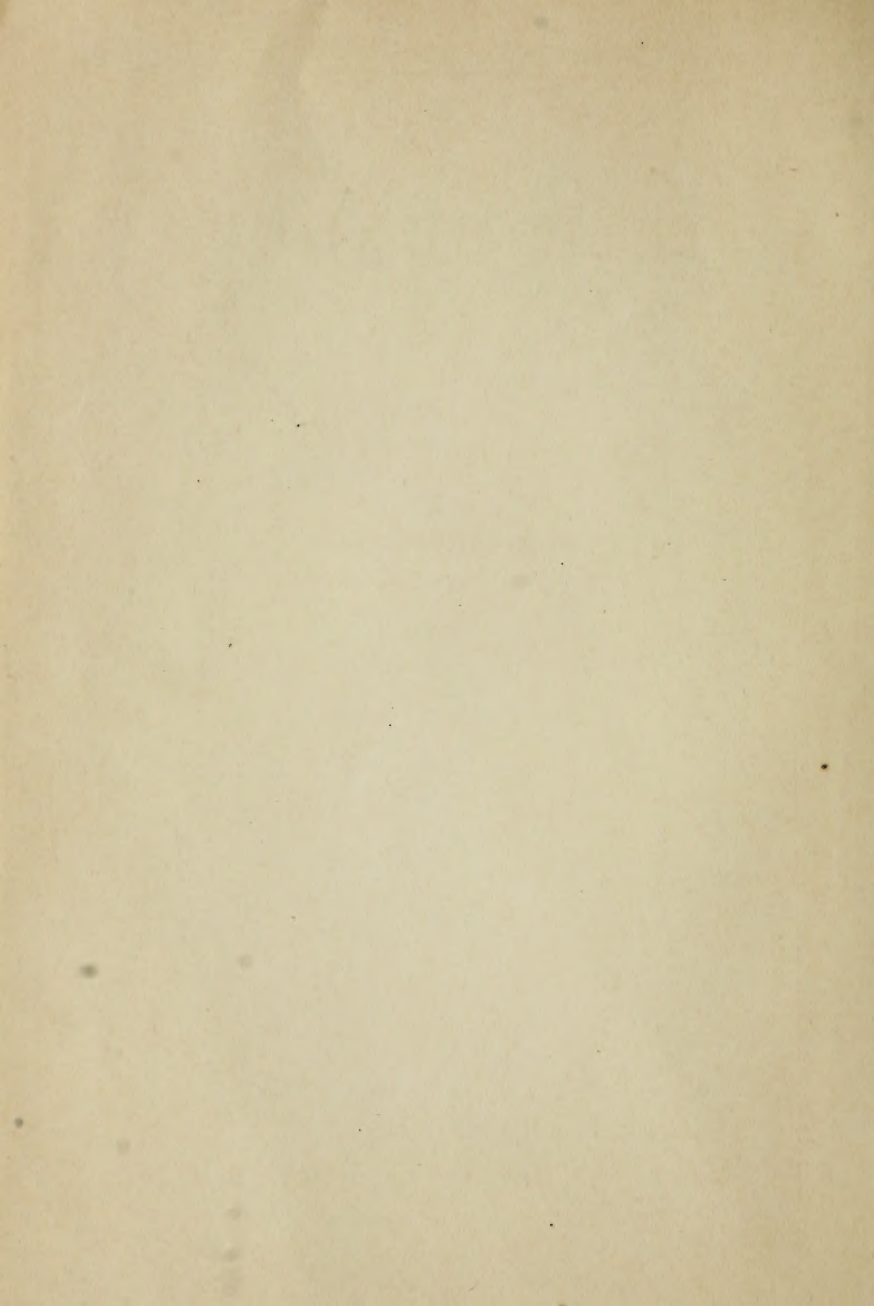
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Clorence O. Tucker.

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THE BLODGETT READERS

A FIFTH READER

BY

FRANCES E. BLODGETT

AND

ANDREW B. BLODGETT

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, SYRACUSE, N.Y.



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PREFACE

The chief aim in preparing this basal reader for use in the upper grades of grammar schools has been to make a collection of standard literature which shall appeal to the interest of the pupils. Oral reading, to be most effective, should have this constant stimulus. A large proportion, therefore, of the selections included in this volume have that dramatic or narrative quality which best holds the attention of boys and girls.

On the other hand, there are certain masterpieces of literary art which, while they may arouse no immediate response from young people, ought to be familiar to them. A judicious selection of such pieces will be found in the following pages.

An effort has also been made to present typical extracts from the work of foreign writers, and to establish the proper perspective in regard to literature in general. History, biography, essays, travels, and scientific works, as well as poetry and fiction, have all been drawn upon for suitable material. The range of authorship here represented will inevitably broaden and educate the perception of literary values.

It has been deemed wise, especially in the earlier pages of the book, to introduce occasionally lessons which offer few difficulties of any kind. These are not to be regarded as below grade, but as the natural resting places of a long ascent—legitimate relaxation after effort.

The selections from Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Burroughs, Margaret Deland, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sarah Orne Jewett, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, George Herbert Palmer, Edward Rowland Sill, Henry D. Thoreau, and John Greenleaf Whittier are

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THE AUTHORS

FUNDAMENTALS OF READING

There are two phases to be considered in oral reading: first, the mechanical phase, which consists of correct pronunciation and clear enunciation, and second, the artistic or interpretative side of such reading.

In the first place it must be insisted upon that the reader shall speak slowly, clearly, and distinctly, giving each vowel and consonant its correct value.

Careful attention to these details, together with continued practice, will soon develop good pronunciation. Then the child is ready for the second phase, the proper interpretation, which means something more than merely saying words. It means the bringing out of the real meaning behind the printed words.

The image, the idea, or the emotion contained in the sentence to be read must be absorbed and fully measured by the reader before it can be given orally for the entertainment or instruction of those who hear.

For the benefit of teachers it is well to consider briefly a few of the technical principles to be relied upon in teaching reading.

Emphasis may be defined as the particular stress of voice placed upon one or more of the words of a sentence, and is the main principle used to bring out the proper expression in oral reading; but to secure this no formal rule can be given. It must come from the effort of the reader to make the meaning clear to his hearers. For example, the first sentence in this book (page 1) will be read correctly thus: The *bishop of D*— was a man of such *saintly life* and *self-sacrificing charity* that he became known as *Monseigneur Bienvenu*, or *Welcome*.

Inflection is the upward or downward slide of the voice. It is of two kinds, rising and falling. These may be illustrated by

carrying the hand through the air as the words are spoken, or by writing sentences on the blackboard in a form that will indicate the inflection, as follows: *Did you see a boy pass this way?* *Yes, he went down this street.* If insufficient attention is

given to the matter of inflection, the voice becomes monotonous and oral reading exceedingly tiresome. An exaggerated inflection, on the other hand, tends to artificiality and affectation. Great pains should be taken to secure natural expression.

Accent means the special stress given to a certain syllable of a word, as *pres'ent*, *pre sent'*, *pres en ta'tion*.

Quality has to do with the kind of tone used in speaking or reading. The three principal tones used are *pure*, *orotund*, and *aspirated*. Others sometimes mentioned are the **guttural**, a deep throat tone, and the **tremor**, a tremulous quality of the voice. **Pure tone** is used in ordinary conversation and is clear and smooth. The **orotund** is a magnified or intensified pure tone. It is used to bring out some special oratorical effect, or in reading verse of great dignity and majesty. The **aspirated** is a forcible whisper expressing fear, horror, or wonder.

Force is the degree of loudness used in reading; the voice is *loud*, *moderate*, or *gentle*, according to the requirements of the selection to be read.

Pitch means the general tone of the voice in reading; it is *medium*, *high*, or *low* as the selection may demand. (Distinguish between *pitch* and *tone*.)

Rate refers to the rapidity of speech in oral reading, and is *moderate*, *rapid*, or *slow* as the selection may demand.

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE BISHOP AND THE CONVICT—I. <i>Victor Hugo</i> | 1 |
| THE BISHOP AND THE CONVICT—II | 9 |
| SONG OF THE RIVER. <i>Charles Kingsley</i> | 14 |
| TOM AND THE LOBSTER. <i>Charles Kingsley</i> | 16 |
| THE SUCCORY. <i>Margaret Deland</i> | 20 |
| MAGGIE TULLIVER. <i>George Eliot</i> | 21 |
| BEFORE THE RAIN. <i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i> | 28 |
| LOST IN THE STORM. <i>William J. Long</i> | 29 |
| THE SNOWSTORM. <i>John Townsend Trowbridge</i> | 37 |
| THE DANCING DOGS. <i>Hector Malot</i> | 40 |
| THE TYPHOON. <i>Joseph Conrad</i> | 50 |
| LIFE'S TORCH. <i>Henry Newbolt</i> | 55 |
| ROBINSON CRUSOE'S BOAT. <i>Daniel Defoe</i> | 56 |
| THE POET'S VISION. <i>John Keats</i> | 62 |
| THE LOON. <i>Henry D. Thoreau</i> | 63 |
| A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WIND. <i>Paul Hamilton Hayne</i> | 66 |
| THE SNOW IMAGE—I. <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> | 68 |
| THE SNOW IMAGE—II | 75 |
| THE ROBIN. <i>Sidney Lanier</i> | 85 |
| GOVERNOR MANCO AND THE SOLDIER—I. <i>Washington Irving</i> | 86 |
| GOVERNOR MANCO AND THE SOLDIER—II | 94 |
| WASHINGTON IRVING. <i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i> | 104 |
| HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE. <i>Henry van Dyke</i> | 108 |
| PLAIN LIVING. <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> | 115 |
| THE WAY TO ARCADY. <i>Henry C. Bunner</i> | 117 |
| SILAS WEGG AND MR. BOFFIN. <i>Charles Dickens</i> | 119 |
| THE HONEYBEE. <i>John Burroughs</i> | 127 |
| THE HUMBLEBEE. <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> | 132 |
| THE LANTERN BEARERS. <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> | 134 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| DAFFODILS. <i>William Wordsworth</i> | 137 |
| A THING OF BEAUTY. <i>John Keats</i> | 138 |
| A MEMORY OF MY CHILDHOOD. <i>Pierre Loti</i> | 139 |
| THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING — I. <i>Sarah Orne Jewett</i> | 142 |
| THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING — II | 145 |
| AT TABLE — I. <i>François Coppée</i> | 148 |
| AT TABLE — II | 150 |
| AT TABLE — III | 152 |
| THE THINGS THAT COUNT. <i>Clarence Urmy</i> | 154 |
| THE OLD WOLF'S CHALLENGE. <i>William J. Long</i> | 155 |
| ALONG THE DOCKS. <i>George William Curtis</i> | 161 |
| MY LOST YOUTH. <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> | 166 |
| THE CASTAWAY. <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> | 170 |
| THE STORMY PETREL. <i>Barry Cornwall</i> | 180 |
| A HIGHLAND ADVENTURE. <i>Dinah Mulock Craik</i> | 182 |
| THE BELL BUOY. <i>Rudyard Kipling</i> | 186 |
| AT SEA. <i>James Russell Lowell</i> | 190 |
| JUNE. <i>James Russell Lowell</i> | 193 |
| THE HOMEWARD RUN. <i>Rudyard Kipling</i> | 194 |
| THE FORSAKEN MERMAN. <i>Matthew Arnold</i> | 199 |
| COLONEL NEWCOME AND HIS SON. <i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i> | 203 |
| AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL. <i>Katharine Lee Bates</i> | 207 |
| THE RESCUE OF THE SHEEP. <i>Richard D. Blackmore</i> | 209 |
| THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT | 213 |
| ACROSS THE DESERT. <i>Alexander W. Kinglake</i> | 221 |
| SNOW-BOUND. <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> | 227 |
| POETRY. <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> | 230 |
| THE POETS. <i>Arthur O'Shaughnessy</i> | 233 |
| THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS. <i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> | 234 |
| A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES. <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> | 236 |
| A FOREST HYMN. <i>William Cullen Bryant</i> | 240 |
| A TRAGEDY IN THE DESERT — I. <i>Honoré de Balzac</i> | 244 |
| A TRAGEDY IN THE DESERT — II | 250 |
| PSALM VIII | 258 |
| PSALM XIX | 258 |
| GOD'S PRESENCE IN NATURE. <i>Thomas Moore</i> | 260 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| RUNNING THE GAUNTLET. <i>James Fenimore Cooper</i> | 261 |
| EXCALIBUR. <i>Alfred Tennyson</i> | 267 |
| THE DOORS OF OPPORTUNITY. <i>Hamilton Wright Mabie</i> | 275 |
| OPPORTUNITY. <i>Edward Rowland Sill</i> | 278 |
| THE WAY TO WEALTH. <i>Benjamin Franklin</i> | 279 |
| CATILINE'S SPEECH ON HIS BANISHMENT. <i>George Croly</i> | 284 |
| CLOUDS. <i>Edward Rowland Sill</i> | 286 |
| THE FENCING MATCH. <i>Edmond Rostand</i> | 288 |
| THE CAT BY THE FIRE. <i>Leigh Hunt</i> | 295 |
| THE PURLOINED LETTER—I. <i>Edgar Allan Poe</i> | 300 |
| THE PURLOINED LETTER—II | 307 |
| TO HELEN. <i>Edgar Allan Poe</i> | 315 |
| HATTO THE HERMIT. <i>Selma Lagerlöf</i> | 316 |
| THE KEARSARGE. <i>James Jeffrey Roche</i> | 324 |
| TRAVELING IN ENGLAND IN 1685. <i>Thomas Babington Macaulay</i> | 326 |
| FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE. <i>William Wordsworth</i> | 330 |
| LONDON. <i>William Wordsworth</i> | 331 |
| SELLING HIS ANCESTORS. <i>Richard Brinsley Sheridan</i> | 332 |
| VENICE. <i>John Ruskin</i> | 339 |
| VENICE. <i>Lord Byron</i> | 342 |
| EACH AND ALL. <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> | 345 |
| THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN. <i>John Richard Green</i> | 346 |
| THE MARCH TO BANNOCKBURN. <i>Robert Burns</i> | 349 |
| SCOTIA. <i>Robert Burns</i> | 350 |
| ROBERT BURNS. <i>Thomas Carlyle</i> | 351 |
| THE PILGRIM FATHERS. <i>John Boyle O'Reilly</i> | 353 |
| ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO KENILWORTH. <i>Walter Scott</i> | 357 |
| OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT. <i>Percy Bysshe Shelley</i> | 365 |
| THE QUARREL. <i>William Shakespeare</i> | 366 |
| IN THE ICE PACK—I. <i>Norman Duncan</i> | 373 |
| IN THE ICE PACK—II | 377 |
| A LOST REVENGE. <i>Walter Scott</i> | 382 |
| HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE. Translated from <i>Homer</i> by <i>William Cullen Bryant</i> | 391 |
| THE DEPARTURE OF TELEMACHUS. Retold from <i>Homer</i> | 396 |
| TO A SKYLARK. <i>William Wordsworth</i> | 400 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| THE BEGINNINGS OF TENNESSEE. <i>Theodore Roosevelt</i> . . . | 401 |
| THE SURPRISE OF KASKASKIA. <i>Theodore Roosevelt</i> . . . | 406 |
| THE SIRENS. Translated from <i>Homer</i> by <i>George Herbert Palmer</i> . | 410 |
| THE FLAG. <i>Denis A. McCarthy</i> | 413 |
| A JAPANESE VILLAGE. <i>Isabella L. Bird</i> | 414 |
| THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE. <i>Charles Wolfe</i> . . . | 419 |
| PHŒNICIA. <i>William Winwood Reade</i> | 421 |
| SAMSON. <i>John Milton</i> | 426 |
| COMETS. <i>Robert Stawell Ball</i> | 430 |
| HYMN TO MONT BLANC. <i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i> . . . | 442 |
| REBAUT'S FIRST EXPEDITION. <i>Francis Parkman</i> . . . | 447 |
| A NIGHT PIECE. <i>William Wordsworth</i> | 452 |
| THE GROWTH OF A NATION. <i>John Fiske</i> | 453 |
| HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD. <i>Robert Browning</i> . . . | 457 |
| JOHN MILTON AND THE PURITANS. <i>John Richard Green</i> . . | 458 |
| THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. <i>John Bunyan</i> | 463 |
| ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD. <i>Thomas Gray</i> . | 467 |
| THE SECRET OF SUCCESS. <i>Andrew D. White</i> | 473 |
| TO AUTUMN. <i>John Keats</i> | 476 |
| THE PRICE OF WAR. <i>David Sturr Jordan</i> | 478 |
| THE PARTING OF THE WAYS. <i>Joseph B. Gilder</i> | 481 |

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AUTHORS

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|------------------------------|---------------|------------------------------|---------------|
| ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY . . . | 28 | GRAY, THOMAS | 467 |
| ARNOLD, MATTHEW | 199 | GREEN, JOHN RICHARD . . . | 346, 458 |
| BALL, ROBERT STAWELL . . . | 430 | HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL . . . | 68 |
| BALZAC, HONORÉ DE | 244 | HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON . . . | 66 |
| BATES, KATHARINE LEE | 207 | HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL | 230, 234 |
| BIBLE | 258 | HOMER | 391, 396, 410 |
| BIRD, ISABELLA L. | 414 | HUGO, VICTOR | 1 |
| BLACKMORE, RICHARD D. . . . | 209 | HUNT, LEIGH | 295 |
| BROWNING, ROBERT | 457 | IRVING, WASHINGTON | 86 |
| BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN | 240, 391 | JEWETT, SARAH ORNE | 142 |
| BUNNER, HENRY C. | 117 | JORDAN, DAVID STARR | 478 |
| BUNYAN, JOHN | 463 | KEATS, JOHN | 62, 138, 476 |
| BURNS, ROBERT | 349, 350 | KINGLAKE, ALEXANDER W. . . | 221 |
| BURROUGHS, JOHN | 127 | KINGSLEY, CHARLES | 14, 16 |
| BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD. | 342 | KIPLING, RUDYARD | 186, 194 |
| CARLYLE, THOMAS | 351 | LAGERLÖF, SELMA | 316 |
| COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR . . | 442 | LANIER, SIDNEY | 85 |
| CONRAD, JOSEPH | 50 | LONG, WILLIAM J. | 29, 155 |
| COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE . . . | 261 | LONGFELLOW, HENRY W. . . . | 166 |
| COPPÉE, FRANÇOIS | 148 | LOTI, PIERRE | 139 |
| CORNWALL, BARRY | 180 | LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL . . . | 190, 193 |
| CRAIK, DINAH MULOCK | 182 | MABIE, HAMILTON WRIGHT . . | 275 |
| CROLY, GEORGE | 284 | MCCARTHY, DENIS A. | 413 |
| CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM . . . | 161 | MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON | 326 |
| DEFOE, DANIEL | 56 | MALOT, HECTOR | 40 |
| DELAND, MARGARET | 20 | MILTON, JOHN | 426 |
| DICKENS, CHARLES | 119 | MOORE, THOMAS | 260 |
| DUNCAN, NORMAN | 373 | NEWBOLT, HENRY | 55 |
| ELIOT, GEORGE | 21 | O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE | 353 |
| EMERSON, RALPH W. | 115, 132, 345 | O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR . . . | 233 |
| FISKE, JOHN | 453 | PALMER, GEORGE HERBERT . . . | 410 |
| FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN | 279 | PARKMAN, FRANCIS | 447 |
| GILDER, JOSEPH B. | 481 | POE, EDGAR ALLAN | 300, 315 |

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|-------------------------------|---------------|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| READE, WILLIAM WINWOOD . . . | 421 | TENNYSON, ALFRED | 267 |
| ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY | 324 | THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE | |
| ROOSEVELT, THEODORE . . . | 401, 406 | | 104, 203 |
| ROSTAND, EDMOND | 288 | THOREAU, HENRY D. | 63 |
| RUSKIN, JOHN | 339 | TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND . | 37 |
| SCOTT, WALTER | 357, 382 | URMY, CLARENCE | 154 |
| SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM | 366 | VAN DYKE, HENRY | 108 |
| SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE | 365 | WHITE, ANDREW D. | 473 |
| SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY . | 332 | WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF . . | 227 |
| SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND . . . | 278, 286 | WOLFE, CHARLES | 419 |
| STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS | | WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM | |
| | 134, 170, 236 | | 137, 330, 331, 400, 452 |



THE BLODGETT FIFTH READER

THE BISHOP AND THE CONVICT—I

VICTOR HUGO

VICTOR HUGO (1802–1885) was the foremost French author of the nineteenth century. *Les Misérables* (lă mē zě ră'bl) (The Outcasts), from which the following pages are taken, was his masterpiece. Its purpose was to awaken society to the startling flaws in its own structure.

NOTE. The central figure of the book is Jean Valjean (zhăn val zhăn'), a dull, good-natured French peasant. After the death of his parents he lived with his widowed sister and aided in the support of her seven little children. In 1795 there came a very severe winter; and, unable to find work, Jean stole a loaf of bread to save the family from starving. For this he was sentenced to five years of hard labor in the galleys. Four attempts to escape added fourteen years to his term of imprisonment, and when, at last, he was released, he was a man who had lost all hope. His meeting with the good bishop reveals to him a new world. 5 10

The bishop of D—— was a man of such saintly life and self-sacrificing charity that he became known as Monseigneur Bienvenu, or Welcome. He gave up his palace that it might serve as a hospital, taking for himself and his sister, Mademoiselle Baptistine, with their one servant, Madame Magloire, the small and poorly furnished quarters formerly occupied by the hospital. Here he devoted 15 20

himself to good works, ministering to the poor, to the suffering, and even to condemned prisoners. The door of his house was never locked, and whoever needed a friend found one here.

5 One evening in October the bishop, after his walk through the town, remained shut up rather late in his room. At eight o'clock he was still at work, writing, when Madame Magloire entered, as usual, to get the silverware from the cupboard near his bed. A moment later the
10 bishop, knowing that the table was set and that his sister was probably waiting for him, shut his book, rose from his table, and entered the dining room.

Madame Magloire was just putting the last touches to the table, and as she did so she was talking with Made-
15 moiselle Baptistine upon a subject which was familiar to her and to which the bishop was also accustomed. The question concerned the lock upon the front door.

It seems that while buying some provisions for supper Madame Magloire had heard things in divers places.
20 People had spoken of a prowler of evil appearance; a suspicious vagabond had arrived, who must be somewhere about the town, and those who should take it into their heads to return home late that night might be subjected to unpleasant encounters. As the police force was very
25 badly organized, it behooved wise people to play the part of police themselves, — to duly close, bar, and barricade their houses and to fasten the doors well.

Madame Magloire emphasized these last words ; but the bishop, who had just come from his room where it was rather cold, seated himself in front of the fire and fell to thinking of other things. He did not take up the remark dropped with design by Madame Magloire, and she re- 5 peated it. Then Mademoiselle Baptistine, desirous of satisfying Madame Magloire without displeasing her brother, ventured to say timidly, "Did you hear what Madame Magloire is saying, brother?"

"I have heard something of it in a vague way," replied 10 the bishop. Then, half turning in his chair, placing his hands on his knees, and raising toward the old servant woman his cordial, good-humored face, he said: "Come, what is the matter? What is the matter? Are we in any great danger?" 15

Whereupon Madame Magloire began the whole story afresh. It appeared that a barefooted vagabond, a sort of dangerous beggar or gypsy, was at that moment in the town. He had presented himself at the inn to obtain lodging, but the landlord had not been willing to receive him. 20 He had been seen to roam about the streets in the gloaming, — a gallows bird with a terrible face.

"Really?" said the bishop.

This willingness to ask questions encouraged Madame Magloire. It seemed to her to indicate that the bishop 25 was on the point of becoming alarmed. "Yes, Monseigneur," she pursued triumphantly. "There will be some

sort of catastrophe in this town to-night. Every one says so. And besides, the police is so badly regulated. The idea of living in a mountainous country, and not even having lights in the streets at night ! And I say, Monseigneur, that this house is not safe at all ; that if Monseigneur will permit, I will go and tell the locksmith to come and replace the ancient locks on the doors, for there is nothing more terrible than a door with a latch on the outside, which can be opened by the first passer-by. We need bolts, Monseigneur, if only for this night ; moreover — ”

At that moment there came a tolerably violent knock on the door.

“ Come in,” said the bishop. The door opened wide with a rapid movement, as if some one had given it an energetic and resolute push.

A man entered, advanced a step, and halted, leaving the door open behind him. He was a man in the prime of life, of medium stature, thickset and robust, with a shaved head and a long beard. A cap with a drooping leather visor partly concealed his face, which was burned and tanned by sun and wind. He wore a shirt of coarse yellow linen, a cravat twisted into a string, trousers of blue drilling, and an old gray tattered blouse, patched on one of the elbows with a bit of green cloth sewed on with twine. He carried on his back a tightly packed knapsack, well buckled and perfectly new, and an enormous knotty stick in his hand.

Madame Magloire had not even the strength to utter a cry. She trembled, and stood with her mouth wide open.

Mademoiselle Baptistine turned round, saw the man enter, and half started up in terror; then turning her head by degrees toward the fireplace, she began to observe 5 her brother, and her face became once more calm and serene.

The bishop fixed his tranquil eye on the man.

As he opened his mouth, doubtless to ask the new-comer what he wanted, the man rested both hands on his 10 staff, directed his gaze in turn at the old man and the two women, and without waiting for the bishop to speak, said in a loud voice: "See here! My name is Jean Valjean. I am a convict from the galleys. I have passed nineteen years there. I was liberated four days ago, and am on my 15 way to Pontarlier, which is my destination. I have been walking for four days since I left Toulon. I have traveled a dozen leagues to-day on foot. This evening, when I arrived in these parts, I went to an inn, and they turned me out because of my yellow passport, which I had shown 20 at the townhall as was necessary. I went to another inn. They said to me, 'Be off,' at both places. No one would take me. I went to the prison; the jailer would not admit me. I went into a dog's kennel; the dog bit me and chased me off, as if he had been a man. One would 25 have said that he knew who I was. I went into the fields, intending to sleep in the open air beneath the stars.

There were no stars. I thought that it was going to rain, and I came back to the town to seek the ~~shelter~~ of some doorway. ~~Yonder~~, in the square, I lay down to sleep on a stone bench. A good woman pointed out your house to
 5 me and said to me, 'Knock there!' I have knocked. What is this place? Do you keep an inn? I have money, my savings—one hundred and nine ~~francs~~ and fifteen ~~sous~~, which I earned in the galleys by my ~~labor~~, in the course of nineteen years. I will pay anything you ask. I
 10 am weary and very hungry. Are you willing that I should stay?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "you will set another place."

The man advanced three paces and approached the
 15 lamp which was on the table. "Stop," he resumed, as if he had not quite understood. "Did you hear? I am a galley slave, a convict. I come from the galleys." He drew from his pocket a large sheet of yellow paper, which he unfolded. "Here 's my passport, — yellow, as you see.
 20 This serves to expel me from every place where I go. Will you read it? I know how to read. I learned in the galleys. There is a school there for those who wish to learn. This is what they have put on this passport: 'Jean Valjean, discharged convict, native of' — that is
 25 nothing to you — 'has been nineteen years in the galleys; five years for housebreaking and burglary; fourteen years for having attempted to escape on four occasions. He is

a very dangerous man.' There! Every one has cast me out. Are you willing to receive me? Is this an inn? Will you give me something to eat and a bed? Have you a stable?"

"Madame Magloire," said the bishop, "you will put 5 white sheets on the bed in the alcove."

Madame Magloire went out to execute these orders.

The bishop turned to the man. "Sit down, sir, and warm yourself. We are going to sup in a few moments, and your bed will be prepared while you are eating." 10

At this point the man suddenly comprehended. The expression of his face, up to that time gloomy and harsh, bore the imprint of stupefaction, of doubt, of joy, and became extraordinary. He began stammering like a crazy man: "Really? You will keep me? You do not drive 15 me forth? A convict! and you call me *Sir*! 'Get out of here, you dog!' is what people have said to me. I felt sure that you would expel me, so I told you at once who I am. Oh, what a good woman that was who directed me hither! I am going to have supper! and a bed with a mat- 20 tress and sheets, like the rest of the world! — a bed! It is nineteen years since I have slept in a bed! You actually do not want me to go! You are good people. Besides, I have money; I will pay well. Pardon me, Monsieur the innkeeper, but what is your name? You are an innkeeper, 25 are you not?"

"I am a priest who lives here," said the bishop.

“A priest!” said the man. “Oh, what a fine priest! Then you are not going to demand any money of me? You are the curé, are you not? the curé of this big church? Well! I am a fool, truly! I had not perceived your
5 skullcap.”

As he spoke he deposited his knapsack and his cudgel in a corner, replaced his passport in his pocket, and seated himself. “You are humane,” he went on. “You have not scorned me. Then you do not require me to pay?”

10 “No,” replied the bishop; “keep your money. How much have you? Did you not tell me one hundred and nine francs?”

“And fifteen sous,” added the man.

“One hundred and nine francs and fifteen sous! And
15 how long did it take you to earn that?”

“Nineteen years.”

“Nineteen years!” The bishop sighed deeply.

The man continued: “I have still the whole of my money. In four days I have spent only twenty-five sous,
20 which I earned by helping unload some wagons. Since you are a priest, I will tell you that we had a chaplain in the galleys. And one day I saw a bishop there. *Monseigneur* is what they called him. He is the curé who rules over the other curés, you understand. Pardon me, I say
25 that very badly; but it is such a far-off thing to me!”

While he was speaking the bishop had gone out and shut the door, which had remained wide open.

THE BISHOP AND THE CONVICT—II

Madame Magloire returned with a silver fork and spoon, which she placed on the table.

“Madame Magloire,” said the bishop, “place those things as near the fire as possible.” And turning to his guest: “The night wind is harsh on the Alps. You must 5 be cold, sir.”

Each time that he uttered the word *sir*, in a voice which was so gently grave and polished, the man’s face lighted up. *Sir* to a convict is like a glass of water to a man dying of thirst at sea. Ignominy thirsts for consideration. 10

“This lamp gives a very bad light,” said the bishop.

Madame Magloire understood him, and went to get the two silver candlesticks from the chimney piece in Monseigneur’s bedchamber, and placed them, lighted, on the table. 15

“You are good,” said the man; “you do not despise me. You receive me into your house. You light your candles for me. Yet I have not concealed from you whence I come and that I am an unfortunate man.”

The bishop, who was sitting near him, gently touched 20 his hand. “You need not tell me who you are. This door does not demand of him who enters whether he has a name, but whether he has a grief. You suffer, you are hungry and thirsty; you are welcome. Every one is at home here who needs a refuge. What need have I to 25

know your name? Besides, before you told me, you had one which I knew."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment. "Really? You knew what I was called?"

5 "Yes," replied the bishop; "you are called my brother."


"Stop, stop!" exclaimed the man. "I was very hungry when I entered here; but you are so good that I no longer know what has happened to me."

The bishop looked at him and said, "You have suffered
10 much?"

"Oh, the red blouse, the ball on the ankle, a plank to sleep on, heat, cold, toil, the convicts, the thrashings, the double chain for nothing, the cell for one word; even when sick and in bed, still the chain! Dogs, dogs are
15 happier! Nineteen years! I am forty-six. Now, there is the yellow passport. That is all I have."

"Yes," resumed the bishop, "you have come from a very sad place. Listen. There will be more joy in heaven over the tear-bathed face of a repentant sinner than over
20 the white robes of a hundred just men. If you are leaving that sad place with thoughts of hatred and of wrath against mankind, you are deserving of pity; if you are leaving it with thoughts of good will and of peace, you are more worthy than any one of us."

25 In the meantime Madame Magloire had served supper, — soup, a little bacon, a bit of mutton, figs, a fresh cheese, and a large loaf of rye bread.

 The bishop's face at once assumed that expression of gayety which is peculiar to hospitable natures. "To table!" he cried vivaciously. As was his habit when a stranger supped with him, he made the man sit on his right. Mademoiselle Baptistine took her seat at his left. 5

The bishop asked a blessing and then helped the soup himself according to his custom.

Jean Valjean paid no attention to any one. He ate with the voracity of a starving man. However, after supper he said, "Sir, all this is far too good for me, but I must say 10 that the carters at the inn, who would not allow me to eat with them, keep a better table than you do."

The bishop replied, "They are more fatigued than I."

"No," returned the man; "they have more money. You are poor; I see that plainly. You cannot be even a 15 curate. Are you really a curé? Ah, if the good God were but just, you certainly ought to be a curé!"

"The good God is more than just," said the bishop. A moment later he added, "Jean Valjean, is it to Pontarlier that you are going?" 20

"Yes, with my road marked out for me. I must be on my way by daybreak to-morrow. Traveling is hard. If the nights are cold, the days are hot."

"You are going to a good country," said the bishop. "There is plenty of work there. You have only to choose. 25 There are paper mills, tanneries, distilleries, oil factories, watch factories on a large scale, steel mills, and copper

works. Besides these industries they have another. It is their cheese dairies, which they call *fruitières*."

The bishop recurred frequently to the latter trade as if he wished the man to understand, without advising him directly, that this would afford him a refuge. Neither during supper, nor during the entire evening, did the bishop utter a single word that could remind Valjean of what he was. He did not even ask him from what country he came, nor what was his history. He was thinking, no doubt, that the man had his misfortune only too vividly present in his mind; that the best thing was to divert him from it, and to make him believe, if only for the moment, that he was a person like any other.

But Jean Valjean paid little heed to anything. He seemed too fatigued to talk.

At last Monseigneur Bienvenu took one of the two silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said to him, "Monsieur, I will conduct you to your room."

The man followed him.

The bishop left his guest in an alcove adjoining his own bedroom. "May you pass a good night," he said. "Tomorrow morning, before you set out, you shall have a cup of warm milk from our cows."

"Thanks, monsieur," said Valjean. He turned abruptly to the old man, folded his arms, and exclaimed in a hoarse voice: "Ah! really! You lodge me in your house, close

to yourself, like this? Have you reflected well? How do you know that I am not a murderer?"

The bishop replied, "That is the concern of the good God." Then gravely, and moving his lips like one who is praying or talking to himself, he raised two fingers of his right hand and bestowed his benediction on the man; then, without turning his head, he went into his bedroom.

A moment later he was in his garden, walking, meditating, contemplating, his heart and soul wholly absorbed in those grand and mysterious things which God shows at night to the eyes which remain open.

As for the man, he was so completely exhausted that he did not even profit by the nice white sheets. Snuffing out his candle he dropped, all dressed as he was, upon the bed, where he immediately fell into a sound sleep.

Midnight struck as the bishop returned from his garden to his room, and a few minutes later all were asleep in the little house.

galleys: prisons or penal colonies. Originally a *galley slave* was one who worked at the oars in a galley, or vessel propelled by rowing. The French kept the term and applied it to convicts chained together as the old galley slaves had been. — **Monseigneur Bienvenu** (môn sãn yě' byân-vẹ nũ). — **Magloire** (mã glwãr'). — **Baptistine** (bã tis tẽn'). — **gallows** (gãl'lũs) **bird**: a criminal. — **visor** (viz'ěr): the forepiece of a cap. — **Pontarlier** (pôn tãr' lě ấ): a French town at the entrance of a mountain pass. — **Toulon** (tōō lôn'): a French seaport. — **league**: about two and a half miles, in France. — **franc**: a coin worth about twenty cents. — **sous** (sōōs): cents. — **Monsieur** (mō s'yě'): Mr. or sir. — **curé** (kũ rã'): minister or rector. — **fruitières** (f'rũ tyãr'): dairies.

SONG OF THE RIVER

CHARLES KINGSLEY

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1819-1875) was an English clergyman and author. As a novelist his chief power lay in his vivid imagination and in his descriptive faculties, *Hyppatia* and *Westward Ho!* containing some of the finest bits of word painting in our language. Many of his lyrics and ballads are
 5 inserted in his stories. This song is from *The Water Babies*.

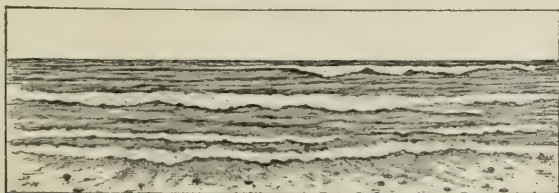


Clear and cool, clear and cool,
 By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
 Cool and clear, cool and clear,
 By shining shingle, and foaming weir;
 10 Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
 And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,
 Undeified, for the undeified;
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
 By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
 Foul and dank, foul and dank,
 By wharf and sewer and slimy bank :
 Darker and darker the further I go, 5
 Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
 Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ?
 Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
 The floodgates are open, away to the sea ; 10
 Free and strong, free and strong,
 Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
 To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
 And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
 As I lose myself in the infinite main, 15
 Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
 Undefined, for the undefined ;
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

shingle : pebbles that are waterworn. — **weir** (wēr) : a dam. — **ouzel** (oo'z'l) : a bird of the thrush family. — **undefiled** : not defiled ; clean. — **dank** : damp. — **murky** : gloomy. — **cowl** : a kind of hood. — **taintless** : pure. — **infinite** : endless. — **main** : the ocean.



TOM AND THE LOBSTER

CHARLES KINGSLEY

NOTE. Tom is a little chimney sweep who has been changed by the fairies into a water baby. His adventures, as told in *The Water Babies*, are enjoyed by readers of all ages.

Tom was going along the rocks in three-fathom water, 5 watching the pollock catch prawns, and the wrasses nibble barnacles off the rocks, shells and all, when he saw a round cage of green withes; and inside it, looking very much ashamed of himself, sat his friend the lobster, twiddling his horns, instead of thumbs.

10 "What! have you been naughty, and have they put you in the lockup?" asked Tom.

The lobster felt a little indignant at such a notion, but he was too much depressed in spirits to argue; so he only said, "I can't get out."

15 "Why did you get in?"

"After that nasty piece of dead fish." He had thought it looked and smelled very nice when he was outside, and so it did, to a lobster; but now he turned round and abused it because he was angry with himself.

20 "Where did you get in?"

"Through that round hole at the top."

"Then why don't you get out through it?"

"Because I can't;" and the lobster twiddled his horns more fiercely than ever, but he was forced to confess.

"I have jumped upwards, downwards, backwards, and sideways, at least four thousand times, and I can't get out; I always get up underneath there, and can't find the hole."

Tom looked at the trap, and having more wit than the 5 lobster, he saw plainly enough what was the matter, as you may if you look at a lobster pot.

"Stop a bit," said Tom. "Turn your tail up to me and I'll pull you through hindforemost, and then you won't 10 stick in the spikes."

But the lobster was so stupid and clumsy that he could n't hit the hole. Like a great many fox hunters, he was very sharp as long as he was in his own country; but as soon as they get out of it they lose their heads; and the lobster, so to speak, lost his tail. 15

Tom reached and clawed down the hole after him till he caught hold of him; and then, as was to be expected, the clumsy lobster pulled him in headforemost.

"Hullo! here is a pretty business," said Tom. "Now take your great claws and break the points off those 20 spikes, and then we shall both get out easily."

"Dear me, I never thought of that," said the lobster; "and after all the experience of life that I have had!"

You see experience is of very little good unless a man, or a lobster, has wit enough to make use of it. For a good 25 many people, like old Polonius, have seen all the world, and yet remain little better than children after all.

But they had not got half the spikes away when they saw a great dark cloud over them, and, lo and behold! it was the otter.

How she did grin and grin when she saw Tom. "Yar!" said she; "you little, meddlesome wretch, I have you now! I will serve you out for telling the salmon where I was!" And she crawled all over the pot to get in.

Tom was horribly frightened, and still more frightened when she found the hole in the top and squeezed herself right down through it, all eyes and teeth. But no sooner was her head inside than valiant Mr. Lobster caught her by the nose and held on.

And there they were, all three in the pot, rolling over and over, and very tight packing it was. And the lobster tore at the otter, and the otter tore at the lobster, and both squeezed and thumped poor Tom till he had no breath left in his body; and I don't know what would have happened to him if he had not at last got on the otter's back, and safe out of the hole.

He was right glad when he got out, but he would not desert his friend who had saved him; and the first time he saw his tail uppermost he caught hold of it and pulled with all his might.

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along," said Tom; "don't you see she is dead?" And so she was, quite drowned and dead.

And that was the end of the wicked otter.

But the lobster would not let go.

"Come along, you stupid old stick-in-the-mud," cried Tom, "or the fisherman will catch you!" And that was true, for Tom felt some one above beginning to haul up the pot.

5

But the lobster would not let go.

Tom saw the fisherman haul him up to the boatside, and thought it was all up with him. But when Mr. Lobster saw the fisherman he gave such a furious and tremendous snap that he snapped out of his hand, and out 10 of the pot, and safe into the sea. But he left his knobbed claw behind him; for it never came into his stupid head to let go after all; so he just shook his claw off as the easier method.

Tom asked the lobster why he never thought of letting 15 go. He said very determinedly that it was a point of honor among lobsters. And so it is.

From *The Water Babies*

three-fathom : eighteen feet. — **prawns** : shellfish, like shrimps. — **wrasses** : salt-water fishes, often bright colored. — **withes** (withs) : flexible twigs. — **Polo'nius** : a character in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.





THE SUCCORY

MARGARET DELAND

MRS. MARGARET DELAND is an American novelist and lecturer.

NOTE. The succory, or chicory, is a common roadside plant.

5 Oh not in ladies' gardens,
 My peasant posy,
 Smile thy dear blue eyes ;
 Nor only — nearer to the skies —
 In upland pastures,
 Dim and sweet ;
 10 But by the dusty road,
 Where tired feet
 Toil to and fro,
 Where flaunting sin
 May see thy heavenly hue,
 Or weary sorrow look from thee
 15 Toward that tenderer blue.

MAGGIE TULLIVER

GEORGE ELIOT

GEORGE ELIOT was the assumed name of Mary Ann Evans, who held the foremost place among women writers of the nineteenth century. Her novels are faithful pictures of village and country life in England. Among the most popular of her books is *The Mill on the Floss*, the early chapters of which deal with Maggie Tulliver's girlhood. (George Eliot died in 1880. 5

"Maggie," said Mrs. Tulliver, beckoning Maggie to her and whispering in her ear, "go and get your hair brushed."

"Tom, come out with me," whispered Maggie, pulling her brother's sleeve as she passed him; and Tom followed willingly enough. 10

"Come upstairs with me, Tom," she whispered, when they were outside the door. "There's something I want to do before dinner."

"There's no time to play at anything before dinner," said Tom, whose imagination was impatient of any inter- 15 mediate prospect.

"Oh, yes, there is time for this; *do* come, Tom."

Tom followed Maggie upstairs into her mother's room, and saw her go at once to a drawer, from which she took out a large pair of scissors. 20

"What are they for, Maggie?" said Tom, feeling his curiosity awakened.

Maggie answered by seizing her front locks and cutting them straight across the middle of her forehead.

“ Oh, Maggie,” exclaimed Tom, “ you ’d better not cut off any more.”

Snip! went the great scissors again while Tom was speaking; and he could n’t help feeling it was rather good
5 fun: Maggie would look so queer.

“ Here, Tom, cut it behind for me,” said Maggie, excited by her own daring, and anxious to finish the deed.

“ You ’ll catch it, you know,” said Tom, nodding his head in an admonitory manner, and hesitating a little
10 as he took the scissors.

“ Never mind — make haste !” said Maggie, giving a little stamp with her foot. Her cheeks were quite flushed.

The black locks were so thick — nothing could be more tempting to a lad who had already tasted the forbidden
15 pleasure of cutting the pony’s mane. One delicious grinding snip, and then another and another and the locks fell heavily on the floor, and Maggie stood cropped in a jagged, uneven manner, but with a sense of clearness and freedom, as if she had emerged from a wood into the open plain.

20 “ Oh, Maggie !” said Tom, jumping round her, and slapping his knees as he laughed. “ Oh, what a queer thing you look ! Look at yourself in the glass !”

Maggie felt an unexpected pang. She had thought beforehand chiefly of her own deliverance from her teasing
25 hair and teasing remarks about it, and something also of the triumph she should have over her mother and her aunts by this very decided course of action. She didn’t



want her hair to look pretty,—that was out of the question; she only wanted people to think her a clever little girl, and not to find fault with her. But now, when Tom began to laugh at her, the affair had quite a new aspect.

5 She looked in the glass, and still Tom laughed and clapped his hands, and Maggie's flushed cheeks began to pale, and her lips to tremble a little.

“Oh, Maggie, you'll have to go down to dinner directly,” said Tom. “Oh, my!”

10 “Don't laugh at me, Tom,” said Maggie, in a passionate tone, with an outburst of angry tears, stamping and giving him a push.

“What did you cut it off for, then?” said Tom. “I shall go down: I can smell the dinner going in.”

15 He hurried downstairs, but Maggie, as she stood crying before the glass, felt it impossible that she should go down to dinner and endure the severe eyes and severe words of her aunts, while Tom and Lucy, and Martha, who waited at table, and perhaps her father and her uncles, would

20 laugh at her,—for if Tom had laughed at her of course every one else would; and if she had only let her hair alone, she could have sat with Tom and Lucy, and had the apricot pudding and the custard! She could see clearly enough, now the thing was done, that it was very foolish.

25 What could she do but sob? She sat as helpless and despairing among her black locks as Ajax among the slaughtered sheep.

“Maggie, you little silly,” said Tom, peeping into the room ten minutes after, “why don’t you come and have your dinner? There are lots of goodies, and mother says you’re to come. What are you crying for?”

Oh, it was dreadful! Tom was so hard and unconcerned; 5 if *he* had been crying on the floor, Maggie would have cried too. And there was the dinner; and she was so hungry. It was very bitter.

But Tom was not altogether hard. He was not inclined to cry, and did not feel that Maggie’s grief spoiled his 10 prospect of the sweets; but he went and put his head near her, and said in a lower, comforting tone: “Won’t you come then, Magsie? Shall I bring you a bit of pudding when I’ve had mine? — and a custard and things?”

“Ye-e-es,” said Maggie, beginning to feel life a little 15 more tolerable.

“Very well,” said Tom, going away. But he turned again at the door and said: “But you’d better come, you know. There’s the dessert, — nuts and custards.”

Maggie’s tears had ceased, and she looked reflective as 20 Tom left her. His good-nature had taken off the keenest edge of her suffering, and nuts and custards began to assert their legitimate influence.

Slowly she rose from amongst her scattered locks, and slowly she made her way downstairs. Then she stood 25 leaning with one shoulder against the frame of the dining-room door, peeping in when it was ajar. She saw Tom and

Lucy with an empty chair between them, and there were the custards on a side table, — it was too much. She slipped in and went toward the empty chair. But she had no sooner sat down than she repented and wished herself
5 back again.

Mrs. Tulliver gave a little scream as she saw her, and felt such a “turn” that she dropped the large gravy spoon into the dish with the most serious results to the table-cloth. Her scream made all eyes turn toward the same
10 point as her own, and Maggie’s cheeks and ears began to burn, while Uncle Glegg, a kind-looking, white-haired old gentleman, said: “Heyday! What little girl is this? Why, I don’t know her! Is it some little girl you’ve picked up in the road?”

15 “Why, little miss, you’ve made yourself look very funny,” said Uncle Pullet; and perhaps he never in his life made an observation which was felt to be so lacerating.

“Fie, for shame!” said Aunt Glegg, in her loudest, severest tones of reproof. “Little girls who cut their own
20 hair should be fed on bread and water, — not come and sit down with their aunts and uncles.”

“Ay, ay,” said Uncle Glegg, meaning to give a playful turn to this denunciation, “she must be sent to jail, I think, and they’ll cut off the rest of her hair there and
25 make it all even.”

“She’s more like a gypsy than ever,” said Aunt Pullet in a pitying tone.

Maggie seemed to be listening to a chorus of reproach and derision. Her first flush came from anger, which gave her a transient power of defiance, and Tom thought she was braving it out, supported by the recent appearance of the pudding and custard. Under this impression he whispered, "Oh, my! Maggie, I told you you'd catch it." He meant to be friendly, but Maggie felt convinced that Tom was rejoicing in her ignominy. Her feeble power of defiance left her in an instant, her heart swelled, and, getting up from her chair, she ran to her father, hid her face on his shoulder, and burst into loud sobbing.

"Come, come," said Mr. Tulliver soothingly, putting his arm round her. "Never mind. You were in the right to cut it off if it plagued you; stop crying; father will take your part."

Delicious words of tenderness! Maggie never forgot any of these moments when her father "took her part"; she kept them in her heart and thought of them long years after.

"How your husband does spoil that child, Bessy!" said Mrs. Glegg in a loud "aside" to Mrs. Tulliver. "It'll be the ruin of her if you don't take care."

Abridged from *The Mill on the Floss*

apricot (ā'prĭ cōt): a foreign fruit, now common in temperate climates. — **Ajax**: a Greek hero who in a fit of madness mistook his flocks of sheep for his enemies and killed them all. — **lacerating**: cutting. — **transient**: brief. — **ignominy** (ĭg'nō mĭn'ĭ): disgrace. — **aside**: something spoken aside or privately.



BEFORE THE RAIN

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836-1907) was a writer of delightful prose as well as exquisite verse. His *Story of a Bad Boy* and *Marjorie Daw* are deservedly popular. The lyric quality of his poetry is strongly marked.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn

5 A spirit on slender ropes of mist

Was lowering its golden buckets down

Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens —

Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,

10 Dipping the jewels out of the sea,

To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed

The white of their leaves, the amber grain

Shrunk in the wind — and the lightning now

15 Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

LOST IN THE STORM

WILLIAM J. LONG

WILLIAM J. LONG is an American author and naturalist. His books describe his studies of life in the wilderness and are full of interest and entertainment. This selection is from *Northern Trails*.

Winter had come, sealing up the gloomy land till it rang like iron at the touch, then covering it deep with snow 5 and polishing its mute white face with hoarfrost and hail driven onward by the fierce Arctic gales. An appalling silence rested on plains and mountains. Not a chirp, not even a rustle broke the intense, unnatural stillness. One might travel all day long without a sight or sound of life. 10

Over the great barren in the gloomy spruce woods an Indian lodge lay hidden, buried deep under Newfoundland snows.

Here the fishermen lived, sleeping away the bitter winter. In the late autumn they had left the fishing village at 15 Harbor Weal, driven out like the wild ducks by the fierce gales that raged over the whole coast. With their abundant families and scant provisions they had followed the trail up the Southwest Brook 'till it doubled around the mountain and led into a great silent wood, sheltered on 20 every side by the encircling hills.

Here the tilts were built with double walls, filled in between with leaves and moss, to help the little stoves that

struggled bravely with the terrible cold ; and the roofs were covered over with poles and bark, or with the brown sails that had once driven the fishing boats out and in on the wings of the gale.

5 The high mountains on the west stood between the Indians and the icy winds that swept down over the sea from the Labrador and the Arctic wastes ; wood in abundance was at their doors, and the trout stream that sang all day long under its bridges of snow and ice was always ready to
10 brim their kettles out of its abundance.

So the new life began pleasantly enough ; but as the winter wore away and provisions grew scarce and game vanished from the coverts, the Indians felt the fearful pinch of famine. Every morning now a confused circle of
15 tracks in the snow showed where the wild prowlers of the woods had come and sniffed at the very doors of the tilts in their ravening hunger.

Noel's father was far away, trapping, in the interior ; and to Noel, with his snares and his bow and arrows, fell
20 the task of supplying the family's need when the stock of dried fish melted away. One March morning he had started with his sister Mooka at daylight to cross the mountains to some great barrens where he had found tracks and knew that a few herds of caribou were still feeding. The
25 sun was dimmed as it rose, and the sundogs gave mute warning of a coming storm ; but the cupboard was empty at home and they hurried on unheeding, — Noel with his

bow and arrows, Mooka with a little bag containing a loaf and a few dried caplin. Peering under every brush pile for the shining eyes of a rabbit, they picked up one big grouse and a few ptarmigan among the bowlders of a great bare hillside. On the edges of the great barren under the Top Gallants they found the fresh tracks of feeding caribou, and were following eagerly when they ran plump into a wolf trail. 5

Now by every law of the chase the game belonged to these earlier hunters ; and by every power in their gaunt, famished bodies the wolves meant to have it. So said the trail. Every stealthy advance in single file across the open, every swift rush over the hollows that might hide them from eyes watching back from the distant woods, showed the wolves' purpose clear as daylight ; and had Noel been wiser he would have read a warning from the snow and turned aside. But he only pressed on more eagerly than before. 15

The children were watching a faint cloud of mist, the breath of caribou, that blurred at times the dark tree line in the distance, when one of those mysterious warnings that befall the hunter in the far North rested upon them suddenly like a heavy hand. 20

I know not what it is, — what lesser pressure of air, to which we respond like a barometer ; or what unknown chords there are within us that sleep for years in the midst of society and that waken and answer, like an 25

animal's, to the subtle influence of nature,—but one can never be watched by an unseen wild animal without feeling it vaguely; and one can never be so keen on the trail that the storm, before it breaks, will not whisper a warning to
5 turn back to shelter before it is too late. To Noel and



Mooka, alone on the barrens, the sun was no dimmer than before; the heavy gray bank of clouds still held sullenly to its place on the horizon; and no eyes, however keen, would have noticed the tiny dark spots that centered and
10 glowed upon them over the rim of the little hollow where the wolves were watching. Nevertheless, a sudden chill fell upon them both. They stopped abruptly, shivering a bit, drawing closer together and scanning the waste keenly to know what it all meant.

“The storm!” said Noel sharply; and without another word they turned and hurried back on their own trail. In a short half hour the world would be swallowed up in chaos. To be caught out on the barrens meant to be lost; and to be lost here without fire and shelter meant death, 5 swift and sure. So they ran on, hoping to strike the woods before the blizzard burst upon them.

They were scarcely halfway to shelter when the white flakes began to whirl around them. With startling, terrible swiftness the familiar world vanished; the guiding 10 trail was blotted out, and nothing but a wolf’s instinct could have held a straight course in the blinding fury of the storm. Still they held on bravely, trying in vain to keep their direction by the eddying winds, till Mooka stumbled twice at the same hollow over a hidden brook, 15 and they knew they were running blindly in a circle of death. Frightened at the discovery they turned, as the caribou do, keeping their backs steadily to the winds, and drifted slowly away down the long barren.

Hour after hour they struggled on, hand in hand, with- 20 out a thought of where they were going. Twice Mooka fell and lay still, but was dragged to her feet and hurried onward again. The little hunter’s own strength was almost gone, when a low moan rose steadily above the howl and hiss of the gale. It was the spruce woods, bending 25 their tops to the blast and groaning at the strain. With a wild whoop Noel plunged forward, and the next instant

they were safe within the woods. All around them the flakes sifted steadily, silently down into the thick covert, while the storm passed with a great roar over their heads.

They tumbled into the snow and lay for a moment
 5 utterly relaxed, like two tired animals, in that brief, delicious rest which follows a terrible struggle with the storm and cold.

First they ate a little of their bread and fish to keep up their spirits; then — for the storm that was upon them
 10 might last for days — they set about preparing a shelter.

With a little search, whooping to each other lest they stray away, they found a big dry stub that some gale had snapped off a few feet above the snow. While Mooka scurried about, collecting birch bark and armfuls of dry
 15 branches, Noel took off his snowshoes and began with one of them to shovel away the snow in a semicircle around the base of the stub. In a short half hour he had a deep hole there, with the snow banked up around it to the height of his head. Next with his knife he cut a lot of
 20 light poles and scrub spruces and, sticking the butts in his snowbank, laid the tops, like the sticks of a wigwam, firmly against the big stub. A few armfuls of spruce boughs shingled over this roof, and a few minutes' work shoveling snow thickly upon them to hold them in place
 25 and to make a warm covering; then a doorway, or rather a narrow tunnel, just beyond the stub on the straight side of the semicircle, and their *commoosie* was all ready. Let

the storm roar and the snow sift down! The thicker it fell the warmer would be their shelter. They laughed and shouted now as they scurried out and in, bringing boughs for a bed and the firewood which Mooka had gathered.

Against the base of the dry stub they built their fire, — 5
 a wee, sociable little fire such as an Indian always builds, which is far better than a big one, for it draws you near and welcomes you cheerily, instead of driving you away by its smoke and great heat. Soon the big stub itself began to burn, glowing steadily with a heat that filled the 10
 snug little *commoosie*, while the smoke found its way out of the hole in the roof which Noel had left for that purpose. Later the stub burned through to its hollow center, and then they had a famous chimney, which soon grew hot and glowing inside, and added its mite to the children's 15
 comfort.

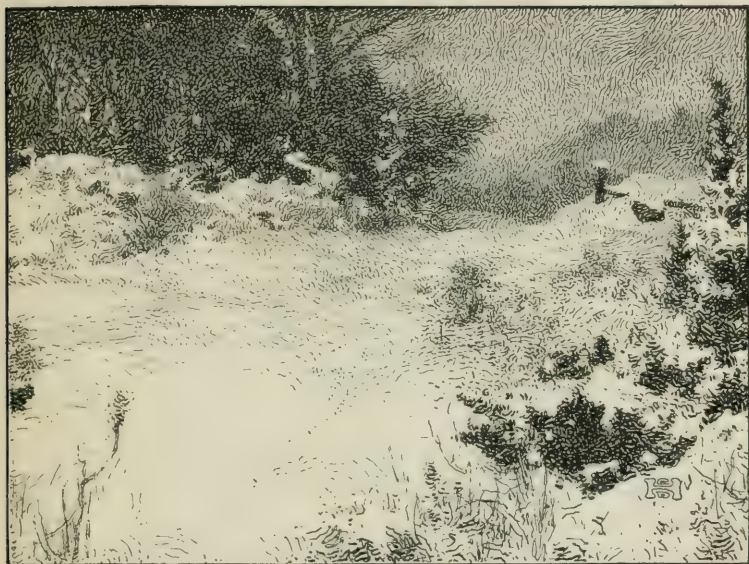
Noel and Mooka were drowsy now ; but before the long night closed in upon them they had gathered more wood, and laid aside some wisps of birch bark to use when they should awake, cold and shivering, and find their little fire 20
 gone out and the big stub losing its cheery glow. Then they lay down to rest, and the night and the storm rolled on unheeded.

Towards morning they fell into a heavy sleep ; for the stub began to burn more freely as the wind changed, and 25
 they need not stir every half hour to feed their little fire and keep from freezing. It was broad daylight, the storm

had ceased, and a woodpecker was hammering loudly on a hollow shell over their heads when they started up, wondering vaguely where they were. Then while Noel broke out of the *commoosie*, which was fairly buried under
 5 the snow, to find out where he was, Mooka rebuilt the fire and plucked a ptarmigan and set it to toasting with the last of their bread over the coals.

Noel came back soon with a cheery whoop to tell the little cook that they had drifted before the storm down
 10 the whole length of the great barren, and were camped now on the opposite side, just under the highest ridge of the Top Gallants. There was not a track on the barrens, he said; not a sign of wolf or caribou, which had probably wandered deeper into the woods for shelter. So they ate
 15 their bread to the last crumb and their bird to the last bone, and, giving up all thought of hunting, started up the big barren, heading for the distant lodge, where they had long since been given up for lost.

barren: an open, level space surrounded by dense woods. The barrens are the beds of ancient ponds or lakes. — **tilts**: log huts or cabins built in some sheltered valley for winter lodges. — **caribou** (kār'ī bōō): the American reindeer. — **sun dogs**: luminous spots near the sun, supposed to be due to ice in the atmosphere. — **caplin**: small fish, resembling smelts, found in arctic seas. — **grouse and ptarmigan** (tār'mī gān): birds akin to the pheasant and the partridge but distinguished by their feathered feet. — **earlier hunters**: the wolves. — **commoosie**: a shelter for the night, sometimes made in the form of a shed open in front to admit heat from the fire. — **Top Gallants**: high ridges in the wild interior.



THE SNOWSTORM

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, an American author and editor, was born in 1827.

The speckled sky is dim with snow,
The light flakes falter and fall slow ;
Athwart the hilltop, rapt and pale,
Silently drops a silvery veil ;
And all the valley is shut in
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee
 Singeth to me on fence and tree ;
 The snow sails round him as he sings,
 White as the down of angels' wings.

5 I watch the slow flakes as they fall
 On bank and brier and broken wall ;
 Over the orchard, waste and brown,
 All noiselessly they settle down,
 Tipping the apple boughs and each
 10 Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

On turf and curb and bower roof
 The snowstorm spreads its ivory woof ;
 It paves with pearl the garden walk ;
 And lovingly round tattered stalk
 15 And shivering stem its magic weaves
 A mantle fair as lily leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,
 Stands like a maiden in the snow ;
 And the old door slab is half hid
 20 Under an alabaster lid.

All day it snows : the sheeted post
 Gleams in the dinness like a ghost ;
 All day the blasted oak has stood
 A muffled wizard of the wood ;
 25 Garland and airy cap adorn

The sumach and the wayside thorn,
 And clustering spangles lodge and shine
 In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,
 Shrinks like a beggar in the cold ;
 In surplice white the cedar stands,
 And blesses him with priestly hands.

5

Still cheerily the chickadee
 Singeth to me on fence and tree :
 But in my inmost ear is heard
 The music of a holier bird ;
 And heavenly thoughts as soft and white
 As snowflakes on my soul alight,
 Clothing with love my lonely heart,
 Healing with peace each bruised part,
 Till all my being seems to be
 Transfigured by their purity.

10

15



THE DANCING DOGS

HECTOR MALOT

HECTOR MALOT (mä lō) (1830-1907) was a French author whose masterpiece, *Sans Famille*, has been called by contemporary critics "an incomparable romance."

NOTE. The little French boy who tells the story of *Sans Famille*,
 5 from which this selection is taken, is the assistant of a traveling showman. Three dogs and a monkey, named Joli-Cœur, make up the company of players. Owing to the monkey's misbehavior, there has been some trouble with the police, and the showman has been arrested for protecting the boy from brutal treatment.

10 I came at last to the shore of the Southern Canal, and after traveling in the dust ever since I left Toulouse, I found myself in a fresh, green country, with water, trees, grass, and a little spring which trickled through the crevices of a rock carpeted with plants. It was charming.
 15 Imperceptibly drowsiness stole over me and I fell asleep.

When I awoke the sun was high above my head and hours had gone by. But I did not need the sun to tell me that it was a long time since I had eaten my last bit of bread. The two dogs and Joli-Cœur, on their part, showed
 20 that they were hungry, — Capi and Dolci by their piteous looks and Joli-Cœur by his grimaces. And Zerbino had not yet appeared. I called, I whistled, but in vain. He did not come. He was probably digesting his breakfast under some bush.

25 My situation was becoming critical. If I went on, he might get lost and not rejoin us; if I stayed where I was,

I should find no chance to earn a few pennies to buy food. And this same need of eating became more and more imperious. The eyes of the dogs were fastened on mine despairingly, and Joli-Cœur rubbed his stomach and uttered little angry cries.

What was I to do?

Although Zerbino was guilty and through his fault we were placed in a terrible situation, I could not make up my mind to abandon him. What would my master say if I did not bring back his three dogs? And in spite of every- 10 thing I was very fond of that rascal, Zerbino.

I decided to wait until evening, but I could not remain idle. I must invent something which would keep all four of us busy and would distract our thoughts. If we could only forget that we were hungry, we should assuredly 15 suffer less. But what could we do?

While I was pondering on this question I recollected that my master had told me that in the army, when a regiment was fatigued by a long march, the soldiers would forget their weariness in listening to gay tunes played by 20 the band. If I should play a lively air, perhaps we might forget our hunger; at any rate, while we were kept busy with singing and dancing the time would pass more rapidly.

I took my harp, which was propped up against a tree, and, turning my back on the canal, I arranged my players 25 in position and began a waltz. At first my actors did not seem disposed to dance; plainly a piece of bread would

have been more to their liking, but little by little they grew lively, the music produced the desired effect, we forgot the bread that we did not have, and I thought only of playing and the dogs of dancing.



5 Suddenly I heard a clear, childish voice cry, "Bravo!"
The sound came from behind me. I turned quickly. On
the canal a boat had turned toward the shore where I was
standing; the two horses that drew it had halted on the
opposite bank. I had never seen such a strange boat! It
10 was much shorter than the barges which were ordinarily

used for navigation on the canals, and on the bridge, raised a little above the water, was built a kind of gallery of glass ; in front of this was a veranda shaded by vines. There I saw two persons : a lady still young, with a sweet
 • but sad expression, was standing beside a boy about my 5
 own age, who was lying down. Doubtless it was this child who had cried, “ Bravo ! ”

Recovering from my surprise, for this apparition was not in the least terrifying, I took off my hat to thank the one who had applauded me. 10

“ Do you play for your own amusement ? ” asked the lady.

“ I do it to make my players work and also — to divert my thoughts.”

The child made some sign and the lady bent over him. 15

“ Are you willing to play again ? ” she asked, raising her head.

Was I willing to play ! To play to a public which had come so opportunely ! I did not require much pressing.

“ Should you like a dance or a comedy ? ” I asked. 20

“ Oh, a comedy ! ” cried the child.

But the lady interrupted, saying that she should prefer a dance.

“ That is too short,” said the boy.

“ After the dance, if the honorable audience so desires, 25
 we can go through different tricks, such as are performed in the Paris circuses.”

This was one of my master's phrases; I tried to deliver it with his dignified air. On reflection I was relieved that she had refused the comedy, for I should have had some difficulty in representing it, as Zerbino was missing and
5 as I did not have the necessary costumes and accessories.

I took up my harp again and began to play a waltz; immediately Capi encircled Dolci's waist with his two paws and they turned round and round in time to the
• music. Then Joli-Cœur danced alone. We went in suc-
10 cession through our whole repertory. We felt no fatigue. As for my players, they certainly understood that a dinner would be the reward of their efforts, and they spared themselves no more than I did.

Suddenly, in the midst of my exercises, I beheld Zerbino
15 coming out from under a bush, and when his comrades passed near him he took his place impudently in their midst.

While playing and keeping watch over my actors, I looked from time to time at the little boy, and noticed
20 that, strangely enough, although he seemed to take great pleasure in our performance, he did not move, but lay there, stretched out, in complete immobility, except when he clapped his hands to applaud us. He looked as if he were fastened to a board.

25 Imperceptibly the wind had blown the boat up to the bank where I stood, and I now saw the child as plainly as if I had been on the boat beside him: he had fair hair,

his face was pale, — so pale that you saw the blue veins on his forehead under his transparent skin, — and his expression was gentle and sad, with something in it that told of sickness and suffering.

“What do you charge for seats in your theater?” the lady asked me. 5

“Each one pays according to the pleasure he has felt.”

“Then, mamma, we must pay a high price,” said the child. He added some words in a language that I did not understand. 10

“Arthur wishes to see your actors nearer,” the lady said to me.

I made a sign to Capi, who took a little run and jumped into the boat.

“And the others, too,” cried Arthur. 15

Zerbino and Dolci followed their comrade.

“And the monkey?”

Joli-Cœur could easily have jumped across, but I was never sure of him; once on board he might indulge in tricks that perhaps would not be to the lady’s taste. 20

“Is he mischievous?” she inquired.

“No, madam, but he is not always obedient, and I am afraid that he may not behave properly.”

“Oh, well, come on board with him.”

Saying this, she signed to the man who was standing at the stern by the rudder, and he came forward at once and threw a plank to the shore. 25

Here was a bridge. It enabled me to embark without taking the perilous jump, and I came on board soberly, my harp on my shoulder, and Joli-Cœur in my hand.

“The monkey! the monkey!” cried Arthur.

5 I went nearer, and while he patted Joli-Cœur and caressed him I could examine the boy at my leisure. He was really fastened to a board, as I had thought at first.

“Is there no one to take care of you, my child?” the lady asked me.

10 “Yes, but I am alone just now.”

“For a long while?”

“For two months.”

“Two months! Oh, my poor little one! Why are you alone for so long a time?”

15 “It is necessary, madam.”

“Your master probably obliges you to bring him a sum of money at the end of those two months?”

“No, madam, he demands nothing. So long as I can earn my living with my company, that is enough.”

20 “And have you earned a living up to to-day?”

I hesitated before I answered. I had never seen any one who inspired a feeling of respect as did this woman who questioned me. She spoke to me with so much kindness, her voice was so sweet and her manner so encouraging, that I decided to tell the truth. Moreover, why
25 should I keep silence? So I told her how I had been separated from my master, who had been condemned to prison

for having defended me, and how, since I had left Toulouse, I had not been able to earn a cent.

While I was speaking Arthur played with the dogs, but he was listening and he understood what I said.

“How hungry you must be!” he cried.

5

At this word, which they understood perfectly, the dogs began to bark and Joli-Cœur rubbed his stomach frantically.

“Oh, mamma!” cried Arthur.

His mother understood that appeal. She said a few 10 words in a strange language to a woman who appeared at a half-open door, and who presently brought out a little table set for a meal.

“Sit down, my child,” said the lady to me.

I did not need any urging. I sat down quickly before 15 the table, while the dogs arranged themselves in a row about me, and Joli-Cœur took his place on my knee.

“Do your dogs eat bread?” Arthur asked me.

Would they eat bread! I gave each of them a morsel, which they devoured.

20

“And the monkey?” said Arthur.

But there was no need to worry about Joli-Cœur, for while I was serving the dogs he had seized a bit of pie-crust over which he was now choking under the table.

As for me, I took a slice of bread, and if I did not 25 choke myself as Joli-Cœur had, I devoured it quite as ravenously.

"Poor child," said the lady, filling my glass.

"Where shall you dine this evening?" asked Arthur.

"We shall not have anything to eat," I answered.

"And where shall you dine to-morrow?"

5 "Perhaps to-morrow we shall be as lucky as we have been to-day."

Arthur turned toward his mother and entered into a long talk with her in the strange language that I had already heard. He seemed to be asking for some favor
10 that she was not disposed to grant, or at least against which she raised some objections.

Suddenly he turned his head toward me, for he could not move his body, and said, "Should you like to stay with us?"

15 I looked at him without answering, for this question took me by surprise.

"My son asks you if you would like to stay with us."

"On this boat?"

"Yes, on this boat. My son is sick, and the doctors
20 have ordered that he should be fastened to a board, as you see. I travel with him in this boat, so that he shall not become weary. You shall live with us. Your dogs and your monkey shall give their performances before Arthur, who will be their public. As for you, if you are willing,
25 my child, you shall play to us on your harp. Thus you will render us a service, and we, on our side, may be useful, perhaps, to you."

To live on a boat! This had always been my greatest desire. How fortunate I was!

I took my harp and, going forward into the bow, I began to play.

The boat was drawn from the bank and was soon moving over the tranquil surface of the canal. The waves lapped against the hull and the trees flew past us.

As I look back upon the days spent in the boat I find them to be the happiest ones of my childhood. Not an hour of dullness nor of fatigue; from morning till night every moment was filled with pleasure.

When the country was interesting we traveled only a few miles a day; when it was monotonous we went more swiftly.

However, pleasant as these new ways seemed to me, it became necessary, before long, to bring them to an end. The time had passed quickly and now the day was fast approaching when my master was to be released from prison.

Sans Famille (săn fá mễ'ye): homeless. — **Joli-Cœur** (zhō lě cûr): dandy. — **Southern Canal**: this connects the Atlantic with the Mediterranean. — **Toulouse** (tōō-lōōs'): a city of southern France. — **Capi** (kā pě): captain. — **Dolci** (dōl-chě): gentleness. — **Zerbino** (zâr bẻ'nố): a gallant. — **repertory** (rẻp'ẻr tỗ rỷ): list of selections.

THE TYPHOON

JOSEPH CONRAD

The life of Joseph Conrad is like a chapter from one of his own tales of adventure. He was born in Poland, and at the age of thirteen, having been left an orphan, he made his way first to Paris and then to Marseilles, where he found employment as a sailor. Now a master in the merchant
 5 service of England, he is also known as one of the foremost writers of English prose. His sea stories are remarkable examples of word painting.

NOTE. The *Nan-Shan* is a Siamese vessel manned by British officers ; Jukes is chief mate. The following pages describe the approach of the typhoon.

10 A plunge of the ship ended in a shock, as if she had landed her fore foot upon something solid. After a moment of stillness a lofty flight of sprays drove hard with the wind upon their faces.

“Keep her at it as long as we can,” shouted Captain
 15 MacWhirr.

Before Jukes had squeezed the salt water out of his eyes all the stars had disappeared. From the first stir of the air on his cheek the gale seemed to take upon itself the impetus of an avalanche. Heavy sprays enveloped the
 20 *Nan-Shan* from stem to stern, and in the midst of her regular rolling she began to kick and plunge. Jukes was glad to have his captain at hand. It relieved him as if that man had, by simply coming on deck, taken at once most of the gale's weight upon his shoulders. Such is the
 25 privilege and the burden of command.

Captain MacWhirr could expect no comfort of that sort from any one on earth. Such is the loneliness of command. The strong wind swept at him out of a vast obscurity ; he felt under his feet the uneasiness of his ship, and he could not discern even a shadow of her shape. 5

A faint burst of lightning quivered all around, as if flashed into a cavern, — into a black and secret chamber of the sea, with a floor of foaming crests. It unveiled for a sinister, fluttering moment a ragged mass of clouds hanging low, the lurch of the long outlines of the ship, 10 the black figures of men on the bridge. The darkness palpitated down upon all this, and then the real thing came at last.

It was something formidable and swift, like the sudden smashing of a vial of wrath. It seemed to explode all 15 round the ship with an overpowering concussion and a rush of great waters, as if an immense dam had been blown up to windward.

In an instant the men lost touch of each other. Jukes was driven away from his commander. He fancied him- 20 self whirled a great distance through the air.

Everything disappeared, but his hand had found within six feet of him one of the rail stanchions. It saved his body and steadied his soul so far that it became conscious of an intolerable distress. Though young, he had seen 25 some bad weather and had never doubted his ability to imagine the worst ; but this was so much beyond his

powers of fancy that it appeared incompatible with the existence of any ship whatever.

The rain poured on him, flowed, drove in sheets. He was plunged in rushing water, like a diver holding on to a stake planted in the bed of a swollen river. He breathed in gasps, and sometimes the water he swallowed was fresh and sometimes it was salt. For the most part he kept his eyes shut tight, as if suspecting his sight might be destroyed in the immense flurry of the elements. When he ventured to blink hastily he derived some moral support from the green gleam of the starboard light, shining feebly upon the flight of rain and sprays. He was actually looking at it when its ray fell upon the uprearing head of the sea, which put it out.

He saw the head of the wave topple over, adding the mite of its crash to the tremendous uproar raging around him, and almost at the same instant the stanchion was wrenched from his grasp. After a crushing thump on the back he found himself suddenly afloat and borne away. His first irresistible notion was that the whole China Sea had climbed on the bridge. Then, more sanely, he concluded himself gone overboard. All the time he was being tossed, flung, and rolled in great volumes of water, and discovered himself to have become somehow mixed up with a face, an oilskin coat, somebody's boots. He clawed ferociously all these things in turn, lost them, found them again, lost them once more, and was caught in the firm

clasp of a pair of stout arms. He had found his captain. They tumbled over and over each other, tightening their hug. Suddenly the water let them down with a brutal bang, and, stranded against the side of the wheelhouse, out of breath and bruised, they were left to stagger up in the wind and hold on where they could. 5



The motion of the ship was extravagant. Her lurches had an appalling helplessness. Both ends were under water, and the sea, flattened down in the heavier gusts, would uprise and overwhelm them in snowy rushes of foam expanding wide, beyond both rails, into the night. The middle structure of the ship was like a rock, with the water boiling up, streaming over, pouring off, beating 10

round,—like a rock that had been miraculously struck adrift from a coast and gone wallowing upon the sea.

When the *Nan-Shan* came to an anchor the sunshine was bright, the breeze fresh. She came in from a green, 5 hard sea,—green like a furrowed slab of jade streaked and splashed with frosted silver. Even before her story got about, the seamen in harbor said: “Look! Look at that steamer! Siamese, is n’t she? Just look at her!”

She was incrustated and gray with salt to the trucks of 10 her masts and to the top of her funnel, “as if,” as some facetious seaman said, “the crowd on board had fished her out somewhere from the bottom of the sea and brought her in for salvage.”

She seemed indeed to have served as a target for the 15 secondary batteries of a whole fleet. She had about her the worn, weary air of ships coming from the far ends of the world,—and indeed, with truth, for in her short passage she had been very far, sighting even the coast of the Great Beyond.

Abridged from *The Typhoon*

typhoon: a violent hurricane occurring in the Chinese seas. — **sinister**: foreboding danger. — **bridge**: a raised platform on a ship where the captain and pilot stand. — **palpitated**: made itself felt. — **vial of wrath**: a familiar figure of speech in Hebrew poetry. See Revelation xvi. 1. — **stanchions**: posts. — **incompatible**: not agreeing. — **Siamese**: belonging to Siam, an Eastern kingdom. — **facetious**: joking. — **salvage**: compensation allowed for saving a ship. — **secondary batteries**: the smaller guns, the effect of which would be to riddle rather than to destroy a ship.

LIFE'S TORCH

HENRY NEWBOLT

HENRY JOHN NEWBOLT is an English writer and poet.

NOTE. The old game of cricket, which is popular at English schools, has a few points of resemblance to baseball, but in other ways it differs widely.

There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night — 5
 Ten to make and the match to win —
 A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
 An hour to play and the last man in.
 And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
 Or the selfish hope of a season's fame, 10
 But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!" . . .

This is the word that year by year
 While in her place the School is set
 Every one of her sons must hear, 15
 And none that hears it dare forget.
 This they all with a joyful mind
 Bear through life like a torch in flame,
 And falling fling to the host behind —
 "Play up! play up! and play the game!" 20

Close: an inclosed field or yard. — **bumping pitch**: an uneven, difficult ground. When regularly delivered the ball strikes the "pitch" between the player who serves the ball and the batsman.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S BOAT

DANIEL DEFOE

DANIEL DEFOE (1661-1731) was the first English novelist. He began life as a tradesman, but soon became interested in politics and held several government offices. His skill as a journalist led him to invent stories when real life failed to supply him with literary material, and he gradually became a writer of fiction, although he cleverly gave to his stories every appearance of reality. The adventures of a certain sailor named Alexander Selkirk furnished Defoe with all the foundation he needed for his famous book, *The Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, which was published in 1719.

10 NOTE. Robinson Crusoe, a Yorkshire sailor, having been shipwrecked in the Caribbean Sea, is washed upon the shore of an uninhabited island, where he lives for several years alone. His experiences in adapting himself to his new life are as full of interest to-day as they were two hundred years ago. His attempt to build a boat, after seeing, in the far distance,
15 a misty headland, is strikingly human at every point.

All the while these things were doing you may be sure my thoughts ran many times upon the prospect of land, which I had seen from the other side of the island; and I was not without some secret wishes that I was on shore
20 there, fancying that I might find some way or other to convey myself farther. But I made no allowance for the dangers of such a condition, and that I might fall into the hands of savages, such as I might have reason to think far worse than the lions and tigers of Africa.
25 All these things took up none of my apprehensions at first; yet my head ran mightily upon the thought of getting over to the shore.

At length I began to think whether it was not possible to make myself a canoe such as the natives of these climates made, even without tools, of the trunk of a great tree. This I thought not only possible, but easy, and pleased myself extremely with the idea of making it, and with my having much more convenience for it than any of the Indians; but not at all considering the particular inconveniences that I lay under, namely, the want of hands to move it into the water when it was made, — a difficulty much harder for me to surmount than all the consequences of want of tools could be to them. 5 10

One would imagine that I should have immediately thought how I was to get my boat into the sea; but I was so intent upon my voyage in it that I never once considered how I should get it off the land, though it was really more easy for me to guide it over the sea, than over the land to set it afloat in the water. 15

I went to work upon this boat the most like a fool that ever man did, who had any of his senses awake. I pleased myself with the design without determining whether I was able to undertake it; not but that the difficulty of launching my boat came often into my head, but I put a stop to my own inquiries into it by this foolish answer: Let us first make it; I warrant I will find some way or other to get it along when it is done. 20 25

This was a most preposterous method; but the eagerness of my fancy prevailed, and to work I went. I felled

a cedar tree, and I question much whether Solomon ever had such a one for the building of the temple at Jerusalem; it was five feet ten inches in diameter at the lower part next the stump, and four feet eleven inches in diameter at the end of twenty-two feet, where it lessened and then parted into branches.

It was not without infinite labor that I felled this tree; I was twenty days hacking and hewing at the bottom, and fourteen more getting the branches and limbs and the vast, spreading head of it cut off; after this it cost me a month to shape it to something like the bottom of a boat, that it might swim upright as it ought to do. It cost me near three months more to clear the inside and work it out so as to make an exact boat of it. This I did, indeed, without fire, by mere mallet and chisel, and by the dint of hard labor, till I had brought it to be a very handsome canoe, big enough to have carried six and twenty men, and consequently big enough to have carried me and all my cargo.

When I had gone through this work I was extremely delighted with it. The boat was really much bigger than ever I saw a canoe that was made of one tree. Many a weary stroke it had cost, you may be sure, and there remained nothing but to get it into the water, which, had I accomplished, I make no question but I should have begun the maddest voyage, and the most unlikely to be performed, that ever was undertaken.



But all my devices to get it into the water failed me, though they cost me inexpressible labor too. It lay about one hundred yards from the water, and not more ; but the first inconvenience was, it was uphill towards the creek.

5 Well, to take away this discouragement I resolved to dig into the surface of the earth and so make a declivity ; this I began, and it cost me a prodigious deal of pains. When this was worked through, and this difficulty managed, it was still much the same, for I could not stir the

10 canoe. Then I measured the distance of ground and resolved to cut a dock or canal to bring the water up to the canoe, seeing I could not bring the canoe down to the water. I began this work, but when I came to enter upon it and calculate how deep it was to be dug, how broad,

15 and how the stuff was to be thrown out, I found that it must have been ten or twelve years before I could have gone through with it. This attempt, though with great reluctance, I was at length obliged to give over also.

This grieved me heartily ; and now I saw, though too

20 late, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost and before we judge rightly of our own strength to go through with it.

In the middle of this work I finished my fourth year in this place and kept my anniversary with the same devotion as before. I had gained, however, a different

25 knowledge, and I entertained different notions of things. I had nothing to covet, for I had all that I was now

capable of enjoying. If I pleased, I might call myself king or emperor over the whole country. I had enough to eat and supply my wants and what was the rest to me?

In a word, I found that all the good things of this world are of no farther good to us than for our use. The most 5 covetous miser in the world would have been cured of the vice of covetousness if he had been in my case, for I possessed infinitely more than I knew what to do with. I had a parcel of money, — about thirty-six pounds sterling. Alas! there the sorry, useless stuff lay. I had no manner 10 of business for it, and I often thought that I would have given a handful of it for a hand mill to grind my corn; nay, I would have given it all for sixpenny worth of turnip and carrot seed from England, or for a handful of peas and beans and a bottle of ink. As it was, I had not 15 the least advantage by it; but there it lay in a drawer and grew moldy with the damp of the cave in the wet seasons. And if I had had the drawer full of diamonds, it had been the same case; they would have been no manner of value to me because of no use. 20

As for my first boat, I was obliged to let it lie where it was as a memorandum to teach me to be wiser the next time.

were doing : the common form *being done* is of modern origin. — **without tools** : such canoes are often burned out instead of being shaped with tools. — **preposterous** : wholly absurd. — **give over** : give up.

THE POET'S VISION

JOHN KEATS

JOHN KEATS (1795-1821) was a noted English poet. Although his life was short, his works show rare genius. The following lines are from "I stood Tiptoe upon a Little Hill."

Linger awhile upon some bending planks
 5 That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
 And watch intently Nature's gentle doings :
 They will be found softer than ring-dove's cooings.
 How silent comes the water round that bend !
 Not the minutest whisper does it send
 10 To the o'erhanging sallows : blades of grass
 Slowly across the chequered shadows pass.
 Why, you might read two sonnets ere they reach
 To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
 A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds,
 15 Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
 Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
 To taste the luxury of sunny beams
 Tempered with coolness. . . .
 The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
 20 And cool themselves among the emerald tresses ;
 The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
 And moisture, that the bowery green may live.

rushy : fringed with rushes. — **minutest** : faintest. — **sallows** : willows.
 — **aye** : always. — **bowery** : shaded like a bower.

THE LOON

HENRY D. THOREAU

HENRY D. THOREAU (1817-1862) was an American writer whose books reflect the freedom of life which he enjoyed. For two years he lived as a hermit on the shores of Walden Pond, near Concord, Massachusetts, and there established intimate relations with the birds and wild creatures about him. "Fishes swam into his hand; he pulled the woodchuck out of its hole by the tail, and took the foxes under his protection from the hunters." *Walden* is the record of his life at this time, and mingles matters of fact with personal experience and philosophy.

As I was paddling along the north shore one very calm October afternoon, having looked over the pond in vain for a loon, suddenly one, sailing out from the shore toward the middle a few rods in front of me, set up his wild laugh and betrayed himself. I pursued with a paddle and he dived, but when he came up I was nearer than before. He dived again, but I miscalculated the direction he would take, and we were fifty rods apart when he came to the surface this time, for I had helped to widen the interval; and again he laughed long and loud, and with more reason than before.

He maneuvered so cunningly that I could not get within half a dozen rods of him. Each time when he came to the surface, turning his head this way and that, he coolly surveyed the water and the land, and apparently chose his course so that he might come up where there was the widest

expanse of water and at the greatest distance from the boat. It was surprising how quickly he made up his mind and put his resolve into execution. He led me at once to the widest part of the pond and could not be driven from
 5 it. While he was thinking one thing in his brain I was endeavoring to divine his thought in mine. It was a pretty game, played on the smooth surface of the pond, a man against a loon.

Suddenly your adversary's checker disappears beneath
 10 the board, and the problem is to place yours nearest to where his will appear again. Sometimes the loon would come up unexpectedly on the opposite side of me, having apparently passed directly under the boat. So long-winded was he, and so unweariable, that when he had swum farthest
 15 he would immediately plunge again, and then no wit could divine where in the deep pond, beneath the smooth surface, he might be speeding his way like a fish, for he had time and ability to visit the bottom of the pond in its deepest part. How surprised must the fishes be to see this ungainly
 20 visitor from another sphere speeding his way amid their schools! Yet he appeared to know his course as surely under water as on the surface, and swam much faster there. Once or twice I saw a ripple where he approached the surface, just put his head out to reconnoiter, and instantly
 25 dived again. I found that it was as well for me to rest on my oars and wait his reappearing as to endeavor to calculate where he would rise; for again and again, when I was

straining my eyes over the surface one way, I would suddenly be startled by his unearthly laugh behind me. But why, after displaying so much cunning, did he invariably betray himself the moment he came up by that loud laugh? He was, indeed, a silly loon, I thought. 5

His usual note was this demoniac laughter, but occasionally, when he had balked me most successfully and had risen a long way off, he uttered a long-drawn unearthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any bird; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliber- 10
ately howls. This was his looning, — perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making the woods ring far and wide. I concluded that he laughed in derision of my efforts, confident of his own resources.

Though the sky was by this time overcast, the pond 15
was so smooth that I could see where he broke the surface when I did not hear him. His white breast, the stillness of the air, and the smoothness of the water were all against him. At length, having come up fifty rods off, he uttered one of those prolonged howls, as if calling on the god of 20
loons to aid him, and immediately there came a wind from the east and rippled the surface and filled the whole air with misty rain, and I was impressed as if it were the prayer of the loon answered, and his god was angry with me; and so I left him disappearing far away on the 25
tumultuous surface.

From *Walden*

demo'niac: belonging to a demon or evil spirit.

A dream of the south wind
66
A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WIND

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (1830-1886) was for a long time the representative Southern poet, honored and beloved throughout the land.

Oh, fresh, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
5 The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of
balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested
10 calm.
From the distant tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint
undertune,
15 From its fields of purpling flowers
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms
of June.

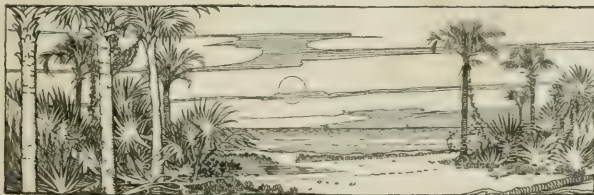
All heavenly fancies rise
20 On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a language rare and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's

Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
 Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides
 divine.

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
 So mystical and tender,
 Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings they gird their mean-
 ing round,
 And those waters calling, calling,
 With a nameless charm, enthralling,
 Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of 10
 sound.

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
 Grows the preternatural glimmer
 Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle
 wings of balm;
 For behold! its spirit flieth,
 And its fairy murmur dieth,
 And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless
 calm.

subtle: not easily perceived. — **gird**: wrap or encircle. — **preternatural**:
 uncommon.



THE SNOW IMAGE—I

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, one of the most distinguished of American writers, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on the 4th of July, 1804, and died in Plymouth, New Hampshire, in 1864. His early life was a lonely one, and his books, though full of delicate imagery, often have a strangely
5 melancholy tone. The following lesson is abridged from one of his fanciful tales.

One afternoon of a cold winter's day, when the sun shone forth with chilly brightness after a long storm, two children asked leave of their mother to run out and
10 play in the new-fallen snow. The elder child was a little girl, whom her parents used to call Violet. Her brother was known by the name of Peony, on account of the rudeness of his broad and round little phiz, which made everybody think of sunshine and great scarlet flowers.
15 The father of these two children, a certain Mr. Lindsey, it is important to say, was an excellent man, a dealer in hardware, and was sturdily accustomed to take what is called the common-sense view of all matters that came under his consideration. The mother's character, on the
20 other hand, had a strain of poetry in it that had survived out of her imaginative youth.

The children dwelt in a city, and had no wider play-place than a little garden before the house, divided by a white fence from the street, and with a pear tree and two

or three plum trees overshadowing it, and some rosebushes just in front of the parlor windows. The trees and shrubs, however, were now leafless, and their twigs were enveloped in the light snow.

“Yes, Violet, — yes, my little Peony,” said their kind 5 mother, “you may go out and play in the new snow.”

Accordingly the good lady bundled up her darlings in woolen jackets and wadded sacks, and put comforters round their necks, and a pair of striped gaiters on each little pair of legs, and worsted mittens on their hands, and 10 gave them a kiss apiece by way of a spell to keep away Jack Frost. Forth sallied the two children with a hop, skip, and jump that carried them at once into the very heart of a huge snowdrift, whence Violet emerged like a snow bunting, while little Peony floundered out with his 15 round face in full bloom. Then what a merry time had they! To look at them frolicking in the wintry garden, you would have thought that the dark and pitiless storm had been sent for no other purpose than to provide a new plaything for them. 20

At last, when they had frosted one another all over with handfuls of snow, Violet was struck with a new idea.

“You look exactly like a snow image, Peony,” said she, “if your cheeks were not so red. Let us make an image out of snow, — an image of a little girl, — and it shall be 25 our sister, and shall run about and play with us all winter long. Won’t it be nice?”

“Oh, yes!” cried Peony, as plainly as he could speak, for he was but a little boy; “that will be nice! And mamma shall see it!”

“Yes,” answered Violet, “mamma shall see the new
5 little girl. But she must not make her come into the warm parlor, for you know our little snow sister will not love the warmth.”

And forthwith the children began this great business of making a snow image that should run about; while their
10 mother, who was sitting at the window and overheard some of their talk, could not help smiling at the gravity with which they set about it. They really seemed to imagine that there would be no difficulty whatever in creating a live little girl out of the snow.

15 Violet assumed the chief direction and told Peony what to do, while with her own delicate fingers she shaped out all the nicer parts of the snow figure. It seemed, in fact, not so much to be made by the children as to grow up under their hands while they were playing and prattling
20 about it. Their mother was quite surprised at this, and the longer she looked the more surprised she grew.

“O Violet,” said Peony, in his bluff tone, — but a very sweet tone, too, — as he came floundering through the half-trodden drifts, “how beau-ti-ful she begins to look!”

25 “Yes,” said Violet, thoughtfully and quietly, “our snow sister does look very lovely. I did not quite know, Peony, that we could make such a sweet little girl as this.”

The mother, as she listened, thought how fit and delightful an incident it would be if fairies, or, still better, if angel children were to come from paradise and play invisibly with her own darlings, and help them to make their snow image, giving it the features of celestial babyhood! 5

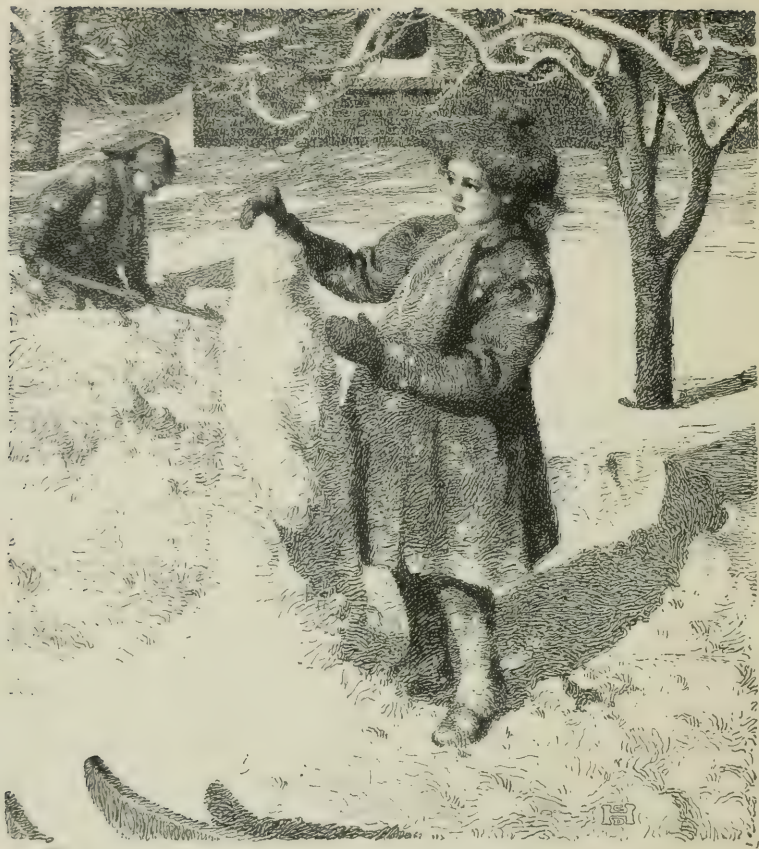
“My little girl and boy deserve such playmates, if mortal children ever did,” said the mother to herself; and then she smiled again at her own motherly pride.

Now, for a few moments, there was a busy and earnest but indistinct hum of the two children’s voices, as Violet 10 and Peony wrought together with one happy consent. Violet still seemed to be the guiding spirit, while Peony acted rather as a laborer, and brought her the snow from far and near. And yet the little urchin evidently had a proper understanding of the matter, too. 15

“Peony, Peony!” cried Violet, — for her brother was again at the other side of the garden, — “bring me those light wreaths of snow that have rested on the lower branches of the pear tree. You can clamber on the snow-drift, Peony, and reach them easily. I must have them to 20 make some ringlets for our snow sister’s head.”

“Here they are, Violet,” answered the little boy. “Take care you do not break them. Well done! well done! how pretty!”

“Is she not lovely?” said Violet, in a satisfied tone. 25
“And now we must have some little shining bits of ice to make the brightness of her eyes. She is not finished yet.



Mamma will see how very beautiful she is; but papa will say, ‘Nonsense! Come in out of the cold!’”

“Let us call mamma to look out,” said Peony; and then he shouted lustily, “Mamma! mamma!! mamma!!!
5 look out and see what a nice little girl we are making!”

The mother put down her work for an instant and looked out of the window. Through all the bright, blinding dazzle of the sun and the new snow she beheld a small white figure in the garden that seemed to have a wonderful deal of human likeness about it. And she saw Violet and Peony — indeed, she looked more at them than at the image — still at work, Peony bringing fresh snow, and Violet applying it to the figure as scientifically as a sculptor adds clay to his model. Indistinctly as she discerned the snow child, the mother thought to herself that never before was there a snow figure so cunningly made, nor ever such a dear little girl and boy to make it.

“They do everything better than other children,” said she, very complacently; “no wonder they make better snow images.”

15

She sat down again to her work, and made as much haste with it as possible, because twilight would soon come. The children, likewise, kept busily at work in the garden, and still the mother listened, whenever she could catch a word. She was amused to observe how their little imaginations had got mixed up with what they were doing, and carried away by it. They seemed positively to think that the snow child would run about and play with them.

“What a nice playmate she will be for us all winter long!” said Violet. “I hope papa will not be afraid of her giving us a cold. Shan’t you love her dearly, Peony?”

25

“Oh, yes!” cried Peony; “and I will hug her, and she shall sit down close by me, and drink some of my warm milk.”

“Oh, no, Peony!” answered Violet, with grave wisdom;
 5 “that will not do at all. Warm milk will not be wholesome for our little snow sister. Little snow people, like her, eat nothing but icicles. No, no, Peony; we must not give her anything warm to drink.”

There was a minute or two of silence, for Peony, whose
 10 short legs were never weary, had gone on a pilgrimage again to the other side of the garden. All of a sudden Violet cried out loudly and joyfully:

“Look here, Peony! Come quickly! A light has been shining on her cheek out of that rose-colored cloud, and
 15 the color does not go away! Is not that beautiful!”

“Yes, it is beau-ti-ful!” answered Peony, pronouncing the three syllables with deliberate accuracy. “O Violet, only look at her hair! It is all like gold!”

“Oh, certainly,” said Violet, with tranquillity, as if it
 20 were very much a matter of course; “that color, you know, comes from the golden clouds that we see up there in the sky. She is almost finished now.”

Just then there came a breeze of the pure west wind sweeping through the garden and rattling the windows.
 25 It sounded so wintry cold that the mother was about to tap on the window pane with her thimble finger to summon the two children in, when they both cried out to her.

The tone was not a tone of surprise, although they were evidently a good deal excited; it appeared rather as if they were very much rejoiced at some event that had now happened, but which they had been looking for, and had reckoned upon all along.

“Mamma! mamma! we have finished our little snow sister, and she is running about the garden with us!”

“What imaginative little beings my children are!” thought the mother. “And it is strange, too, that they make me almost as much a child as they themselves are. I can hardly help believing, now, that the snow image has really come to life.”

“Dear mamma,” cried Violet, “pray look out and see what a sweet playmate we have!”

THE SNOW IMAGE—II

The sun was now gone out of the sky, and there was not the slightest gleam or dazzle, either on the window or on the snow, so that the good lady could look all over the garden, and see everything and everybody in it. And what do you think she saw there? Violet and Peony, of course, her own two darling children. Ah, but whom or what did she see besides? Why, if you will believe me, there was a small figure of a girl, dressed all in white, with rose-tinged cheeks and ringlets of golden hue, playing about the garden with the two children! The mother thought

that it must certainly be the daughter of one of the neighbors, and that, seeing Violet and Peony in the garden, the child had run across the street to play with them. So this kind lady went to the door, intending to invite
5 the little runaway to come in.

But, after opening the door, she stood an instant on the threshold, hesitating whether she ought to ask the child to come in, or whether she should even speak to her. Indeed, she almost doubted whether it were a real child
10 after all, or only a light wreath of the new-fallen snow, blown hither and thither about the garden by the intensely cold west wind. There was certainly something very singular in the aspect of the little stranger. Among all the children of the neighborhood, the lady could remem-
15 ber no such face, with its pure white, and delicate rose color, and the golden ringlets tossing about the forehead and cheeks. And as for her dress, it was such as no reasonable woman would put upon a little girl when sending her out to play in the depth of winter. It made
20 this kind and careful mother shiver only to look at those small feet, with nothing in the world on them, except a very thin pair of white slippers. Nevertheless, airily as she was clad, the child seemed to feel not the slightest inconvenience from the cold, but danced so lightly over the
25 snow that the tips of her toes left hardly a print in its surface, while Violet could but just keep pace with her, and Peony's short legs compelled him to lag behind.

Once, in the course of their play, the strange child placed herself between Violet and Peony, and, taking a hand of each, skipped merrily forward, and they along with her. Almost immediately, however, Peony pulled away his little fist and began to rub it as if the fingers 5 were tingling with cold, while Violet also released herself, gravely remarking that it was better not to take hold of hands. The white-robed damsel said not a word, but danced about, just as merrily as before. If Violet and Peony did not choose to play with her, she could make 10 just as good a playmate of the brisk and cold west wind, which kept blowing her about the garden. All this while the mother stood on the threshold, wondering how a little girl could look so much like a flying snowdrift, or how a snowdrift could look so very like a little girl. 15

She called Violet and whispered to her. "Violet, my darling, what is this child's name?" asked she. "Does she live near us?"

"Why, dearest mamma," answered Violet, laughing to think that her mother did not comprehend so very plain 20 an affair, "this is our little snow sister whom we have just been making!"

"Yes, dear mamma," cried Peony, running to his mother and looking up simply into her face, "this is our snow image! Is it not a nice little child?" 25

At this instant a flock of snow birds came flitting through the air. As was very natural, they avoided

Violet and Peony, but — and this looked strange — they flew at once to the white-robed child, fluttered eagerly about her head, alighted on her shoulders, and seemed to claim her as an old acquaintance. She, on her part, was
 5 evidently as glad to see these little birds, old Winter's grandchildren, as they were to see her, and welcomed them by holding out both her hands. Hereupon they each and all tried to alight on her two palms and ten small fingers and thumbs, crowding one another off, with
 10 an immense fluttering of their tiny wings. One dear little bird nestled tenderly in her bosom; another put its bill to her lips. They were as joyous all the while and seemed as much in their element as you may have seen them when sporting with a snowstorm.

15 Violet and Peony stood laughing at this pretty sight, for they enjoyed the merry time which their new playmate was having with these small-winged visitants almost as much as if they themselves took part in it.

“Violet,” said her mother, greatly perplexed, “tell me
 20 the truth, without any jest. Who is this little girl?”

“My darling mamma,” answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, and apparently surprised that she should need any further explanation, “I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow image, which
 25 Peony and I have been making.”

“Yes, mamma,” asseverated Peony, with much gravity.
 “But, mamma, her hand is, oh, so very cold!”

While she still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street gate was thrown open, and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a heavy coat, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands. His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise at finding the whole family in the open air on so bleak a day, and after sunset too. He soon perceived the little white stranger sporting to and fro in the garden. 10

“Pray, what little girl may that be?” inquired this very sensible man. “Surely her mother must be crazy to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day with only that flimsy white gown and those thin slippers!”

“My dear husband,” said his wife, “I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor’s child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony,” she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, “insist that she is nothing but a snow image, which they have been busy about in the garden almost all the afternoon.” 20

As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes toward the spot where the children’s snow image had been made. What was her surprise on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor!—no image at all! no piled up heap of snow!—nothing whatever, save the prints of little footsteps around a vacant space! 25

“This is very strange!” said she.

“What is strange, dear mother?” asked Violet. “Dear father, do not you see how it is? This is our snow image, which Peony and I have made because we wanted another playmate.”

5 “Nonsense, children!” cried their good, honest father. “Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come! This little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her in and give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as com-
10 fortable as we can.”

So saying, this kind-hearted man was going toward the little white damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly besought him not to make her come in.
15 “Dear father,” cried Violet, putting herself before him, “it is true what I have been telling you. This is our little snow girl. Do not make her come into the hot room.”

“Yes, father,” shouted Peony, stamping his little foot, so mightily was he in earnest; “she will not love the
20 hot fire!”

“Nonsense, children; nonsense, nonsense!” cried the father, half vexed, half laughing at what he considered their foolish obstinacy. “Run into the house this moment! It is too late to play any longer, now. I must
25 take care of this little girl immediately.”

“Husband! dear husband!” said his wife in a low voice,—for she had been looking narrowly at the snow

child and was more perplexed than ever,—"there is something very singular in all this. You will think me foolish, — but — but — may it not be that some invisible angel has been attracted by the simplicity and good faith with which our children set about their undertaking? 5 May he not have spent an hour of his immortality in playing with those dear little souls? And so the result is what we call a miracle. No, no! Do not laugh at me. I see what a foolish thought it is."

"My dear wife," replied the husband, laughing heartily, 10 "you are as much a child as Violet and Peony."

But now kind Mr. Lindsey had entered the garden, breaking away from his two children, who still sent their shrill voices after him. The little white damsel fled backward, shaking her head as if to say, "Pray, do not touch 15 me!" and roguishly, as it appeared, leading him through the deepest of the snow. Once the good man stumbled, and floundered down upon his face, so that, gathering himself up again, with the snow sticking to his rough coat, he looked as white and wintry as a snow image of the 20 largest size. Some of the neighbors, meanwhile, seeing him from their windows, wondered what could possess poor Mr. Lindsey to be running about his garden in pursuit of a snowdrift, which the west wind was driving hither and thither. At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased 25 the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him.

“Come, you odd little thing,” he cried, seizing her by the hand, “I have caught you at last, and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. We will put a warm pair of stockings on your frozen little feet, and you shall have
5 a good thick shawl to wrap yourself in. Your poor white nose, I am afraid, is actually frost-bitten, but we will make it all right. Come along in.”

And so this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow child by the hand and led her towards the house.
10 She followed him, drooping and reluctant. As he led her up the steps to the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face, — their eyes full of tears, which froze before they could run down their cheeks, — and again entreated him not to bring their snow image into the house.

15 “Not bring her in!” exclaimed the kind-hearted man.
“Why, you are crazy, my little Violet! — quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold already that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?”

20 His wife, as he came up the steps, had been taking another long, earnest look at the little stranger.

“After all,” said the mother, recurring to her idea that the angels would be as much delighted to play with Violet and Peony as she herself was, “she does look strangely
25 like a snow image! I do believe she is made of snow!”

A puff of the west wind blew against the snow child, and again she sparkled like a star.

“Snow!” repeated good Mr. Lindsey, drawing the reluctant guest over his hospitable threshold. “No wonder she looks like snow. She is half frozen, poor little thing! But a good fire will put everything to rights.”

Sad, sad and drooping, looked the little white maiden 5 as she stood on the hearth rug. Once she threw a glance wistfully toward the windows, and caught a glimpse of the snow-covered roofs, and the stars glimmering frostily, and all the delicious intensity of the cold night. The bleak wind rattled the window panes as if it were summoning 10 her to come forth. And there stood the snow child, drooping before the hot fire! But the common-sensible man saw nothing amiss.

“Come, wife,” said he, “let her have a pair of thick stockings and a woolen shawl or blanket directly; and 15 tell Dora to give her some warm supper. I will go around among the neighbors and find out where she belongs.”

The mother, meanwhile, had gone in search of the shawl and stockings. Without heeding his two children, who still kept murmuring that their little snow sister did 20 not love the warmth, good Mr. Lindsey took his departure. He had barely reached the street gate, when he was recalled by the screams of Violet and Peony, and the rapping of a thimble finger against the window.

“Husband! husband!” cried his wife, showing her 25 horror-stricken face through the windowpanes; “there is no need of going for the child’s parents!”

“We told you so, father!” screamed Violet and Peony, as he reëntered the parlor. “You would bring her in; and now our poor—dear—beau-ti-ful little snow sister is thawed!”

5 And their own sweet little faces were already dissolved in tears, so that their father, seeing what strange things occasionally happen in this everyday world, felt not a little anxious lest his children might be going to thaw too! In the utmost perplexity he demanded an explanation of his
10 wife. She could only reply that, being summoned to the parlor by the cries of Violet and Peony, she found no trace of the little white maiden, unless it were the remains of a heap of snow, which, while she was gazing at it, melted quite away upon the hearth rug.

15 But, after all, there is no teaching anything to wise men of good Mr. Lindsey’s stamp. They know everything,—oh, to be sure!—everything that has been, and everything that is, and everything that, by any future possibility, can be.

20 “Wife,” said Mr. Lindsey, after a fit of silence, “see what a quantity of snow the children have brought in on their feet! Pray tell Dora to bring some towels and sop it up!”

Pe’ony: the name of a large, bright-colored flower. — **phiz** (a contraction of *physiognomy*): face. — **spell**: charm. — **snow bunting**: a kind of snow bird. It is chiefly white varied with black or brown.



THE ROBIN

SIDNEY LANIER

SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881) was a gifted Southern poet. His work, though sometimes unconventional in form, was full of richness and color. In musical quality his verse has rarely been surpassed.

The robin laughed in the orange tree :

“Ho, windy North, a fig for thee!

5

While breasts are red and wings are bold

And green trees wave us globes of gold,

Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me,

Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.

“I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime ;

10

My wing is king of the summer time ;

My breast to the sun his torch shall hold ;

And I'll call down through the green and gold,

Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me,

Bestir thee under the orange tree!”

15

a fig for thee : the value of a fig, — practically nothing. An expression used to express contempt. — **south** : go south. — **to the sun his torch shall hold** : shall rekindle its fiery color from the sun. — **bestir thee** : stir thyself.

GOVERNOR MANCO AND THE SOLDIER — I

WASHINGTON IRVING

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859) was the first American man of letters to win the attention of European readers. He lived for many years abroad, but his ambition was always to return to his native land. In his Dutch cottage on the Hudson he spent the latter part of his life, happy in
 5 his work and in the companionship of his friends.

While Governor Manco kept up a show of military state in the Alhambra, he became nettled at the reproaches continually cast upon his fortress of being the nestling place of rogues. On a sudden the old potentate determined on
 10 reform, and, settling vigorously at work, ejected whole nests of vagabonds out of the fortress and the gypsy caves with which the surrounding hills are honeycombed. He sent out soldiers, also, to patrol the avenues and footpaths, with orders to take up all suspicious persons.

15 One bright summer morning a patrol, consisting of a testy old corporal, a trumpeter, and two privates, was seated under the garden wall, when they heard the tramp of a horse and a voice singing, in rough though not unmusical tones, an old Castilian campaigning song.

20 Presently they beheld a sturdy, sunburnt fellow, clad in the ragged garb of a foot soldier, leading a powerful Arabian horse.

Astonished at the sight of a strange soldier, the corporal stepped forth and challenged him.

“Who goes there?”

“A friend.”

“Who and what are you?”

“A poor soldier just from the wars, with a cracked crown and an empty purse for a reward.”

5

By this time they were enabled to view him more narrowly. He had a black patch across his forehead, and a grizzled beard, while a slight squint threw into his countenance an occasional gleam of roguish good humor.

Having answered the questions of the patrol, the soldier 10 seemed to consider himself entitled to make others in return. “May I ask,” said he, “what that city is which I see at the foot of the hill?”

“What city?” cried the trumpeter. “Come, that’s too bad. Here’s a fellow lurking about the mountain of the 15 sun, and demands the name of the great city of Granada!”

“Granada! Can it be possible?”

“And perhaps,” rejoined the trumpeter, “you have no idea that yonder are the towers of the Alhambra.”

“If this indeed be the Alhambra,” replied the stranger, 20 “I have some strange matters to reveal to the governor.”

“You will have an opportunity,” replied the corporal, “for we mean to take you before him.” By this time the trumpeter had seized the bridle of the steed and the two privates had each secured an arm of the soldier; the 25 corporal putting himself in front, gave the word, “Forward — march!” and away they marched for the Alhambra.

The sight of a ragged soldier and a fine Arabian horse, brought in captive by the patrol, attracted the attention of all the idlers of the fortress, and of those gossip groups that generally assemble about wells and fountains at early dawn. The wheel of the cistern paused in its rotations, and the slipshod servant maid stood gaping, with pitcher in hand, as the corporal passed by with his prize. A motley train gradually gathered in the rear of the escort.

Governor Manco was seated in one of the inner halls of the Alhambra, taking his morning's cup of chocolate in company with his confessor from the neighboring convent. A demure, dark-eyed damsel of Malaga, the daughter of his housekeeper, was attending upon him.

When word was brought that a suspicious stranger had been taken lurking about the fortress, and was actually in the outer court waiting the pleasure of his Excellency, the pride and stateliness of office swelled the bosom of the governor. Giving back his chocolate cup into the hands of the damsel, he called for his basket-hilted sword, girded it to his side, twirled up his mustaches, took his seat in a large high-backed chair, assumed a bitter and forbidding aspect, and ordered the prisoner into his presence. The soldier was brought in, still closely pinioned by his captors and guarded by the corporal. He maintained, however, a resolute, self-confident air, and returned the sharp, scrutinizing look of the governor with an easy squint, which by no means pleased the punctilious old potentate.

“Well, culprit,” said the governor, after he had regarded him for a moment in silence, “what have you to say for yourself? Who are you?”

“A soldier from the wars, who has brought away nothing but scars and bruises.” 5

“A soldier! Humph! A foot soldier by your garb. I understand you have a fine Arabian horse. I presume you brought him, too, from the wars, besides your scars and bruises.”

“May it please your Excellency, I have something 10
strange to tell about that horse: something, too, that concerns the security of this fortress,—indeed, of all Granada. But it is a matter to be imparted only to your private ear, or in the presence of such only as are in your confidence.” 15

The governor considered for a moment and then directed the corporal and his men to withdraw, but to post themselves outside the door and be ready at a call. When this had been done, the soldier commenced his story. He was a fluent, smooth-tongued varlet, and had a command 20
of language above his apparent rank. “May it please your Excellency,” said he, “I am, as I before observed, a soldier, and have seen some hard service; but my term of enlistment being expired, I was discharged not long since, and set out on foot for my native village in Andalusia. 25
Yesterday evening the sun went down as I was traversing a great dry plain of Old Castile.”

“Hold!” cried the governor. “What is this you say? Old Castile is some two or three hundred miles from this.”

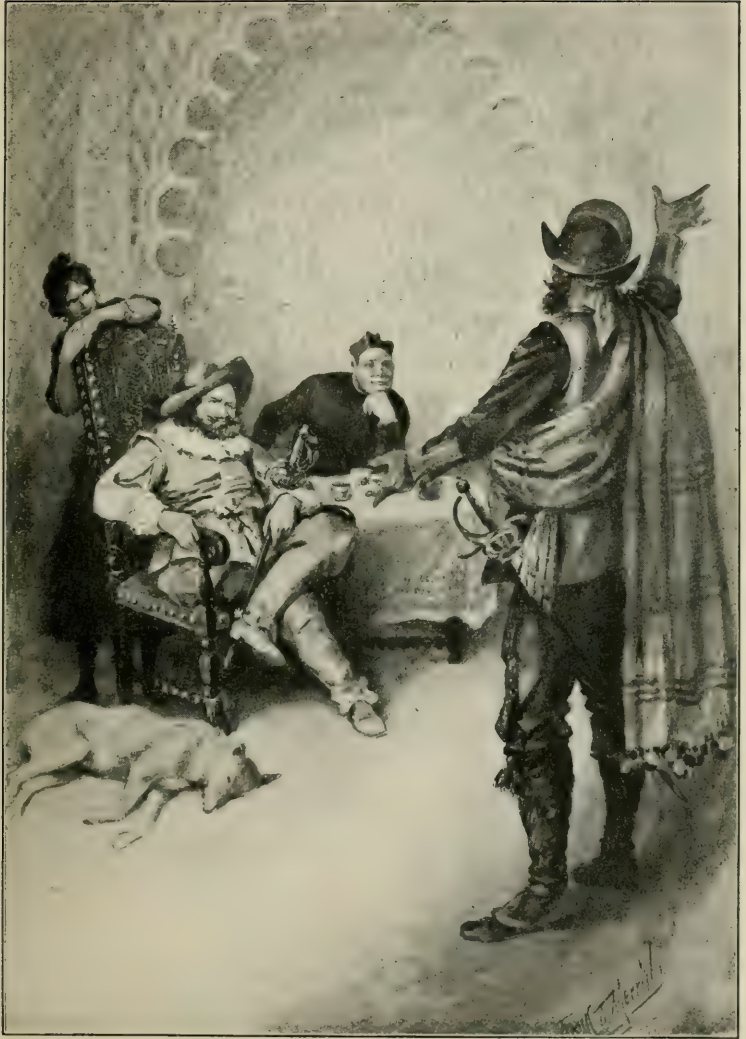
“Even so,” replied the soldier, coolly. “I told your Excellency I had some strange things to relate; but not
5 more strange than true, as your Excellency will find, if you will deign me a patient hearing.”

“Proceed, culprit,” said the governor, twirling up his mustaches.

“As the sun went down,” continued the soldier, “I cast
10 my eyes about in search of quarters for the night, but as far as my sight could reach, there were no signs of habitation. I saw that I should have to make my bed on the naked plain, with my knapsack for a pillow; but your Excellency is an old soldier, and knows that to one who
15 has been in the wars such a night’s lodging is no great hardship.”

The governor nodded assent, as he drew his pocket handkerchief out of the basket hilt to drive away a fly that buzzed about his nose.

20 “Well, to make a long story short,” continued the soldier, “I trudged forward for several miles until I came to a bridge over a deep ravine, through which ran a little thread of water almost dried up by the summer heat. At one end of the bridge was a Moorish tower, with the upper
25 end all in ruins, but with a vault in the foundation quite entire. Here, thought I, is a good place to make a halt; so I went down to the stream and took a hearty drink,



for the water was pure and sweet and I was parched with thirst; then, opening my wallet, I took out an onion and a few crusts which were all my provisions, and, seating myself on a stone on the margin of the stream, began to
 5 make my supper, intending afterwards to quarter myself for the night in the vault of the tower; and capital quarters they would have been for a campaigner just from the wars, as your Excellency, who is an old soldier, may suppose."

10 "I have put up gladly with worse in my time," said the governor, returning his pocket handkerchief to the hilt of his sword.

"While I was quietly crunching my crust," pursued the soldier, "I heard something stir within the vault. I lis-
 15 tened; it was the tramp of a horse. By and by a man came forth from a door in the foundation of the tower, close by the water's edge, leading a powerful horse by the bridle.

"He led his horse to the water close by where I was
 20 sitting, so that I had a fair opportunity of reconnoitering him. To my surprise he was dressed in Moorish garb, with a cuirass of steel, and a polished skullcap that I distinguished by the reflection of the stars upon it. His horse, too, was harnessed in the Moresco fashion with
 25 great shovel stirrups. He led him, as I said, to the side of the stream, into which the animal plunged his head almost to the eyes.

“‘Comrade,’ said I, ‘your steed drinks well; it is a good sign when a horse plunges his muzzle bravely into the water.’

“‘He may well drink,’ said the stranger, speaking with a Moorish accent; ‘it is a good year since he had his last draught.’

“‘That beats even the camels I have seen in Africa,’ said I. ‘But come, you seem to be something of a soldier; will you sit down and take part of a soldier’s fare?’

“‘I have no time to pause for meat or drink,’ said he; 10
‘I have a long journey to make before morning.’

“‘In which direction?’ said I.

“‘Andalusia,’ said he.

“‘Exactly my route,’ said I; ‘so, as you won’t stop and eat with me, perhaps you will let me mount and ride 15
with you. I see that your horse is of a powerful frame; I’ll warrant he’ll carry double.’

“‘Agreed,’ said the trooper; and it would not have been civil and soldierlike to refuse, especially as I had offered to share my supper with him. So up he mounted, 20
and up I mounted behind him.

“‘Hold fast,’ said he; ‘my steed goes like the wind.’

“‘Never fear me,’ said I, and so off we set.

“From a walk the horse soon passed into a trot, from a trot to a gallop, and from a gallop to a harum-scarum 25
scamper. It seemed as if rocks, trees, houses, everything, flew hurry-scurry behind us.

“‘What town is this?’ said I.

“‘Segovia,’ said he; and before the word was out of his mouth the towers of Segovia were out of sight. We swept up the Guadarama Mountains, and down by the 5 Escorial; and we skirted the walls of Madrid, and we scoured away across the plains of La Mancha. In this way we went up hill and down dale, by towers and cities, all buried in deep sleep, and across mountains and plains and rivers just glimmering in the starlight.

10 “To make a long story short, and not to fatigue your Excellency, the trooper suddenly pulled up on the side of a mountain. ‘Here we are,’ said he, ‘at the end of our journey.’

GOVERNOR MANCO AND THE SOLDIER — II

“I looked about, but could see no signs of habitation; 15 nothing but the mouth of a cavern. While I looked, I saw multitudes of people in Moorish dress, some on horseback, some on foot, arriving as if borne by the wind, from all points of the compass, and hurrying into the mouth of the cavern like bees into a hive. Before I could ask a 20 question, the trooper struck his long Moorish spurs into the horse’s flanks and dashed in with the throng. We passed along a steep, winding way that descended into the very bowels of the mountain. As we pushed on, a light began to glimmer up, by little and little, like the 25 first glimmerings of day, but what caused it I could not

discern. It grew stronger and stronger, and enabled me to see everything around. I now noticed, as we passed along, great caverns, opening to the right and left, like halls in an arsenal. In some there were shields and helmets and cuirasses and lances and scimitars, hanging 5 against the walls; in others were great heaps of warlike munitions and camp equipage lying upon the ground.

“It would have done your Excellency’s heart good, being an old soldier, to have seen such grand provision for war. Then in other caverns there were long rows of 10 horsemen armed to the teeth, with lances raised and banners unfurled, ready for the field; but they all sat motionless in their saddles, like so many statues. In other halls were warriors sleeping on the ground beside their horses, and foot soldiers in groups ready to fall into the ranks. 15 All were in old-fashioned Moorish dress and armor.

“Well, your Excellency, to cut a long story short, we at length entered an immense cavern, or I may say palace of grotto work, the walls of which seemed to be veined with gold and silver, and to sparkle with diamonds and 20 sapphires and all kinds of precious stones. At the upper end sat a Moorish king on a golden throne, with his nobles on each side, and a guard of African blacks with drawn scimitars. All the crowd that continued to flock in — and it amounted to thousands and thousands — passed one by 25 one before his throne, each paying homage as he passed. Some of the multitude were dressed in magnificent robes,

without stain or blemish, and sparkling with jewels ; others in burnished and enameled armor ; while others were in moldered and mildewed garments, and in armor all battered and dented, and covered with rust.

5 “I had hitherto held my tongue, for your Excellency well knows it is not for a soldier to ask many questions when on duty, but I could keep silent no longer.

“‘Prithee, comrade,’ said I, ‘what is the meaning of all this?’

10 “‘This,’ said the trooper, ‘is a great and fearful mystery. Know, O Christian, that you see before you the court and army of Boabdil, the last king of Granada.’

“‘What is this you tell me?’ cried I. ‘Boabdil and his court were exiled from the land hundreds of years
15 ago, and all died in Africa.’

“‘So it is recorded in your lying chronicles,’ replied the Moor ; ‘but know that Boadbil and the warriors who made the last struggle for Granada were all shut up in the mountain by powerful enchantment. As for the king
20 and army that marched forth from Granada at the time of the surrender, they were a mere phantom train of spirits and demons, permitted to assume those shapes to deceive the Christian sovereigns. And, furthermore, let me tell you, friend, that all Spain is a country under the
25 power of enchantment. There is not a mountain cave, not a lonely watch tower in the plains, nor a ruined castle on the hills, but has some spellbound warriors sleeping

from age to age within its vaults. Once every year, on the Eve of St. John, they are released from enchantment, from sunset to sunrise, and permitted to repair here to pay homage to their sovereign; and the crowds which you beheld swarming into the cavern are Moslem warriors 5 from their haunts in all parts of Spain. For my part, you saw the ruined tower of the bridge in Old Castile, where I have now wintered and summered for many hundred years, and where I must be back again by daybreak. As to the battalions of horse and foot which you beheld 10 drawn up in array in the neighboring caverns, they are the spellbound warriors of Granada. It is written in the book of fate that, when the enchantment is broken, Boabdil will descend from the mountain at the head of this army, resume his throne in the Alhambra and his sway 15 of Granada, and, gathering together the enchanted warriors from all parts of Spain, will reconquer the Peninsula and restore it to Moslem rule.'

" 'And when shall this happen?' said I.

" 'Allah alone knows. We had hoped that the day of 20 deliverance was at hand; but there reigns at present a vigilant governor in the Alhambra, a stanch old soldier, well known as Governor Manco. While such a warrior holds command of the very outpost, and stands ready to check the first irruption from the mountain, I fear Boab- 25 dil and his soldiery must be content to rest upon their arms.' "

Here the governor raised himself somewhat perpendicularly, adjusted his sword, and twirled up his mustaches.

“To make a long story short, and not to fatigue your Excellency, the trooper, having given me this account, 5 dismounted from his steed.

“‘Tarry here,’ said he, ‘and guard my steed while I go and bow the knee to Boabdil.’ So saying he strode away among the throng that pressed forward to the throne.

10 “‘What’s to be done?’ thought I, when thus left to myself; ‘shall I wait here, or shall I make the most of my time and beat a retreat from this hobgoblin community?’ A soldier’s mind is soon made up, as your Excellency well knows. As to the horse, he belonged to an 15 avowed enemy of the faith and the realm, and was a fair prize according to the rules of war. So, hoisting myself into the saddle, I turned the reins, struck the Moorish stirrups into the sides of the steed, and put him to make the best of his way out of the passage by which he had 20 entered. As we scoured by the halls where the Moslem horsemen sat in motionless battalions, I thought I heard the clang of armor and a hollow murmur of voices. I gave the steed another taste of the stirrups and doubled my speed. There was now a sound behind me like a rushing 25 blast; I heard the clatter of a thousand hoofs; a countless throng overtook me. I was borne along in the press and hurled forth from the mouth of the cavern,

while thousands of shadowy forms were swept off in every direction by the four winds of heaven.

“In the whirl and confusion of the scene I was thrown senseless to the earth. When I came to myself I was lying on the brow of a hill, with the Arabian steed standing beside me ; for in falling, my arm had slipped within the bridle, which, I presume, prevented his whisking off to Old Castile. 5

“Your Excellency may easily judge of my surprise, in looking round, to behold the hedges of aloes and Indian figs, and other proofs of a southern climate, and to see a great city below me, with towers and palaces and a grand cathedral. 10

“I descended the hill cautiously, leading my steed, for I was afraid to mount him again, lest he should play me some slippery trick. As I descended, I met your patrol, who let me into the secret that it was Granada that lay before me, and that I was actually under the walls of the Alhambra, the fortress of the redoubted Governor Manco, the terror of all enchanted Moslems. When I heard this, I determined at once to seek your Excellency, to inform you of all that I had seen, and to warn you of the perils that surround and undermine you.” 20

“And prithee, friend, you who are a veteran campaigner, and have seen so much service,” said the governor, “how should you advise me to proceed in order to prevent this evil ?” 25

“It is not for a humble private of the ranks,” said the soldier, modestly, “to pretend to instruct a commander of your Excellency’s sagacity ; but it appears to me that your excellency might cause all the caves and entrances into
5 the mountains to be walled up with solid mason work, so that Boabdil and his army might be completely corked up in their subterranean habitation.”

The governor placed his arm akimbo, with his hand resting on the hilt of his Toledo, fixed his eye upon the
10 soldier, and gently wagging his head from one side to the other, “So, friend,” said he, “then you really suppose that I am to be gulled with this cock-and-bull story about enchanted mountains and enchanted Moors? Hark ye, culprit ; not another word ! An old soldier you may be ;
15 but you’ll find you have an older soldier to deal with, and one not easily outgeneraled. Ho ! guards there ! Put this fellow in irons. A chamber in the Vermilion Towers, which, though not under a magic spell, will hold him as safe as any cave of the enchanted Moors.”

20 “Your Excellency will do as you think proper,” said the prisoner, coolly. “I shall be thankful for any accommodation in the fortress. A soldier who has been in the wars, as your Excellency well knows, is not particular about his lodgings. Provided I have a snug dungeon, and
25 regular rations, I shall manage to make myself comfortable. I would only entreat that, while your Excellency is so careful about me, you would have an eye to your

fortress, and think of the hint I dropped about stopping up the entrances to the mountain."

Here ended the scene. The prisoner was conducted to a strong dungeon in the Vermilion Towers, and the Arabian steed was led to his Excellency's stable. 5

In the mean time the story took wind and became the talk, not merely of the fortress, but of the whole city of Granada. It was said that the noted robber, Manuel Borasco, had fallen into the clutches of old Governor Manco, and had been cooped up by him in a dungeon of 10 the Vermilion Towers; and all who had been robbed by him flocked to recognize the marauder.

The Vermilion Towers, as is well known, stand apart from the Alhambra, on a sister hill, separated from the main fortress by a ravine down which passes the main 15 avenue. There were no outer walls, but a sentinel patrolled before the tower. The window of the chamber in which the soldier was confined was strongly grated, and looked upon a small esplanade. Here the good folks of Granada repaired to gaze at him, as they would at a 20 laughing hyena, grinning through the cage of a menagerie.

Nobody, however, recognized him for Manuel Borasco, for that terrible robber was noted for a ferocious physiognomy, and had by no means the good-humored squint of the prisoner. Visitors came not merely from the city, but 25 from all parts of the country; but nobody knew him, and there began to be doubts in the minds of the common

people whether there might not be some truth in his story. That Boabdil and his army were shut up in the mountain was an old tradition which many of the ancient inhabitants had heard from their fathers.

5 Numbers went up to the mountain of the sun in search of the cave mentioned by the soldier, and saw and peeped into the deep, dark pit, descending, no one knows how far, into the mountain.

By degrees the soldier became popular with the common people. He procured an old guitar, and would sit by
10 his window and sing ballads, to the delight of the women of the neighborhood, who would assemble on the esplanade in the evening and dance to his music.

One morning the sun rose high above the mountain
15 tops and glittered in at the casement of the governor ere he was awakened from his morning dreams by his veteran corporal, who stood before him with terror stamped upon his iron visage.

“He’s off! he’s gone!” cried the corporal, gasping for
20 breath.

“Who’s off? who’s gone?”

“The soldier. His dungeon is empty, but the door is locked!”

But how, and which way had the fugitive escaped? An
25 old peasant who lived in a cottage by the roadside, leading up into the Sierra, declared that he had heard the tramp of a powerful steed just before daybreak, passing

up into the mountains. He had looked out at his case-ment, and could just distinguish a horseman.

“Search the stables!” cried Governor Manco. The stables were searched; all the horses were in their stalls, excepting the Arabian steed. In his place was a stout cudgel tied to the manger, and on it a label bearing these words, “A gift to Governor Manco from an Old Soldier.”

Abridged from *The Alhambra*

Alhambra (ăl hăm' bră) : a Moorish fortress and palace in Spain. It is located above the city of Granada, and surrounds beautiful courts filled with flowers. It derives its name, signifying *The Red*, from the fact that it is built of reddish stone. — **motley** : strictly, of different colors; made up of various elements. — **varlet** : fellow. — **reconnoitering** : examining. — **Moresco** : Moorish. — **Andalusia** : a fertile region in southern Spain. — **Segovia** : a city of central Spain. — **Guadarama Mountains** : a range of mountains in central Spain. — **Escorial** : a famous building, twenty-seven miles from Madrid. In it are a monastery, a palace, a church, and the burial place of the Spanish sovereigns. — **La Mancha** (lâ mân' chă) : an old province of Spain. — **Boabdil** (bō äb dël') : the last Moorish king of Granada. He was driven from his throne by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1491. — **agone** : ago. — **Eve of St. John** : the eve of Midsummer Day, when fairies filled the woods and dumb animals were supposed to be able to speak. — **Moslem** : Mohammedan. — **Allah** : the Deity of the Mohammedan faith. — **Toledo** : Toledo swords were of a superior quality. — **cock-and-bull story** : a fable. — **esplanade** (ës plâ näd') : an open space or terrace.



WASHINGTON IRVING

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863) was one of the great English novelists. His most famous books are *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Henry Esmond*, and *The Newcomes*. The literary quality of his work is superior to that of Scott and Dickens, though they may outrank him in
5 other ways.

Almost the last words which Sir Walter spoke to Lockhart, his biographer, were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and with the last flicker of breath on his dying lips, he sighed a farewell to his family, and passed away blessing
10 them.

Two men, famous, admired, beloved, have just left us.¹ Ere a few weeks are over, many a critic's pen will be at work reviewing their lives and passing judgment on their works. One was the first ambassador whom the New World
15 of Letters sent to the Old. He was born almost with the republic; the father of the country had laid his hand on the child's head. He bore Washington's name; he came amongst us bringing the kindest sympathy, the most artless, smiling good will. His new country (which some
20 people here might be disposed to regard rather superciliously) could send us, as he showed in his own person, a gentleman who, though himself born in no very high

¹ Washington Irving died November 28, 1859; Lord Macaulay died December 28, 1859.

sphere, was most finished, polished, easy, witty, quiet ; and, socially, the equal of the most refined Europeans. If Irving's welcome in England was a kind one, was it not also gratefully remembered ? If he ate our salt, did he not pay us with a thankful heart ? Who can calculate the amount 5 of friendliness and good feeling for our country which this writer's generous and untiring regard for us disseminated in his own ? His books are read by millions of his countrymen, whom he has taught to love England, and why to love her. It would have been easy to speak otherwise than 10 he did ; to inflame national rancors, which, at the time when he first became known as a public writer, war had just renewed ; to cry down the old civilization at the expense of the new ; to point out our faults, arrogance, shortcomings, and give the republic to infer how much she was the parent 15 state's superior. But the good Irving, the peaceful, the friendly, had no place for bitterness in his heart, and no scheme but kindness. Received in England with extraordinary tenderness and friendship (Scott, Southey, Byron, a hundred others have borne witness to their liking for 20 him), he was a messenger of good will and peace between his country and ours. "See, friends !" he seems to say, "these English are not so wicked, rapacious, callous, proud, as you have been taught to believe them. I went amongst them a humble man ; won my way by my pen ; 25 and, when known, found every hand held out to me with kindness and welcome. Scott is a great man, you

acknowledge. Did not Scott's King of England give a gold medal to him, and another to me, your countryman and a stranger?"

Tradition in the United States still fondly retains the history of the feasts and rejoicings which awaited Irving on his return to his native country from Europe. He had a national welcome; he stammered in his speeches, hid himself in confusion, and the people loved him all the better. He had worthily represented America in Europe. In that young community a man who brings home with him abundant European testimonials is still treated with respect; and Irving went home medaled by the King, diplomatized by the University, crowned and honored and admired.

In America the love and regard for Irving was a national sentiment. Party wars are perpetually raging there, and are carried on by the press with a rancor and fierceness against individuals which exceed British virulence. It seemed to me, during a year's travel in the country, as if no one ever aimed a blow at Irving. All men held their hands from that harmless, friendly peacemaker. I had the good fortune to see him at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and remarked how in every place he was honored and welcomed. The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one.

Be a good man, my dear. Was not Irving good, and, of his works, was not his life the best part? In his family, gentle, generous, good-humored, affectionate, self-denying; in society, a delightful example of complete gentlemanhood; quite unspoiled by prosperity; never obsequious to the great (or, worse still, to the base and mean, as some public men are forced to be in his and other countries); eager to acknowledge every contemporary's merit; always kind and affable to the young members of his calling; in his professional bargains and mercantile dealings delicately honest and grateful; one of the most charming masters of our lighter language; the constant friend to us and our nation; to men of letters doubly dear, not for his wit and genius merely, but as an exemplar of goodness, probity, and pure life. 5 10 15

I don't know what sort of testimonial will be raised to him in his own country, where generous and enthusiastic acknowledgment of American merit is never wanting; but Irving was in our service as well as theirs, and I should like to hear of some memorial raised by English writers and friends of letters in affectionate remembrance of the dear and good Washington Irving. 20

Abridged from *Roundabout Papers*

Sir Walter: Sir Walter Scott. — **Lockhart:** Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law. — **ate our salt:** shared our hospitality. — **Scott's King of England:** George IV. — **the University:** Oxford gave Irving a degree.

HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE¹

HENRY VAN DYKE

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE is an American author whose work is of wide range and high excellence. In 1899 he became professor of English literature at Princeton University.

NOTE. Henry Hudson, the discoverer of the Hudson River, made his
 5 last voyage into the great bay that bears his name. Discouraged by their
 many hardships his crew mutinied, and forcing their captain with his son
 and seven of their shipmates into a boat, they set it adrift on the lonely
 sea. Hudson's mate, John King (Henry King, according to one authority),
 was among the number thus abandoned. Nothing was ever heard of their
 10 fate. A few of the mutineers succeeded in reaching Ireland with the ship,
 but the leaders perished miserably on their way home.

One sail in sight upon the lonely sea,
 And only one, God knows! For never ship
 But mine broke through the icy gates that guard
 15 These waters greater grown than any since
 We left the shore of England. We were first,
 My men, to battle in between the bergs
 And fies to these wide waves. This gulf is mine;
 I name it! And that flying sail is mine!
 20 And there, hull down below that flying sail,
 The ship that staggers home is mine, mine, mine!
 My ship *Discoverie*! . . .
 Look — there she goes — her topsails in the sun

¹ From *The White Bees and Other Poems*. Copyright, 1909, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Gleam from the ragged ocean edge, and drop
 Clean out of sight! So let the traitors go
 Clean out of mind! We'll think of braver things!
 Come closer in the boat, my friends, John King.



You take the tiller, keep her head nor'west.
 You, Philip Staffe, the only one who chose
 Freely to share with us the shallop's fate, —
 Too good an English sailor to desert

These crippled comrades, — try to make them rest
 More easy on the thwarts. And John, my son,
 My little shipmate, come and lean your head
 Upon your father's knee. Do you recall
 5 That April day in Ethelburga's church,
 Five years ago, when side by side we kneeled
 To take the sacrament, with all our company,
 Before the *Hopewell* left St. Catherine's docks
 On our first voyage? Then it was I vowed
 10 My sailor soul and yours to search the sea
 Until we found the water path that leads
 From Europe into Asia.

I believe

That God has poured the ocean round His world,
 15 Not to divide, but to unite the lands;
 And all the English seamen who have dared
 In little ships to plow uncharted waves —
 Davis and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher,
 Raleigh and Gilbert — all the other names —
 20 Are written in the chivalry of God
 As men who served His purpose. I would claim
 A place among that knighthood of the sea:
 And I have earned it, though my quest should fail!
 For mark me well. The honor of our life
 25 Derives from this: to have a certain aim
 Before us always, which our will must seek

Amid the peril of uncertain ways.
 Then, though we miss the goal, our search is crowned
 With courage, and along the path we find
 A rich reward of unexpected things.
 Press towards the aim : take fortune as it fares ! 5
 I know not why, but something in my heart
 Has always whispered, " Westward seek your aim."
 Four times they sent me east, but still my prow
 Turned west again, and felt among the floes
 Of rattling ice along the Gröneland coast, 10
 And down the rugged shores of Newfoundland,
 And past the rocky capes and sandy bays
 Where Gosnold sailed, — like one who feels his way
 With outstretched hand across a darkened room, —
 I groped among the inlets and the isles, 15
 To find the passage to the Isles of Spice.
 I have not found it yet — but I have found
 Things worth the finding !

Son, have you forgot
 Those mellow autumn days, two years ago, 20
 When first we sent our little ship *Half Moon* —
 The flag of Holland floating at her peak —
 Across a sandy bar, and sounded in
 Among the channels to a goodly bay
 Where all the navies of the world could ride ? 25
 A fertile island that the redmen called

Manhattan crowned the bay; and all the land
 Around was bountiful and friendly fair.
 But never land was fair enough to hold
 The seaman from the calling of the waves :
 5 And so we bore to westward, past the isle,
 Along a mighty inlet, where the tide
 Was troubled by a downward-rolling flood
 That seemed to come from far away, — perhaps
 From some mysterious gulf of Tartary ?
 10 We followed that wide water way, by palisades
 Of naked rock where giants might have held
 Their fortress; and by rolling hills adorned
 With forests rich in timber for great ships;
 Through narrows where the mountains shut us in
 15 With frowning cliffs that seemed to bar the stream;
 And then through open reaches where the banks
 Sloped to the water gently, with their fields
 Of corn and lentils smiling in the sun.
 Ten days we voyaged through that placid land,
 20 Until we came to shoals; and sent a boat
 Upstream, to find — what I already knew —
 We sailed upon a river, not a strait !

But what a river ! God has never poured
 A stream more royal through a land more rich.
 25 Even now I see it flowing in my dream,
 While coming ages people it with men

Of manhood equal to the river's pride.
 I see the wigwams of the redmen changed
 To ample houses, and the tiny plots
 Of maize and green tobacco broadened out
 To prosperous farms, that spread o'er hill and dale 5
 The many-colored mantle of their crops.
 I see the terraced vineyards on the slopes
 Where now the wild grape loops the tangled wood ;
 And cattle feeding where the red deer roam ;
 And wild bees gathered into busy hives 10
 To store the silver comb with golden sweet ;
 And all the promised land begins to flow
 With milk and honey. Stately manors rise
 Along the banks, and castles top the hills,
 And little villages grow populous with trade, 15
 Until the river runs as proudly as the Rhine, —
 The thread that links a hundred towns and towers !
 All this I see, and when it comes to pass
 I prophesy a city on the isle
 They call Manhattan, equal in her state 20
 To all the older capitals of earth, —
 The gateway city of a golden world, —
 A city girt with masts, and crowned with spires,
 And swarming with a busy host of men,
 While to her open door, across the bay, 25
 The ships of all the nations flock like doves !
 My name will be remembered there, for men

Will say, "This river and this bay were found
By Henry Hudson, on his way to seek
The Northwest Passage into farthest Inde."

- Yes, yes, I sought it then, I seek it still,
5 My great adventure, pole star of my heart!
For look ye, friends, our voyage is not done:
Somewhere beyond these floating fields of ice,
Somewhere along this westward widening bay,
Somewhere beneath this luminous northern night,
10 The channel opens to the Orient, —
I know it, — and some day a little ship
Will enter there and battle safely through!
And why not ours — to-morrow — who can tell?
We hold by hope as long as life endures:
15 These are the longest days of all the year,
The world is round, and God is everywhere,
And while our shallop floats we still can steer.
So point her up, John King, nor'west by north!
We 'll keep the honor of a certain aim
20 Amid the peril of uncertain ways,
And sail ahead, and leave the rest to God.

shallop (shāl'lóp): a small, open boat. — **Ethelburga's church**: the church of St. Ethelburga in London. — **Davis** (or **Davys**), **Drake**, **Hawkins**, **Frob'isher**, **Raleigh**, **Gilbert**: famous English navigators. — **ruttling**: rattling. — **Gröneland** (grēn'länd): Greenland. — **Gosnold**: an English explorer and the discoverer of Cape Cod. — **Half Moon**: the ship which was the first to enter the Hudson River. — **Inde** (Ind): India. — **point her up**: keep her [the boat's] head toward a certain point.

PLAIN LIVING

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, a distinguished author and lecturer, was born in Boston in 1803 and died in Concord in 1882. He was a profound thinker, and possessed a deep insight into both nature and human life.

What is odious but noise, and people who scream and bewail? people whose vane points always east, who live 5 to dine, who send for the doctor, who coddle themselves, who toast their feet on the register, who intrigue to secure a padded chair, and a corner out of the draught. Suffer them once to begin the enumeration of their infirmities, and the sun will go down on the unfinished tale. Let these 10 triflers put us out of conceit with petty comforts. To a man at work, the frost is but a color: the rain, the wind, — he forgot them when he came in. Let us learn to live coarsely, dress plainly, and lie hard. The least habit of dominion over the palate has certain good effects not 15 easily estimated.

A man in pursuit of greatness feels no little wants. How can you mind diet, bed, dress, or salutes or compliments, or the figure you make in company, or wealth, or even the bringing things to pass, when you think how paltry are 20 the machinery and the workers? Wordsworth was praised to me, in Westmoreland, for having afforded to his country neighbors an example of a modest household where

comfort and culture were secured, without display. And a boy who wears his rusty cap and outgrown coat, that he may secure the coveted place in college, and the right in the library, is educated to some purpose. There is a great
 5 deal of self-denial and manliness in poor and middle-class houses, in town and country, that has not got into literature, and never will, but that keeps the earth sweet ; that saves on superfluities, and spends on essentials ; that goes rusty, and educates the boy ; that sells the horse, but
 10 builds the school ; works early and late, takes two looms in the factory, three looms, six looms, but pays off the mortgage on the paternal farm, and then goes back cheerfully to work again.

We wish to play at heroism. But the wiser God says,
 15 Take the shame, the poverty, the solitude that belong to truth speaking. Try the rough water as well as the smooth.

He who aims high must dread an easy home and popular manners. Heaven sometimes hedges a rare character about
 20 with ungainliness and odium, as the bur that protects the fruit. If there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or the second call, nor in the shape of fashion, ease, and city drawing-rooms. Popularity is for dolls. "Steep and craggy," said Porphyry,
 25 "is the path of the gods."

From *The Conduct of Life*

odium : dislike, blame. — **Porphyry** (pôr'fī rī) : a famous pagan philosopher who lived in the third century A.D.



THE WAY TO ARCADY

HENRY C. BUNNER

HENRY C. BUNNER (1855-1896) was a well-known American writer of both fiction and verse.

“Oh, what’s the way to Arcady,
 To Arcady, to Arcady;
 Oh, what’s the way to Arcady, 5
 Where all the leaves are merry?”

Oh, what’s the way to Arcady?
 The spring is rustling in the tree, —
 The tree the wind is blowing through, —
 It sets the blossoms flickering white. 10
 I knew not skies could burn so blue,
 Nor any breezes blow so light.
 They blow an old-time way for me,
 Across the world to Arcady.

Oh, what’s the way to Arcady? 15
 Sir Poet, with the rusty coat,
 Quit mocking of the song-bird’s note.
 How have you heart for any tune,

You with the wayworn russet shoon?
 Your scrip, a-swinging by your side,
 Gapes with a gaunt mouth hungry-wide.
 I'll brim it well with pieces red,
 5 If you will tell the way to tread.

"Oh, I am bound for Arcady,
 And if you but keep pace with me,
 You tread the way to Arcady."

10 And where away lies Arcady,
 And how long yet may the journey be?

"Ah, that," quoth he, "I do not know :
 Across the clover and the snow —
 Across the frost, across the flowers —
 Through summer seconds and winter hours,
 15 I've trod the way my whole life long,
 And know not now where it may be ;
 My guide is but the stir to song,
 That tells me I cannot go wrong,
 Or clear or dark the pathway be
 20 Upon the road to Arcady."

Abridged

Arcady: an ideal country where happy shepherds and gentle shepherdesses enjoy simple pleasures. Arcady, or Arcadia, is familiar in modern literature, but its connection with the real district of Arcadia in ancient Greece is not readily traced. — **shoon**: shoes. — **scrip**: a bag or pouch carried by pilgrims in the olden time. — **pieces red**: coins of gold. — **the stir**: the impulse, — or . . . or: whether . . . or.

SILAS WEGG AND MR. BOFFIN

CHARLES DICKENS

CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870) was one of the great English novelists. His stories are characterized by a keen sense of humor, and a genuine sympathy with the poor and unfortunate. One of the most popular of his books is *David Copperfield*, which contains many incidents of the author's own unhappy childhood. The following selection is from *Our Mutual Friend*. 5

Over against a London house, a corner house not far from Cavendish Square, a man with a wooden leg had sat for some years, with his remaining foot in a basket in cold weather, picking up a living in this wise. Every morning at eight o'clock he stumped to the corner, carrying a chair, a 10 clotheshorse, a pair of trestles, a board, a basket, and an umbrella, all strapped together. Separating these, the board and trestles became a counter, the basket supplied the few small lots of fruit and sweets that he offered for sale upon it and became a foot warmer, the unfolded clothes- 15 horse displayed a choice selection of half-penny ballads and became a screen, and the stool planted within it became his post for the rest of the day. When the weather was wet, he put up his umbrella over his stock in trade, not over himself; when the weather was dry, he furlled 20 that faded article, tied it round with a piece of yarn, and laid it crosswise under the trestles, where it looked like an unwholesomely forced lettuce that had lost in color and crispness what it had gained in size.

He had established his right to the corner by imperceptible prescription. He had never varied his ground an inch, but had in the beginning diffidently taken the corner upon which the side of the house gave. A howling corner in
 5 the winter time, a dusty corner in the summer time, an undesirable corner at the best of times. Shelterless fragments of straw and paper got up revolving storms there, when the main street was at peace; and the water cart came blundering and jolting round it, making it muddy
 10 when all else was clean.

Assuredly, this stall of Silas Wegg's was the hardest little stall of all the sterile little stalls in London. It gave you the face-ache to look at his apples and the tooth-ache to look at his nuts. Whether from too much east wind or
 15 no, — it was an easterly corner, — the stall, the stock, and the keeper were all as dry as the desert. Wegg was a knotty man, and a close-grained, with a face carved out of very hard material, that had just as much play of expression as a watchman's rattle.

20 The only article in which Silas dealt that was not hard was gingerbread. On a certain day, some wretched infant having purchased the damp gingerbread horse (fearfully out of condition) and the adhesive bird cage, which had been exposed for the day's sale, he had taken a tin
 25 box from under his stool to produce a relay of those dreadful specimens, and was going to look in at the lid, when he said to himself, pausing, "Oh, here you are again!"



The words referred to a broad, round-shouldered old fellow, comically ambling toward the corner. He wore thick shoes, and thick leather gaiters, and thick gloves. Both as to his dress and as to himself he was of an overlapping rhinoceros build, with folds in his cheeks, and his forehead, and his eyelids, and his lips, and his ears; but with bright, eager gray eyes under his ragged eyebrows and broad-brimmed hat, — a very odd-looking old fellow altogether.

10 “Here you are again,” repeated Mr. Wegg, musing. “And who are you now? Come! I’ll speculate! I’ll invest a bow in you.”

Which Mr. Wegg, having replaced his tin box, accordingly did, as he rose to bait his gingerbread trap for some other devoted infant. The salute was acknowledged with:
 “Morning, sir! Morning! Morning!”

“Good morning to you, sir,” said Mr. Wegg.

“Do you remember me, then?” asked his new acquaintance, stopping in his amble before the stall, and speaking
 20 in a pouncing way, though with great good humor.

“I have noticed you go past our house, sir, several times in the course of the last week or so.”

“Our house,” repeated the other. “Meaning —?”

“Yes,” said Mr. Wegg, nodding as the other pointed the
 25 clumsy forefinger of his right glove at the corner house.

“Oh! Now what,” pursued the old fellow in an inquisitive manner, carrying his knotted stick in his arm

as if it had been a baby. "What do they allow you now?"

"It's job work that I do for our house," returned Silas, dryly; "it's not yet brought to an exact allowance."

"Oh," said the other, and ambled off. But in a moment 5 he was back again with the question, "How did you get your wooden leg?"

Mr. Wegg replied tartly to this personal inquiry, "In an accident."

"Do you like it?"

10

"Well! I haven't got to keep it warm," Mr. Wegg made answer, in a sort of desperation occasioned by the singularity of the question.

"Did you ever hear of the name of Boffin?" asked the other.

15

"No," said Mr. Wegg, who was growing restive under this examination. "I never did hear of the name of Boffin."

"Do you like it?"

"Why, no," retorted Mr. Wegg, again approaching 20 desperation, "I can't say I do."

"Why don't you like it?"

"I don't know why I don't," retorted Mr. Wegg, approaching frenzy, "but I don't at all."

"Now, I'll tell you something that will make you sorry 25 for that," said the stranger, smiling. "My name's Boffin."

"I can't help it," returned Mr. Wegg.

"But there's another chance for you," said Mr. Boffin, smiling still. "Do you like the name of Nicodemus? Think it over, — Nick or Noddy."

"It is not, sir," Mr. Wegg rejoined, "a name that I could wish any one to call *me* by; but there may be persons who would not view it with the same objections. I don't know why," Mr. Wegg added, anticipating another question.

"Noddy Boffin," said that gentleman. "That's my name. Noddy — or Nick — Boffin. What's your name?"

"Silas Wegg. I don't," said Mr. Wegg, bestirring himself to take the same precaution as before, — "I don't know why Silas, and I don't know why Wegg."

"Now, Wegg," said Mr. Boffin, "I want to make a sort of offer to you. Do you remember when you first saw me?"

"Let me think," said Mr. Wegg. "Was it on a Monday morning, when the butcher boy bought a ballad of me?"

"Right, Wegg, right! But he bought more than one."

"Yes, to be sure, sir; he bought several; and wishing to lay out his money for the best, he took my opinion to guide his choice and we went over the collection together. To be sure we did."

"What do you think I was doing, Wegg?"

"I should judge, sir, that you might have been glancing down the street."

"No, Wegg, I was listening."

"Were you, indeed?" said Mr. Wegg, dubiously.

“Not in a dishonorable way, Wegg, because you were singing to the butcher; and you would n’t sing secrets to a butcher in the street, you know.”

“It never happened that I did so yet, to the best of my remembrance,” said Mr. Wegg, cautiously. “But I might 5 do it. A man can’t say what he might wish to do some day or another.”

“Well,” repeated Boffin, “I was listening to you, and I thought to myself, ‘Here’s a man with a wooden leg — a literary man with — ’” 10

“N-not exactly so, sir,” said Mr. Wegg.

“Why, you know every one of these songs by name and by tune, and if you want to read or to sing any one of them, you’ve only to whip on your spectacles and do it,” cried Mr. Boffin. “I saw you at it!” 15

“Well, sir,” returned Mr. Wegg, with a conscious inclination of the head; “we’ll say ‘literary,’ then.”

“A literary man — *with* a wooden leg — and all print is open to him!” pursued Mr. Boffin. “Then consider this. Here am I, a man without a wooden leg, and yet all 20 print is shut to me.”

“Indeed, sir?” Mr. Wegg returned with increasing self-complacency. “Education neglected?”

“Neg — lected!” repeated Mr. Boffin with emphasis. “That’s no word for it. Now, look here. I’m retired 25 from business. I want some reading, and how can I get that reading, Wegg? By,” tapping him on the breast with

the head of his thick stick, "paying a man truly qualified to do it, so much an hour to come and do it."

"Flattered, sir, I am sure," said Wegg, beginning to regard himself in quite a new light. "This is the offer
5 you mentioned, sir?"

"Yes. Do you like it?"

"I am considering it, Mr. Boffin. Were you thinking at all of poetry?"

"Would it come dearer?" Mr. Boffin asked.

10 "It would come dearer," Mr. Wegg returned. "For when a person comes to grind off poetry night after night, it is but right he should expect to be paid for its weakening effect on his mind."

"To tell you the truth, Wegg," said Boffin, "I was n't
15 thinking of poetry, except in so far as this: If you were to happen now and then to give us one of your ballads, why, then we should drop into poetry."

"I follow you, sir," said Wegg. "But not being a regular musical professional, I should be loath to engage my-
20 self for that; and therefore, when I dropped into poetry, I should ask to be considered in the light of a friend."

At this Mr. Boffin's eyes sparkled, and he shook Silas earnestly by the hand, protesting that it was more than he could have asked, and that he took it very kindly indeed.

Abridged

prescription: continual use giving a legal claim. — **sterile**: dry, barren
— **devoted**: doomed; fated to meet misfortune.



THE HONEYBEE

JOHN BURROUGHS

JOHN BURROUGHS (1837-) is an American essayist and a student of nature.

There is not one of the creatures with which man has surrounded himself that seems so much like a product of civilization as the honeybee. Indeed, a colony of bees, with their neatness and love of order, their division of labor, their public spiritedness, their thrift, their complex economies, and their inordinate love of gain, seems as far removed from a condition of rude nature as does a walled city or a cathedral town.

10

Our native bee, on the other hand, the "burly, dozing bumblebee," affects one more like the rude, untutored savage. He has learned nothing from experience. He lives from hand to mouth. He luxuriates in time of plenty and he starves in time of scarcity. He lives in a rude nest or in a hole in the ground, and in small communities. He builds a few deep cells or sacks in which he

15

stores a little honey and beebread for his young, but as a worker in wax he is of the most primitive and awkward.

The Indian regarded the honeybee as an ill omen. She was the white man's fly. In fact, she was the epitome of
 5 the white man himself. She has the white man's craftiness, his industry, his architectural skill, his neatness and love of system, his foresight ; and, above all, his eager, miserly habits. The honeybee's great ambition is to be rich, to lay up great stores, to possess the sweet of every flower that
 10 blooms. She is more than provident. Enough will not satisfy her ; she must have all she can get by hook or by crook.

She comes from the oldest country, Asia, and thrives best in the most fertile and long-settled lands. Yet the
 15 fact remains that the honeybee is essentially a wild creature, and never has been and cannot be thoroughly domesticated. Its proper home is the woods, and thither every new swarm counts on going ; and thither many do go, in spite of the care and watchfulness of the beekeeper.

20 Apparently every swarm of bees before it leaves the parent hive sends out exploring parties to look up the future home. The woods and groves are searched through and through, and no doubt the privacy of many a squirrel and many a wood mouse is intruded upon. What cozy
 25 nooks and retreats they do spy out, so much more attractive than the painted hive in the garden, so much cooler in summer and so much warmer in winter !

One looks upon the woods with a new interest when he suspects they hold a colony of bees. What a pleasing secret it is: a tree with a heart of comb honey, a decayed oak or maple with secret chambers where lies hidden the wealth of ten thousand little freebooters, — great nuggets and 5 wedges of precious ore gathered with risk and labor from every field and wood about.

When a bee brings pollen into the hive he advances to the cell in which it is to be deposited and kicks it off as one might his overalls or rubber boots, making one foot 10 help the other; then he walks off without ever looking behind him; another bee, one of the indoor hands, comes along and rams it down with his head and packs it into the cell as the dairymaid packs butter into a firkin.

The life of a swarm of bees is like an active and hazardous 15 campaign of an army; the ranks are being continually depleted, and continually recruited. What adventures they have by flood and field, and what hairbreadth escapes! A strong swarm during the honey season loses, on an average, about four or five thousand per month, or one hundred 20 and fifty per day. They are overwhelmed by wind and rain, caught by spiders, benumbed by cold, crushed by cattle, drowned in rivers and ponds, and in many nameless ways cut off or disabled. In the spring the principal mortality is from the cold. As the sun declines they get 25 chilled before they can reach home. Many fall down outside the hive, unable to get in with their burden. One may

see them come utterly spent and drop hopelessly into the grass in front of their very doors. Before they can rest the cold has stiffened them. I go out in April and May and pick them up by the handful, their baskets loaded
 5 with pollen, and warm them in the sun or in the house, or by the simple warmth of my hand, until they can crawl into the hive. Heat is their life, and an apparently lifeless bee may be revived by warming him.

It is amusing to see them come hurrying home when
 10 there is a thunderstorm approaching. They come piling in till the rain is upon them. Those that are overtaken by the storm doubtless weather it as best they can in the sheltering trees and grass. It is not probable that a bee ever gets lost by wandering into strange and unknown parts.
 15 With their myriad eyes they see everything; and then their sense of locality is very acute—is, indeed, one of their ruling traits. When a bee marks the place of his hive, or of a bit of good pasturage in the fields or swamps, he returns to it as unerringly as fate.

20 Honey was a much more important article of food with the ancients than it is with us. As they appear to have been unacquainted with sugar, honey, no doubt, stood them instead. It is too rank and pungent for the modern taste; it soon cloyes upon the palate. It demands the appetite of
 25 youth, and the strong, robust digestion of people who live much in the open air. It is a more wholesome food than sugar, and modern confectionery is poison beside it.

Besides grape sugar, honey contains manna, mucilage, pollen, acid, and other vegetable odoriferous substances and juices. It is a sugar with a kind of wild natural bread added. The manna of itself is both food and medicine, and the pungent vegetable extracts have rare virtues. 5

The Emperor Augustus one day inquired of a centenarian how he had kept his vigor of mind and body so long ; to which the veteran replied that it was by "oil without and honey within."

Hence it is not without reason that with the ancients a 10 land flowing with milk and honey should mean a land abounding in all good things ; and the queen in the nursery rhyme, who lingered in the kitchen to eat "bread and honey," while the "king was in the parlor counting out his money," was doing a very sensible thing. 15

Italy and Greece, in fact all the Mediterranean countries, appear to have been famous lands for honey. Mount Hymettus, Mount Hybla, and Mount Ida produced what may be called the classic honey of antiquity, an article doubtless in no wise superior to our best products. 20

bumblebee: also called *humblebee*. See Emerson's poem, p. 132. — **beebread**: flower pollen, which forms the food of the young bees. — **epitome** (ě pīt' ō mē): a compact representation ; a work reduced to a small size. — **freebooters**: robbers. — **stood**: served. — **manna**: sweetish yellow flakes which exude from some trees and shrubs. — **centenarian**: one who is a hundred years old. — **land flowing with milk and honey**: see Exodus iii. 8. — **Hymettus** (hĩ mēt'tūs): a mountain in Greece. — **Hybla** (hĩb'la): Hybla was in Sicily. — **Ida**: a mountain in Asia Minor.

THE HUMBLEBEE

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

- Burly, dozing humblebee,
 Where thou art is clime for me.
 Let them sail for Porto Rique,
 Far-off heats through seas to seek ;
 5 I will follow thee alone,
 Thou animated torrid zone !
 Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
 Let me chase thy waving lines ;
 Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
 10 Singing over shrubs and vines.

 Hot midsummer's petted crone,
 Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
 Tells of countless sunny hours,
 Long days, and solid banks of flowers ;
 15 Of gulfs of sweetness, without bound,
 In Indian wildernesses found ;
 Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
 Firmest cheer, and birdlike pleasure.

 Aught unsavory or unclean,
 20 Hath my insect never seen ;
 But violets and bilberry bells,
 Maple sap and daffodils,

Grass with green flag half-mast high,
 Succory to match the sky,
 Columbine with horn of honey,
 Scented fern, and agrimony,
 Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue, 5
 And brier roses, dwelt among ;
 All beside was unknown waste,
 All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
 Yellow-breeched philosopher ! 10
 Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
 Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
 When the fierce northwestern blast 15
 Cools sea and land so far and fast,
 Thou already slumberest deep ;
 Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;
 Want and woe, which torture us,
 Thy sleep makes ridiculous. 20

clime : the region. — **Porto Rique** : Porto Rico is a famous winter resort. — **Syrian peace** : the ideal of the philosophers of India and Syria is a state of idleness and blissful repose. — **leisure** : the poet makes this word rhyme with *pleasure*, but the better usage is *lēzhūr*. — **bil'berry bells** : huckleberry blossoms. — **suc'cory** : a wayside plant bearing a blue flower. — **ag'rimony** : a common herb with a spike of yellow flowers. — **thy sleep** : bees are usually torpid throughout the winter.

THE LANTERN BEARERS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was born in 1850 at Edinburgh, Scotland, within sight of the great Edinburgh Castle. He died in Samoa in 1894. His wonderful gifts as a writer of fiction, essays, and poems place him among the foremost of modern authors. Of his many novels, *Dr. Jekyll* 5 and *Mr. Hyde* is the most widely known. Some of his other works are *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *Across the Plains*, and *A Child's Garden of Verses*. The following pages are from one of his essays.

Toward the end of September, when school time was drawing near and the nights were already black, we 10 would begin to sally from our respective villas, each equipped with a tin bull's-eye lantern. The thing was so well known that it had worn a rut in the commerce of Great Britain; and the grocers, about the due time, began to garnish their windows with our particular brand of 15 luminary.

We wore them buckled to the waist upon a cricket belt, and over them, such was the rigor of the game, a buttoned topcoat. They smelled noisomely of blistered tin; they never burned aright, though they would always burn our 20 fingers; their use was naught; the pleasure of them merely fanciful; and yet a boy with a bull's-eye under his topcoat asked for nothing more.

The fishermen used lanterns about their boats, and it was from them, I suppose, that we had got the hint; but

theirs were not bull's-eyes, nor did we play at being fishermen. The police carried them at their belts, and we had plainly copied them in that; yet we did not pretend to be policemen. Burglars, indeed, we may have had some haunting thoughts of; and we had certainly an eye to past ages 5 when lanterns were more common, and to certain story-books in which we found them to figure very largely. But



take it for all in all, the pleasure of the thing was substantive; and to be a boy with a bull's-eye under his topcoat was good enough for us.

When two of these asses met there would be an anxious 10 "Have you got your lantern?" and a gratified "Yes!" This was the shibboleth, and very needful, too; for as it was the rule to keep our glory contained, none could recognize a lantern bearer, unless by the smell.

Four or five would sometimes climb into a ten-man lugger, or choose out some hollow of the links where the wind might whistle overhead. There the coats would be unbuttoned and the bull's-eyes discovered; and in the
 5 checkering glimmer, under the huge windy hall of the night, and cheered by a rich stream of toasting tinware, these fortunate young gentlemen would crouch together in the cold sand of the links or on the scaly bilges of the fishing boat and delight themselves with inappropriate talk.
 10 The talk was but a condiment; and these gatherings themselves only accidents in the career of the lantern bearer. The essence of this bliss was to walk by yourself in the black night; the slide shut, the topcoat buttoned; not a ray escaping, whether to conduct your footsteps or to
 15 make your glory public; a mere pillar of darkness in the dark; and all the while, deep down in the privacy of your fool's heart, to know you had a bull's-eye at your belt, and to exult and sing over the knowledge.

school time: in Scotland, as a rule, school begins later in the autumn than is customary in America. The summer vacation in Edinburgh and its neighborhood, where Stevenson spent his boyhood, is in August and September. — **the rigor of the game**: a familiar phrase from Charles Lamb's essay, "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist." — **substantivé**: dependent upon itself. — **shibboleth**: a test word or sign (see Judges xii. 4-6). — **contained**: hidden, restrained. — **lugger**: a small fishing-vessel with simple rigging. — **links**: the flat sands of the seashore. — **bilges**: the broadest part of a vessel's hull. — **condiment**: something used to give relish to food; seasoning. — **accidents**: happenings; unexpected events.

DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850) was a celebrated English poet who was made poet laureate in 1843. He was keenly sensitive to natural beauty, and some of his finest poems were written on simple scenes in rural England.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze. 5 10

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. 15

The waves beside them danced ; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company : 20
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought ;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,



They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude ;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health and
quiet breathing.

JOHN KEATS

A MEMORY OF MY CHILDHOOD

PIERRE LOTI

PIERRE LOTI (pĩ êr lô tē) is the pen name of Louis Marie Julien Viaud (vyō), a French novelist of poetic temperament. He was born in 1850. The following selection is translated from his *Story of a Child*.

My next impression was one which I will try to record, — an impression of summer, of broad sunshine, and of 5 nature, and of a delicious panic at finding myself alone in the deep June grass taller than my head.

It happened at a country house which, at a later date, played an important part in my child life. It belonged to some very old friends of our family, who were our neigh- 10 bors in town, their house almost touching ours. The day of which I am about to speak was certainly the first which I had spent there as a little creature capable of thought, of grief, of dreams.

I have forgotten the beginning, — the departure, the jour- 15 ney, and the arrival. But I can see myself one very hot afternoon, see myself very happy alone in the neglected old garden, shut in by gray walls from the woods, sandy heaths, and stony commons that surrounded it. For me, a town-bred child, this ~~spacious~~ garden, never kept up, 20 where the fruit trees were perishing of old age, was as full of surprises and mysteries as the virgin forest. Having, no doubt, stepped over a high box edging, I had

lost myself in the middle of one of the uncultured beds far from the house, among I know not what wayward growths — asparagus run to seed, I dare say, tangled with wild creepers. There I had crouched down after the manner of little children, to bury myself in all this, which was far above my head even when I stood up. And I kept very still, with eyes dilated and my mind keenly attentive, at once alarmed and delighted. What I felt in the presence of these new things was, even then, less astonishment than recognition; that lavish greenery which closed in upon me I *knew* was everywhere, in the remotest depths of the unseen country. It frightened and yet it attracted me; and in order to stay there as long as possible without being sought out, I hid myself more completely.

15 But suddenly I heard myself called: “Pierre! Pierre! My little Pierrot!” And without replying, I made haste to lie down flat on the earth under the weeds and the finely cut leaves of the asparagus branches.

Again, “Pierre! Pierre!” It was Lucette. I knew her voice, and I even understood from her laughing tone that she spied me in my green lurking place. But I could not see her. I looked about on all sides, in vain. No one! Still she called me with shouts of laughter, her voice more and more full of fun. Where in the world could she be?

25 Ah! Up there, high in the air, perched in the fork of a strangely twisted tree, which had what looked like a hoary head of lichen.

Then I got up, greatly chagrined at having been thus discovered. And as I rose I perceived from afar, above the tangle of wild plants, a corner of the old ivy-crowned walls which surrounded the garden. These walls were to



become very familiar to me as time went on, for during my 5
half holidays from school I have spent many an hour
perched on the top, looking out over the peaceful, pastoral
landscape, dreaming, to the chirp of the grasshoppers, of
yet more sunny spots in distant lands.

virgin: unspoiled. — **Pierrot** (pī êr rō'): the diminutive of Pierre; "little Peter." — **lichen** (lī'kĕn): a species of plant growing on rocks and tree trunks. — **chagrined** (shā grīnd'): mortified.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING — I

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

SARAH ORNE JEWETT (1849-1909) was an American writer whose stories of New England life have much charm.

Poor old Mary Ann Robb sat at her window on the afternoon before Thanksgiving and felt herself poor and
5 sorrowful indeed. Across the frozen road she looked eastward over a great stretch of meadow land, brown and wind-swept and crossed by icy ditches. It seemed to her as if before this, in all the troubles that she had known and carried, there had always been some hope to hold; as if
10 she had never looked poverty full in the face and seen its cold and pitiless frown before. She looked anxiously down the road, with a horrible shrinking and dread at the thought of being asked, out of pity, to join in some Thanksgiving feast, but there was nobody coming with gifts in hand.
15 Once she had been full of love for such days, whether at home or abroad, but something chilled her very heart now.

Her nearest neighbor had been foremost of those who wished her to go to the town farm, and he had said more than once that it was the only sensible thing. But John
20 Mander was waiting impatiently to get her tiny farm into his own hands; he had advanced some money upon it in her extremity, and pretended that there was still a debt after he cleared her wood lot to pay himself back. He

would plow over the graves in the field corner and fell the great elms, and waited now like a spider for his poor prey. He often reproached her for being too generous to worthless people in the past and coming to be a charge to others now. Oh, if she could only die in her own house and not 5 suffer the pain of homelessness and dependence!

It was just at sunset, and as she looked out hopelessly across the gray fields there was a sudden gleam of light far away on the low hills beyond; the clouds opened in the west and let the sunshine through. One lovely ray shot 10 swift as an arrow and brightened a far cold hillside where it fell, and at the same moment a sudden gleam of hope brightened the winter landscape of her heart.

"There was Johnny Harris," said Mary Ann Robb softly. "He was a soldier's son, left an orphan and distressed. Old 15 John Mander scolded, but I could n't see the poor boy in want. I kept him that year after he got hurt, spite of what anybody said, and he helped me the little he could. He said I was the only mother he'd ever had. 'I'm going out West, Mother Robb,' says he. 'I shan't come back till I get 20 rich'; and then he'd look at me and laugh, so pleasant and boyish. He was n't one that liked to write. I don't think he was doing very well when I heard, — there, it's 'most four years ago now. I always thought if he got sick I should have a good home for him to come to. There's poor 25 Ezra Blake, the deaf one, too; he won't have any place to welcome him."

The light faded out of doors, and again Mrs. Robb's trouble stood before her. Yet it was not so dark as it had been in her sad heart. She still sat by her window, hoping now, in spite of herself, instead of fearing; and a
 5 curious feeling of nearness and expectancy made her feel not so much light-hearted as light-headed.

"I feel just as if something was going to happen," she said. "Poor Johnny Harris! Perhaps he's thinking of me, if he's alive."

10 It was dark now, and there were tiny clicks against the window. It was beginning to snow and the great elms creaked in the rising wind overhead.

A dead limb of one of the old trees had fallen that autumn, and poor firewood as it might be, it was Mrs. Robb's
 15 own, and she had burned it most thankfully. There was only a small armful left, but at least she could have the luxury of a fire. She had a feeling that it was her last night at home, and with strange recklessness began to fill the stove as she used to do in better days.

20 "It'll get me good and warm," she said, still talking to herself, as lonely people do. "And I'll go to bed early. It's coming on to storm."

The snow clicked faster and faster against the window, and she sat alone thinking in the dark. She drew a little
 25 nearer to the fire, and laid her head back drowsily in the old rocking-chair.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THANKSGIVING — II

It seemed only a moment before there was a loud knocking, and somebody lifted the latch of the door. The fire shone bright through the front of the stove and made a little light in the room, but Mary Ann Robb waked up frightened and bewildered. 5

“Who’s there?” she called, as she found her crutch and went to the door. She was only conscious of her one great fear.

“They’ve come to take me to the poorhouse!” she said, and burst into tears. 10

There was a tall man, not John Mander, who seemed to fill the narrow doorway.

“Come, let me in!” he said gayly. “It’s a cold night. You did n’t expect me, did you, Mother Robb?”

“What is it?” she faltered, stepping back as he came 15 in and dropping her crutch. “I was dreaming. Oh, there! what was I saying? I’ve made some mistake.”

Yes, this was the man who kept the poorhouse, and she would go without complaint; they might have given her notice, but she must not fret. 20

“Sit down, sir,” she said, turning toward him with touching patience. “You’ll have to give me a little time. If I’d been notified, I would n’t have kept you waiting a minute this stormy night.”

It was not the keeper of the poorhouse. The man by the 25

door took one step forward and put his arm round her and kissed her. "What are you talking about?" said John Harris. "You make me feel like a stranger. I've come all the way from Dakota to spend Thanksgiving. All sorts of



5 things are out here in the wagon, and there's a man to help get them in. Why, don't cry so, Mother Robb! I thought you'd have a great laugh if I surprised you. Don't you remember I always said I should come?"

It was John Harris indeed. The poor soul could say
 10 nothing. She felt now as if her heart was going to break with joy. He left her in the rocking-chair and came and went in his old boyish way, bringing in the store of gifts and provisions. It was better than any dream. He laughed and talked, and went out to send the man to bring a
 15 wagonful of wood, and came in himself laden with pieces of the nearest fence to keep the fire going in the meantime. They must cook the beefsteak for supper right

away ; they must find the pound of tea among all the other bundles ; they must get good fires started in both the cold bedrooms. Why, Mother Robb did n't seem to be ready for company from the West ! The great, cheerful fellow hurried about the tiny house, and the little old woman limped 5 after him, forgetting everything but hospitality. Had not she a house for John to come to ? Were not her old chairs and tables in their places still ? And he remembered everything and kissed her as they stood before the fire. He had found plenty of hard times, but luck had come at 10 last. This was the end of a great year. John was afraid he should cry himself when he found out how bad things had been ; and they sat down to supper together just as they used to do when he was a homeless orphan boy whom nobody else wanted in winter weather while he was crippled and could not work. She could not be kinder now 15 than she was then, but she looked so poor and old ! He saw her taste her cup of tea and set it down again with a trembling hand and a look at him.

“ I wanted to come myself, instead of writing,” he blustered, wiping his eyes and trying to laugh. “ And you're going to have everything you need to make you comfortable as long as you live, Mother Robb.” 20

She looked at him again and nodded, but she did not even try to speak. There was a good hot supper ready 25 and a happy guest had come ; it was the night before Thanksgiving.

AT TABLE — I

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE

FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, a French author and poet, was born in 1842 ; he died in 1908.

When the steward — and what an imposing steward he was, with his ample figure, his dignified, ruddy countenance, 5 and his white whiskers ! — when he flung open the door of the drawing-room and announced in his sonorous yet respectful voice that dinner was served, the company filed out in an orderly and quiet procession.

The table fairly glittered. There were fourteen guests 10 — no more ; the young women in full evening dress and the men decorated with orders in honor of the distinguished visitor who sat at the right of the hostess.

The company represented the aristocracy of family or of merit, and an atmosphere of well-being filled the lofty 15 room, so comfortably warmed and so magnificently decorated. The service was noiseless. The servants seemed to glide over the thick carpet, and the butler's tone was as confidential as if he were revealing some vitally important secret.

20 How courteous and considerate were these well-bred, low-voiced guests ! What friendliness marked their smiles ! At first, no doubt, they spoke in commonplaces, but before long their wit and intelligence came into play. Each of

these men was remarkable in his own way, and all of them were rich in experience and in memories. A famous traveler with bronzed face, recently returned from desert wilds, told his neighbors at the table of an elephant hunt. He spoke quietly without boasting, as if he were telling some ordinary adventure. Farther on, the white hair and fine profile of a famous scholar bent toward his hostess, whose charming face was full of laughter and interest.

At the lower end of the table sat a man still young, the most obscure of all those who gathered there, — a man of 10 imagination and fancy, one of those dreamers who are half philosopher, half poet. Admitted into this group by reason of his fame as an artist, a gentleman by nature but without vanity, a man of the people and never forgetting it, he enjoyed with full appreciation this flower of civilization which calls itself good society. He felt, more keenly than many others would have done, how rare and beautiful was all that surrounded him, — the charm of the women, the swift intelligence of the men, the shining table, the luxurious room ; and he was glad that things 20 so good and so harmonious existed. He was filled with hopefulness and cheer. He found it comforting to reflect that sometimes in this world of ours men and women might be so happy. What a lovely fancy to believe that to these people life was merciful ; that they always kept the 25 gay and gentle faces they now wore, and that they had no dishonorable weaknesses or selfish sins !

AT TABLE — II

The dreamer was at this point in his reflections when the steward, the superb steward, appeared, bearing upon a huge silver platter a fish of marvelous size, such as one sees only in pictures or in shop windows. When it was served
5 and the dreamer found a piece before him upon his plate, a slight odor of the sea suddenly recalled to his mind a scene on the coast of Brittany.

He had lingered there, an autumn or two before, until he had been overtaken by the equinoctial storm. He called
10 to mind the terrible night when the fishing boats could not land, — the night that he had spent upon the breakwater, surrounded by a throng of frightened women, standing in the spray, which ran in streams down his face, and at the mercy of a wind that seemed to be trying to drag off his
15 clothes. What a life these fishermen led! He saw again the little church, high on the cliff and painted white to serve as a beacon to the ships; and in the cemetery the headstones repeating so often this inscription, *Drowned at Sea*.

20 The great fish had a delicate and savory taste, but the dreamer had lost his appetite. He was still thinking of the poor Bretons who had perhaps caught this very turbot. He shuddered as he thought.

But the servants were already removing the plates, and
25 the guests were chatting with even greater fluency and

ease. Their light laughter ran up and down the table. What a charming company!

Then the dreamer was seized with an overpowering sadness, for the price of all this comfort and luxury began to torment his imagination. 5

In order that these men and women in cold December may wear dress coats and lace gowns, the heat of the room is like that of a morning in spring. But who has furnished the fuel? The underground worker, the prisoner of the mines. How exquisitely fair is the complexion of that 10 young woman in rose-colored satin! But who has woven the satin? The human spider of Lyons, — the silk weaver in his unwholesome den. She wears in her dainty ears two splendid pearls. What wonderful transparency! What brilliancy of color and perfection of form! Cleopatra's 15 famous pearl was no purer than these. But does she know, this young beauty, that in the pearl fisheries of the East the Indian diver plunges heroically into seventy feet of water, one foot in the heavy stone stirrup that is to drag him to the bottom, and a knife in his hand to guard him 20 from the sharks?

But, after all, what is the use of thinking about it? The air of the room is warm and sweet. Every one is contented. Why should we distress ourselves about a miner who works fifty feet below the ground, or a sickly weaver, 25 or a savage who leaps into the sea and perhaps reddens it with his blood?

AT TABLE — III

However, the dreamer is pursued by his fancy. Without thinking what he is doing, he has crumbled a bit of bread which was lying near his plate. It is a very slight and insignificant part of such a dinner as this, but he
 5 thinks of the great lady who said when her poor people were starving: "Why do they cry for bread? Let them eat cake!" Yes, it is only a piece of bread, but in order that it may be here, upon the rich man's table, many have toiled and suffered. The farmer has sowed and reaped.
 10 He has pushed his plow or driven his harrow through the heavy soil under the cold needles of the autumn rain; he has waked when it thundered in the night, full of terror for his field; he has trembled at the sight of great violet-colored clouds, charged with hail; he has come, dusty and
 15 grimy, from the exhausting labors of harvesting.

And when the old miller, racked by the rheumatism that is due to the mists of the river, has sent his flour to Paris, the heavy bags are still to be carried on stout shoulders to the bakeries where men are toiling all night long.
 20 Truly it has cost all this labor and all this effort, — the little white morsel of bread thoughtlessly broken by idle fingers.

By this time the incorrigible dreamer cannot free himself from such thoughts. The dainties of the feast recall
 25 to him only human suffering.

“Come,” he says to himself, “this is absurd. The world is made in this way. There have always been the rich and the poor. Moreover, these ladies and gentlemen are neither selfish nor unkind. They are not idlers. Our host bears a name bound up with his country’s glory. The officer with the gray mustache is a hero. This painter, this poet, have faithfully served art and beauty. This scientist, a self-made man, has earned the distinction that he enjoys. These women are kind and generous and capable of noble self-sacrifice. Why should they not have all this enjoyment?” 10 The dreamer is inclined to be ashamed of himself.

But the dinner is nearly over, and while the servants are filling the glasses for the last time there is a moment of silence. The guests are beginning to be a little weary. As the dreamer looks from one face to another he is conscious of a vague, bitter protest in his heart, and as with the rest he rises to leave the table, he murmurs very softly but obstinately : “Yes, they are within their rights. But do they know, do they realize, that their luxury is made up of so much suffering? Do they think of it sometimes? 20 Do they think of it as often as they should? Do they think of it?”

orders : decorative badges given for conspicuous gallantry or public service. — **turbot** : a large European flounder, sometimes weighing thirty or forty pounds. — **Cleopatra’s pearl** : a pearl of great price, which, according to an impossible legend, was dissolved in wine and swallowed by the famous queen of Egypt. — **the great lady** : Marie Antoinette, wife of Louis XVI, king of France. — **incorrigible** : hardened against reproof or correction.

THE THINGS THAT COUNT

CLARENCE URMY

CLARENCE URMY, a poet and musician, was born in San Francisco, California, in 1858.

Not what we have, but what we use ;
 Not what we see, but what we choose —
 5 These are the things that mar or bless
 The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar ;
 Not what we seem, but what we are —
 These are the things that make or break,
 10 That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true ;
 Not what we dream, but good we do —
 These are the things that shine like gems,
 Like stars, in Fortune's diadems.

15 Not as we take, but as we give ;
 Not as we pray, but as we live —
 These are the things that make for peace,
 Both now and after Time shall cease.

THE OLD WOLF'S CHALLENGE

WILLIAM J. LONG

We were beating up the Straits to the Labrador when a great gale swooped down on us and drove us like a scared wild duck into a cleft in the mountains, where the breakers roared and the seals barked on the black rocks, and the reefs bared their teeth on either side like the long jaws 5 of a wolf, to snap at us as we passed.

In our flight we had picked up a fisherman — snatched him out of his helpless punt as we luffed in a smother of spray, and dragged him aboard, like an enormous frog, at the end of the jib sheet — and it was he who now stood at 10 the wheel of our little schooner and took her careening in through the tickle of Harbor Woe. There, in a desolate, rock-bound refuge on the Newfoundland coast, the *Wild Duck* swung to her anchor, veering nervously in the tide rip, tugging impatiently and clanking her chains as if eager 15 to be out again in the turmoil. At sunset the gale blew itself out, and presently the moon wheeled full and clear over the dark mountains.

Noel, my big Indian, was curled up asleep in a caribou skin by the foremast ; and the crew were all below asleep, 20 every man glad in his heart to be once more safe in a snug harbor. All about us stretched the desolate wastes of sea and mountains, over which silence and darkness brooded,

as over the first great chaos. Near at hand were the black rocks, eternally wet and smoking with the fog and gale; beyond towered the icebergs, pale, cold, glittering like spires of silver in the moonlight; far away, like a vague
 5 shadow, a handful of little gray houses clung like barnacles to the base of a great bare hill whose foot was in the sea and whose head wavered among the clouds of heaven. Not a light shone, not a sound or a sign of life came from these little houses, whose shells close daily at twilight over
 10 the life within, weary with the day's work. Only the dogs were restless — those strange creatures that shelter in our houses and share our bread, yet live in another world, a dumb, silent, lonely world shut out from ours by impassable barriers.

15 For hours these uncanny dogs had puzzled me, — a score of vicious, hungry brutes that drew the sledges in winter, and that picked up a vagabond living in the idle summer by hunting rabbits and raiding the fishermen's flakes and pigpens, and by catching flounders in the sea as the tide
 20 ebbed. Venture among them with fear in your heart and they would fly at your legs and throat like wild beasts; but twirl a big stick jauntily, or, better still, go quietly on your way without concern, and they would skulk aside and watch you hungrily out of the corners of their surly
 25 eyes, whose lids were red and bloodshot as a mastiff's. When the moon rose I noticed them flitting about like witches on the lonely shore, miles away from the hamlet;

now sitting on their tails in a solemn circle ; now howling all together as if demented, and anon listening intently in the vast silence, as if they heard or smelled or perhaps just felt the presence of some unknown thing that was hidden from human senses. And when I paddled ashore to 5 watch them, one ran swiftly past without heeding me, his nose outstretched, his eyes green as foxfire in the moonlight, while the others vanished like shadows among the black rocks, each intent on his unknown quest.

That is why I had come up from my warm bunk at mid- 10 night to sit alone on the taffrail, listening in the keen air to the howling that made me shiver, spite of myself, and watching in the vague moonlight to understand, if possible, what the brutes felt amid the primal silence and desolation.

A long interval of profound stillness had passed, and I 15 could just make out the circle of dogs sitting on their tails on the open shore, when suddenly, faint and far away, an unearthly howl came rolling down the mountains, *ooooooo-ow-wow-wow!* a long wailing crescendo beginning softly, like a sound in a dream, and swelling into a roar that waked 20 the sleeping echoes and set them jumping like startled goats from crag to crag. Instantly the huskies answered, every dog breaking out into indescribable frenzied wailings, as a collie responds in agony to certain chords of music that stir all the old wolf nature sleeping within him. For five 25 minutes the uproar was appalling ; then it ceased abruptly and the huskies ran wildly here and there among the rocks.



From far away an answer, an echo perhaps of their wailing, or, it may be, the cry of the dogs of St. Margaret's, came ululating over the deep. Then silence again, vast and unnatural, settling over the gloomy land like a winding sheet.

5

As the unknown howl trembled faintly in the air Noel, who had slept undisturbed through all the clamor of the dogs, stirred uneasily by the foremast. As it deepened and swelled into a roar that filled all the night, he threw off the caribou skin and came aft where I was watching alone. 10 "That is Wayeeses. I know that wolf; he followed me one time, oh, a long, long while ago," he whispered. And taking my marine glasses he stood beside me, watching intently.

There was another long period of waiting; our eyes 15 grew weary, filled as they were with shadows and uncertainties in the moonlight, and we turned our ears to the hills, waiting with strained, silent expectancy for the challenge. Suddenly Noel pointed upward and my eye caught something moving swiftly on the crest of the mountain. 20 A shadow with the slinking trot of a wolf glided along the ridge between us and the moon. Just in front of us it stopped, leaped upon a big rock, turned a pointed nose up to the sky, sharp and clear as a fir top in the moonlight, and—oooooooo-ow-wow-wow! the terrible howl of a great 25 white wolf tumbled down on the husky dogs and set them howling as if possessed. No doubt now of their queer

actions which had puzzled me for hours past. The wild wolf had called and the tame wolves waked to answer. Before my dull ears had heard a rumor of it they were crazy with the excitement. Now every chord in their wild
 5 hearts was twanging its thrilling answer to the leader's summons, and my own heart awoke and thrilled as it never did before to the call of a wild beast.

For an hour or more the old wolf sat there, challenging his degenerate mates in every silence, calling the tame to
 10 be wild, the bound to be free again, and listening gravely to the wailing answer of the dogs, who refused with groanings, as if dragging themselves away from overmastering temptation. Then the shadow vanished from the big rock on the mountain, the huskies fled away wildly
 15 from the shore, and only the sob of the breakers broke the stillness.

From *Northern Trails*

the Labrador: the northeast coast of the great peninsula of Labrador belongs to Newfoundland and is usually spoken of as "the Labrador" by the inhabitants of that region. The interior of the peninsula belongs to the Dominion of Canada. — **punt**: a flat-bottomed boat. — **luffed**: turned the bow of the boat toward the wind. — **jib sheet**: the rope controlling the small forward sail or jib. — **tickle**: a narrow, difficult entrance to a harbor. — **tide rip**: rapids caused by the rush of the tide. — **flakes**: frames or platforms for drying codfish. — **foxfire**: the phosphorescent light given out by decayed timber. — **taffrail**: the rail around the stern of a vessel. — **primal silence**: the silence of the beginning of the world. — **huskies**: sledge dogs. — **ululating** (ūl'ū lā tīng): with a howling, wailing sound. — **aft**: toward the stern of a boat. — **Way ee'ses**: the white wolf, the strong one. — **degenerate**: less worthy, having lost physical or moral qualities.

ALONG THE DOCKS

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824-1892) was an American essayist and orator, distinguished for his integrity and courage as well as for his charming literary style. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and many hours of his boyhood were spent upon the wharves of that city.

My earliest remembrances are of a long range of old, 5
half-dilapidated stores, — red brick stores with steep
wooden roofs and stone window frames and door frames,
which stood upon docks built as if for immense trade
with all quarters of the globe.

Generally there were only a few sloops moored to the 10
tremendous posts, which I fancied could easily hold fast a
Spanish Armada in a tropical hurricane. But sometimes
a great ship, an East Indiaman, with rusty, seamed, blistered
sides and dingy sails, came slowly moving up the
harbor, with an air of indolent self-importance and con- 15
sciousness of superiority, which inspired me with profound
respect. If the ship had ever chanced to run down a row-
boat or a sloop or any specimen of smaller craft, I should
only have wondered at the temerity of any floating thing
in crossing the path of such supreme majesty. 20

How the stately monster had been fattening upon foreign
spoils! How it had gorged itself (such galleons did
never seem to me of the feminine gender) with the luscious

treasures of the tropics. It had lain its lazy length along the shores of China, and sucked in whole flowery harvests of tea. The Brazilian sun flashed through the strong wicker prisons, bursting with bananas and fruits that eschew the
 5 temperate zone. Steams of camphor, of sandal wood, arose from the hold. Sailors chanting cabalistic strains, that had to my ear a shrill and monotonous pathos, like the uniform rising and falling of an autumn wind, turned cranks that lifted the bales and boxes and crates and swung
 10 them ashore.

But to my mind the spell of their singing raised the fragrant freight,—and not the crank. Madagascar and Ceylon appeared at the mystic bidding of the song. The placid sunshine of the docks was perfumed with India.
 15 The universal calm of southern seas poured from the bosom of the ship over the quiet old northern port.

Long after the confusion of unloading was over, and the ship lay as if all voyages were ended, I dared to creep timorously along the edge of the dock, and at great risk of
 20 falling into the black water of its huge shadow, I placed my hand upon the hot hulk and so established a mystic and exquisite connection with the Pacific islands, with palm groves, with jungles, pepper, and Bengal tigers. I touched Asia, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Happy
 25 Islands. I would not believe that the heat I felt was of our northern sun; to my finer sympathy it burned with equatorial fervors.

The freight was piled in the old stores. Silence reigned within, — silence, dimness, and piles of foreign treasure. Vast coils of cable, like tame boa-constrictors, served as seats for men with heavy watch seals and nankeen trousers, who sat looking out of the door toward the ships, with little 5 other sign of life than an occasional low talking as if in their sleep. Huge hogsheads perspiring brown sugar and oozing slow molasses, as if nothing tropical could keep within bounds, but must continually expand and exude and overflow, stood against the walls, and had an archi- 10 tectural significance, for they darkly reminded me of Egyptian prints, and in the duskiness of the low-vaulted store seemed cyclopean columns incomplete. Strange festoons and heaps of bags, square piles of square boxes cased in mats, bales of airy summer stuffs, which even in winter 15 scoffed at cold and shamed it by audacious assumption of eternal sun, little specimen boxes of precious dyes that even now shine through my memory, — these were all there in rich confusion.

The stores had a twilight of dimness; the air was spicy 20 with mingled odors. I liked to look in suddenly, from the glare of sunlight outside; and then the cool, sweet dimness was like the palpable breath of the far-off island groves. And if only some parrot or macaw, hung within, would flaunt with glistening plumage in his cage, and, as the gay 25 hue flashed in a chance sunbeam, call in his hard, shrill voice, as if thrusting sharp sounds upon a glistening wire

from out that grateful gloom, then the enchantment was complete, and without moving I was circumnavigating the globe.

From the old stores and the docks, slowly crumbling,
5 touched, I know not why or how, by the pensive air of



PROVIDENCE HARBOR IN 1837

past prosperity, I rambled out of town on these well-remembered afternoons, to the fields that lay upon hill-sides over the harbor, and there sat, looking out to sea, fancying some distant sail to be my type and image, who
10 would so sail, stately and successful, to all the glorious

ports of the future. Going home, I returned by the stores which the porters were closing. But I stood long looking in, saturating my imagination, and, as it appeared, my clothes, with the spicy suggestion. For when I reached home my thrifty mother came snuffing and smelling about me. 5

“Why, my son (snuff, snuff), where have you been? Has the baker (snuff, snuff) been making gingerbread? You smell (snuff, snuff) as if you had been in a bag of cinnamon.”

“I’ve only been on the wharves, mother.”

“Well, my dear, I hope your clothes are not covered 10 with molasses. Wharves are dirty places, and dangerous. You must take care of yourself, my son. Really, this smell is very strong.”

But I departed from the maternal presence, proud and happy. I was aromatic. I bore about me the true foreign 15 air. Whoever smelt me smelt distant countries. I pleased myself with being the representative of the Indies. I was in good odor with myself and all the world.

From *Prue and I*

Spanish Armada : a splendid fleet sent out by Spain against England in 1588. — **galleon** : a large, clumsy vessel of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. — **eschew** : shun, avoid. — **cabalistic** : mysterious, full of hidden meaning. — **exquisite** (ěx'quĩ zĩt) : of unusually fine quality. This word is often wrongly accented on the second syllable. — **Happy Islands** : fabled islands in the Atlantic Ocean, much talked of by sailors before the days of Columbus. — **nankeen** : a durable, brownish-yellow cotton cloth. — **darkly** : obscurely, mysteriously. — **low-vaulted** : low-studded. — **cyclopean** : gigantic, huge. — **grateful** : pleasing to the senses. — **in good odor** : in good standing, or in good repute.

MY LOST YOUTH

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born at Portland, Maine, in 1807, and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1882. He is perhaps the best known and best loved of all American poets, not only at home but abroad.

- 5 Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
- 10 And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”
- I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
15 And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
- And the burden of that old song,
20 It murmurs and whispers still :
“ A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free ;
 And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.

5

And the voice of that wayward song
 Is singing and saying still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
 And the fort upon the hill ;
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
 The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
 And the bugle wild and shrill.

10

And the music of that old song
 Throbs in my memory still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

15

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
 Across the school-boy's brain ;
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longings wild and vain.

20

And the voice of that fitful song
 Sings on, and is never still :

25

“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

There are things of which I may not speak ;

There are dreams that cannot die ;

5 There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,

And a mist before the eye.

And the words of that fatal song

Come over me like a chill :

10 “A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

Strange to me now are the forms I meet

When I visit the dear old town ;

But the native air is pure and sweet,

15 And the trees that o’ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,

Are singing the beautiful song,

Are sighing and whispering still :

20 “A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

And Deering’s Woods are fresh and fair,

And with joy that is almost pain

My heart goes back to wander there,

And among the dreams of the days that were,

25 I find my lost youth again.



And the strange and beautiful song,
 The groves are repeating it still:
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Hesperides (hēs pēr'ī dēz): gardens where grew the wonderful golden apples which were famous in Greek mythology.

THE CASTAWAY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

NOTE. Young David Balfour, having been shipwrecked off the west coast of Scotland, is washed ashore on a tiny island not far from Mull. In the following pages he tells of his experience on the rocky islet.

With my stepping ashore I began the most unhappy
5 part of my adventures. It was half-past twelve in the morning, and though the wind was broken by the land, it was a cold night. I dared not sit down (for I thought I should have frozen), but took off my shoes and walked to and fro upon the sand, barefoot and beating my breast,
10 with infinite weariness. There was no sound of man or cattle; not a cock crew, though it was about the hour of their first waking; only the surf broke outside in the distance. To walk by the sea at that hour, and in a place so lonesome, struck me with a kind of fear.

15 As soon as the day began to break I put on my shoes and climbed a hill, — the ruggedest scramble I ever undertook — falling, the whole way, between big blocks of granite or leaping from one to another. When I got to the top the dawn was come. There was no sign of the brig,
20 which must have lifted from the reef and sunk. The boat, too, was nowhere to be seen. There was never a sail upon the ocean; and in what I could see of the land, was neither house nor man.

I was afraid to think what had befallen my shipmates, and afraid to look longer at so empty a scene. What with my wet clothes and my weariness and hunger, I had enough to trouble me without that. So I set off eastward along the south coast, hoping to find a house where I might warm myself, and perhaps get news of those I had lost. And at the worst, I considered the sun would soon rise and dry my clothes. 5

After a little my way was stopped by a creek or inlet of the sea, which seemed to run pretty deep into the land ; and as I had no means to get across, I must needs change my direction to go about the end of it. It was still the roughest kind of walking ; indeed the whole, not only of Earraid, but of the neighboring part of Mull (which they call the Ross), is nothing but a jumble of granite rocks with heather in among. At first the creek kept narrowing, as I had looked to see ; but presently, to my surprise, it began to widen out again. I had still no notion of the truth until at last I came to a rising ground, and it burst upon me all in a moment that I was cast upon a little barren isle, and cut off on every side by the salt seas. 10 15 20

Instead of the sun rising to dry me, it came on to rain, with a thick mist, so that my case was lamentable.

I stood in the rain and shivered, and wondered what to do, till it occurred to me that perhaps the creek was ford-able. Back I went to the narrowest point and waded in. But not three yards from shore I plumped in head over 25

ears. I was no wetter (for that could hardly be), but I was all the colder for this mishap, and, having lost another hope, was the more unhappy.

The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a
 5 thought to me that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, they had either their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was very different. I had nothing in my pockets
 10 but money, and, being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

I knew, indeed, that shellfish were counted good to eat ; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets, which at first I could scarcely strike from their
 15 places, not knowing quickness to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call "buckies"; I think periwinkle is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them ; and so hungry was I that at first they
 20 seemed to me delicious.

All day it streamed rain ; the island ran like a sop ; there was no dry spot to be found ; and when I lay down that night, between two bowlders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog.

25 The second day I crossed the island to all sides. There was no one part of it better than another ; it was all desolate and rocky ; nothing living on it but game birds, which

I lacked the means to kill, and the gulls which haunted the outlying rocks in a prodigious number. But the creek that cut off the isle from the main land of the Ross opened out on the north into a bay, and it was the neighborhood of this place that I chose to be my home.

5

I had good reasons for my choice. There was in this part of the isle a little hut of a house like a pig's hut, where fishers used to sleep when they came there upon their business; but the turf roof of it had fallen entirely in, so that the hut was of no use to me, and gave me less shelter than my rocks. What was more important, the shellfish on which I lived grew there in great plenty; when the tide was out I could gather a peck at a time, and this was doubtless a convenience. But the other reason went deeper. I had become in no way used to the horrid solitude of the isle, but still looked round me on all sides (like a man that was hunted), between fear and hope that I might see some human creature coming. Now, from a little up the hillside over the bay I could catch a sight of a great, ancient church and the roofs of houses. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

I used to watch this smoke when I was wet and cold and had my head half turned with loneliness, and think of the fireside and the company, till my heart burned. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it

25

kept hope alive, and helped me to eat my raw shellfish, and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was quite alone with dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain, and the cold sea.

5 I say it kept hope alive; and indeed it seemed impossible that I should be left to die on the shores of my own country, and within view of a church tower and the smoke of men's houses. But the second day passed; and though as long as the light lasted I kept a bright lookout for boats,
10 or men passing on the Ross, no help came near me. It still rained and I turned in to sleep as wet as ever.

Charles the Second declared a man could stay outdoors more days in the year in the climate of England than in any other. This was very like a king with a palace at his
15 back and changes of dry clothes. But he must have had better luck on his flight from Worcester than I had on that miserable isle. It was the height of the summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

20 Indeed, my plight on that third morning was truly pitiful. My clothes were beginning to rot, my stockings in particular were quite worn through, my hands had grown soft with the continual soaking, my throat was very sore, my strength had much abated, and my heart so turned
25 against the stuff I was condemned to eat, that the very sight of it came near to sicken me.

And yet the worst was not yet come.

There is a pretty high rock on the northwest of Earraid, which I was much in the habit of frequenting ; not that ever I stayed in one place save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed, I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain. 5

As soon, however, as the sun came out I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I cannot tell. It set me thinking hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair ; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. 10 On the south of my rock a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side and I be none the wiser.

Well, all of a sudden a coble with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it came flying round that corner 15 of the isle. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock and reached up my hands and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear, — I could even see the color of their hair ; and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue and 20 laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew on right before my eyes.

I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them piteously ; even after they were out of reach of my voice I still cried and 25 waved to them, and when they were quite gone I thought my heart would have burst.

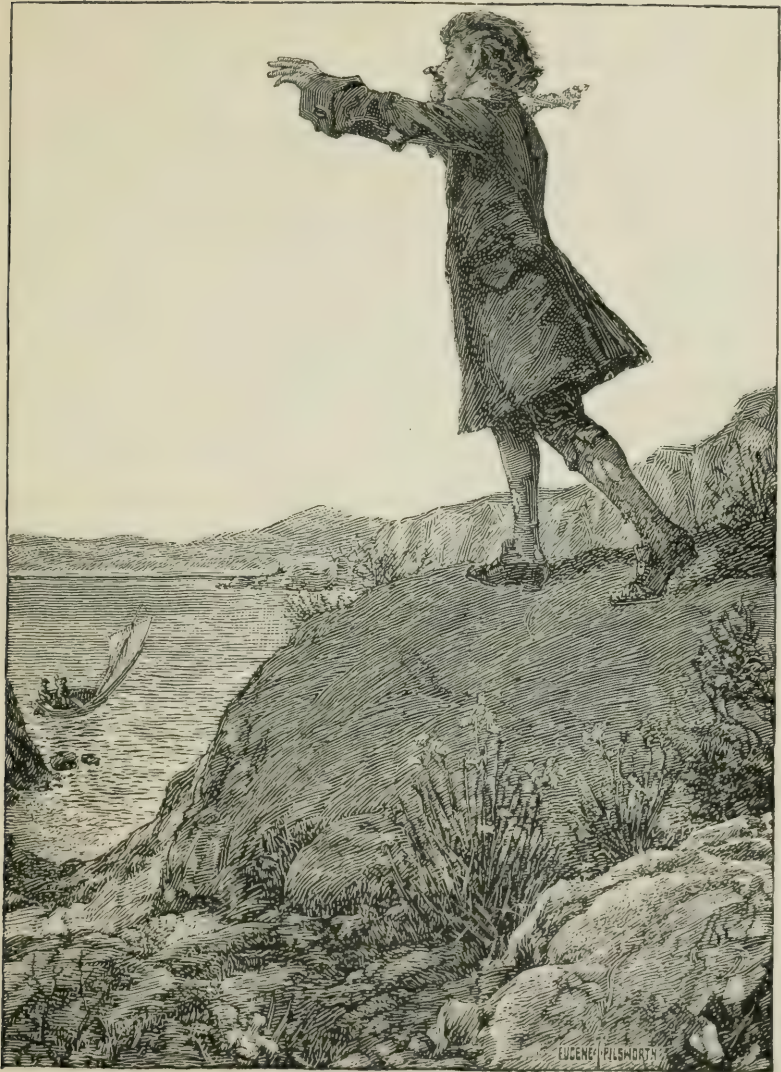
The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shellfish revived my courage.

5 I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming, with her head in my direction.

I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their
10 cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment such as yesterday's was more than I could bear. I turned my back, accordingly, upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds. The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I
15 counted the full thousand, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid!

I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the sea-side and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could
20 go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry I must wet it with the sea water before I was able to shout.

All this time the boat was coming on, and now I was
25 able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of a bright yellow and the other black. But now



there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

As soon as they were come within easy speech they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications
 5 they drew no nearer in, and, what frightened me most of all, the new man te-hee'd with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand.
 10 Listening very close, I caught the word "whatever" several times, but all the rest was Gaelic and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

"Whatever," said I, to show him that I had caught a word.

15 "Yes, yes — yes, yes," says he, and then began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

This time I picked out another word, "tide." Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand towards the mainland of the Ross.

20 "Do you mean that when the tide is out — ?" I cried, and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to te-hee with laughter), leaped
 25 back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came out upon the shores of the

creek ; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed a day on Earraid, which is only what they call a tidal islet, and can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod, or, at the most, by wading. Even I, who had the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for the ebbs, the better to get my shellfish — even I (I say), if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret and got free. It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers I might have left my bones there in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings, but in my present case, being clothed like a beggar man, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat. 20

From Kidnapped

Balfour (bāl'fūr). — **Mull**: an island off the west coast of Scotland. — **Earraid**: a small island near Mull. — **horrid**: terrible or horrible. This word is often wrongly used to mean "disagreeable." — **turned in**: lay down for the night. — **Charles the Second**: a king of England. In 1651 he was defeated in battle at Worcester (wōōs'tēr) and barely escaped with his life. For two months he traveled in the disguise of a peasant. — **coble** (kōb'l): a small fishing boat. — **Gaelic** (gā'lic): the ancient language of Scotland.



THE STORMY PETREL

BARRY CORNWALL

BARRY CORNWALL was the assumed name of Bryan Waller Procter (1787-1874), an English poet whom a well-known critic calls "a natural and exquisite song writer."

NOTE. The stormy petrels are tiny black and white birds, often called by sailors "Mother Carey's chickens." They are said to be seen most frequently when a storm is approaching.

A thousand miles from land are we,
 Tossing about on the roaring sea ;
 From billow to bounding billow cast,
 10 Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast :
 The sails are scattered abroad like weeds ;
 The strong masts shake like quivering reeds ;
 The mighty cables, and iron chains,
 The hull, which all earthly strength disdains, —

They strain and they crack ; and hearts like stone
 Their natural, hard, proud strength disown.

Up and down ! Up and down !

From the base of the wave to the billow's crown ;

And midst the flashing and feathery foam

5

The Stormy Petrel finds a home, —

A home, if such a place may be

For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,

On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,

And only seeketh her rocky lair

10

To warm her young, and to teach them to spring

At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing.

O'er the deep ! O'er the deep !

Where the whale, and the shark, and the swordfish
 sleep ;

15

Outflying the blast and the driving rain,

The Petrel telleth her tale — in vain ;

For the mariner curseth the warning bird

Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard !

Ah ! thus does the prophet of good or ill

20

Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still ;

Yet he ne'er falters : — so, Petrel, spring

Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing !

Petrel (pĕt'rĕl) : a name meaning "little Peter" ; perhaps from the story of St. Peter's walking on the waves.



A HIGHLAND ADVENTURE

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK (1826-1887) was an English novelist and poet.

Nobody who has lived only in a flat country can have the least idea of what a stream really is in the Highlands. Not a quiet, babbling, good-tempered brook, but a perfect
 5 torrent, which, be the volume of water great or small, is equally impetuous. It comes leaping from rock to rock, circling the larger stones, dashing over the little ones; divided here and there into half a dozen zigzag channels, or again joined into one, flowing for perhaps a few yards,
 10 until the rocky impediments break it once more. Mostly it is so shallow that you can step through it, but in places it sinks into deep, still pools under the hollows of rocks, — tempting, transparent, crystal baths, where you can almost

see the bottom. But it must be a very venturesome bather who would put his foot in *there*.

Such a stream was the one I speak of, up the channel of which we four merry boys went. What fun, what laughing we had ! How we took off our shoes and stockings and slung them over our shoulders, that we might the easier cling to the smooth stones. How delicious it was to feel the water dashing coldly over our bare feet, as we tried, by the puny resistance of those said feet planted across lesser channels, to stop a current that was as resistless as time. 10

No felicity is without its vexations, and I remember we were tormented by the midges, that would come about us in myriads, settling on our faces and stinging, till they almost drove us crazy.

I cannot call to mind every portion of our walk, or rather scramble, for we scorned anything like regular locomotion, but I know that our next trouble was something worse than midges. We got into a bog.

I never can understand why, on mountain sides, which one might naturally expect to find dry, there should be such a deal of bog land. To me, an English boy, quite unaccustomed to such a thing, I own it was not overpleasant. On I plunged, choosing for a footing the greenest-looking mosses, and always finding them the deepest in water. But I was too proud to confess the fact, so floundered silently on, seeing the other lads far before me. At last Norman turned and shouted for me to come on. 25

“Presently,” I answered, putting a bold face on the matter, “but it’s rather bad walking.”

It certainly was; I being just then busy hunting for one of my shoes, in the search for which I left the other shoe
5 behind me.

“Come on, Phil!” shouted the boys once more.

“I can’t,” cried I, piteously, despair at last subduing my courage; “I’ve lost my shoes and I can’t walk home barefoot. Will nobody come and help me?”

10 “What! you expect us to go back through all the bog!” Hector replied, from near the top of the hill. “Hurrah! I’m out of the moss now, and it’s such a beautiful view. Make haste, boys.”

Very easy that — with some dozen yards nearly impass-
15 able between me and the enviable hilltop, to say nothing of the lost shoes! Except that I was ashamed, I could have sat down and cried. Once I thought of calling for Norman, but then I did not care so very much for him. Hector was my chief friend and Hector had deserted me.

20 However, when I was standing sulky and disconsolate, looking at my stockings all tramped to holes, and my trousers wet up to the knees, I found Norman beside me. He had come all the way without my asking him.

“Well, old fellow, and what’s to be done for you? Here
25 has Jamie been in just the same plight.” (Oh, what a comfort that was!) “Come, cheer up! never mind.”

“I don’t mind,” said I, proudly, “if I could but find my

shoes, considering that I have n't another pair and am not at home as you are." And I began to think mournfully how my poor mother had charged me to be very careful of my clothes, since she was not rich enough to buy me more for a long time. Horrible visions rose up of my having 5 henceforward to go about barefoot, like the little ragged boys I so despised. It was an accumulation of woes.

Perhaps Norman saw I was sulky, for he tried no more consolation except in a practical way. He said nothing, but cut a long stick from a fallen tree and poked about in all 10 directions for a dozen yards, until at last, after infinite patience, he found my shoes. I shall never forget my joy when he jokingly exhibited them, one stuck upon each prong of the long stick.

"Thank you, Norman," I cried.

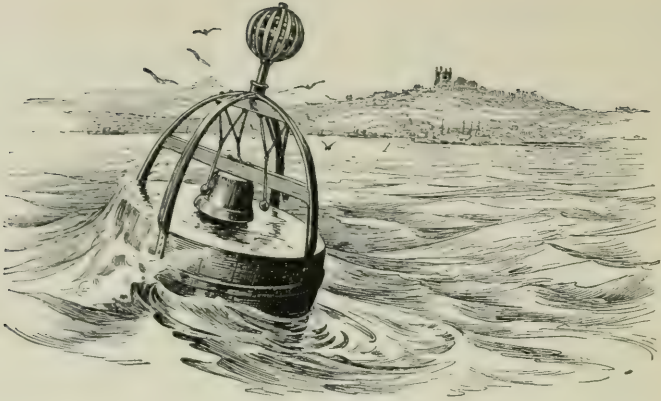
15

"Stop, Phil; you cannot put them on. See how soaked they are! They'd be the death of you. Come, off with your stockings too; put them in your pocket and sling your shoes over your shoulder; then you'll be quite sure not to lose either."

20

His cheery voice and manner would have encouraged anybody to do anything. He made so light of the trouble too, and bore his part of it — for he had got desperately wet — so uncomplainingly! Before I knew what I was about I found myself laughing merrily, — stepping from 25 heather tuft to heather tuft as he told me, — and at last we stood in safety on the hilltop.

From *A Hero*



THE BELL BUOY

RUDYARD KIPLING

RUDYARD KIPLING, one of the foremost English writers of to-day, was born in India in 1865. Besides his stories of life in India and his books of verse he is the author of *The Jungle Book*, *The Second Jungle Book*, and *Captains Courageous*, which are widely popular among young readers.
 5 Mr. Kipling lived in Vermont for a few years.

They christened my brother of old —

And a saintly name he bears —

They gave him his place to hold

At the head of the belfry stairs,

10

Where the minster towers stand

And the breeding kestrels cry.

Would I change with my brother a league inland?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

.

When the smoking scud is blown,
 When the greasy wind-rack lowers,
 Apart and at peace and alone,
 He counts the changeless hours.
 He wars with darkling Powers 5
 (I war with a darkling sea);
 Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not he!

There was never a priest to pray,
 There was never a hand to toll, 10
 When they made me guard of the bay,
 And moored me over the shoal.
 I rock, I reel, and I roll —
 My four great hammers ply —
 Could I speak or be still at the Church's will? 15
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

The landward marks have failed,
 The fog bank glides unguessed,
 The seaward lights are veiled,
 The spent deep feigns her rest: 20
 But my ear is laid to her breast,
 I lift to the swell — I cry!
 Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

At the careless end of night

I thrill to the nearing screw,

I turn in the nearing light

And I call to the drowsy crew ;

5 And the mud boils foul and blue

As the blind bow backs away.

Will they give me their thanks if they clear the
banks ?

(*Shoal ! ' Ware shoal !*) Not they !

10 The beach pools cake and skim,

The bursting spray-heads freeze,

I gather on crown and rim

The gray, grained ice of the seas,

Where sheathed from bitt to trees,

15 The plunging colliers lie.

Would I barter my place for the Church's grace ?

(*Shoal ! ' Ware shoal !*) Not I !

Through the blur of the whirling snow,

Or the black of the inky sleet,

20 The lanterns gather and grow,

And I look for the homeward fleet.

Rattle of block and sheet —

“ Ready about — stand by ! ”

Shall I ask them a fee ere they fetch the quay ?

25 (*Shoal ! ' Ware shoal !*) Not I !

I dip and I surge and I swing
 In the rip of the racing tide,
 By the gates of doom I sing,
 On the horns of death I ride.

A ship-length overside,
 Between the course and the sand,
 Fretted and bound I bide
 Peril whereof I cry.

Would I change with my brother a league inland?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

5

10

From *The Five Nations*

kestrel: a small, slender, European hawk. — **'ware**: beware. — **moored me**: the bell is mounted on a large float and rung by the motion of the waves. — **spent**: exhausted. — **screw**: the propeller of a steamer. — **cake**: become crusted. — **bitts, trees**: supporting pieces of timber on a ship's deck and at the top of the mast. — **colliers**: coal vessels. — **block and sheet**: pulley and rope, used in a ship's rigging. — **fetch**: reach. — **rip**: rush. — **doom**: destruction. — **the course**: the safe track for a vessel.



AT SEA

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891) was one of America's most distinguished men of letters. As a poet, essayist, and critic his writings cover a wide range and are notable for elegance of expression. Among his best known poems are *The Vision of Sir Launfal* and *The Biglow Papers*.

5 The most beautiful thing I have seen at sea, all the more
so that I had never heard of it, is the trail of a shoal of
fish through the phosphorescent water. It is like a flight
of silver rockets, or the streaming of northern lights
through that silent nether heaven. I thought nothing
10 could go beyond that rustling star foam which was churned
up by our ship's bows, or those eddies and disks of dreamy
flame that rose and wandered out of sight behind us.

'T was fire our ship was plunging through,
Cold fire that o'er the quarter flew;
15 And wandering moons of idle flame
Grew full and waned, and went and came,
Dappling with light the huge sea snake
That slid behind us in the wake.

But there was something even more delicately rare in the
20 apparition of the fish, as they turned up in gleaming fur-
rows the latent moonshine which the ocean seemed to have
hoarded against these vacant interlunar nights. In the
Mediterranean one day, as we were lying becalmed, I
observed the water freckled with dingy specks, which at

last gathered to a pinkish scum on the surface. The sea had been so phosphorescent for some nights, that when the captain gave me my bath, by dousing me with buckets from the house on deck, the spray flew off my head and shoulders in sparks. It occurred to me that this dirty-looking 5 scum might be the luminous matter, and I had a pailful dipped up to keep till after dark. When I went to look at it after nightfall, it seemed at first perfectly dead; but when I shook it, the whole broke out into what I can only liken to milky flames, whose lambent silence was strangely 10 beautiful, and startled me almost as actual projection might an alchemist. I could not bear to be the death of so much beauty, so I poured it all overboard again.

In the ocean horizon I took untiring delight. It is the true magic circle of expectation and conjecture, almost 15 as good as a wishing ring. What will rise over that edge we sail toward daily and never overtake? a sail? an island? the new shore of the Old World? Something rose every day which I need not have gone so far to see, but at whose levee I was a much more faithful courtier 20 than on shore. A cloudless sunrise in mid-ocean is beyond comparison for simple grandeur. It is like Dante's style, bare and perfect.

The geographies of our ancestors were works of fancy and imagination. They read poems where we yawn over items. 25 It was easy enough to believe the story of Dante, when two thirds of even the upper world were yet untraversed

and unmapped. With every step of the recent traveler our inheritance of the wonderful is diminished. Where is the roc whose eggs are possibly bowlders, needing no far-fetched theory of glacier or iceberg to account for them? 5 Where the unicorn, with that single horn of his, sovereign against all manner of poisons? Where the Fountain of Youth? All these and a thousand others we have lost and have got nothing instead of them.

Year by year, more and more of the world gets disen- 10 chanted. Even the icy privacy of the arctic and antarctic circles is invaded. Everything is accounted for, everything cut and dried, and the world may be put together as easily as the fragments of a dissected map. The mysterious bounds nothing now on the north, south, east, or 15 west. We have played Jack Horner with our earth until there is never a plum left in it.

Abridged from *Fireside Travels*

phosphorescence : the state of being luminous or giving out light. Sea water is often phosphorescent from the light given out by the bodies of tiny marine animals. — **nether** : lower. — **quarter** : the side of a ship between the middle portion and the stern. — **idle** : not active, ineffectual. — **wake** : the track left by a ship in the water. — **latent** : hidden. — **interlunar** : between the periods of moonlight. — **lambent** : gleaming. — **projection** : the critical point of a chemical experiment. — **alchemist** : one who professes to be able to turn other metals into gold by a chemical process. — **levee** (lə vē') : a morning reception held by a prince. — **Dante** (dăn'tě) : a great Italian poet who wrote of his imaginary journey to the underworld and to the celestial regions. — **roc** : a mythical bird of great size whose eggs were said to be several feet in diameter. — **unicorn** : a fabled creature having only one horn. — **sovereign** : efficacious.

JUNE

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Now is the high tide of the year,
 And whatever of life hath ebbed away
 Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
 Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;
 Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it, 5
 We are happy now because God wills it ;
 No matter how barren the past may have been,
 'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green ;
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ; 10
 We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing, 15
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack ;
 We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing, — 20
 And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,
 Warmed with the new wine of the year,
 Tells all in his lusty crowing !

THE HOMEWARD RUN¹

RUDYARD KIPLING

NOTE. The crew of the Gloucester fishing schooner *We're Here*, having finished a successful season off the Banks and packed their vessel with fish, are preparing to hoist sail for home. Disko Troop is the captain, Dan is his son, and Harvey is a lad whom they rescued at sea at the beginning of their trip. Harvey's adventures, from the day he falls overboard from an ocean steamer to the time of his return, are told in entertaining fashion in *Captains Courageous*.

At ten in the morning Disko began hauling out the big mainsail. By noon the riding sail was down, and the main-sail and topsail were up, and dories came alongside with letters for home, envying their good fortune. At last the *We're Here* cleared decks, hoisted her flag,—as is the right of the first boat off the Banks,—up-anchored, and began to move. Disko pretended that he wished to accommodate folk who had not sent in their mail, and so worked her gracefully in and out among the schooners. In reality that was his little triumphant procession, and for the fifth year running it showed what kind of mariner he was.

The last letters pitched on deck, wrapped round pieces of coal, and the Gloucester men shouted messages to their wives and women folk and owners, while the *We're Here* finished the ride through the fleet, her headsails quivering like a man's hand when he raises it to say good-by.

¹ Copyright, 1896, 1897, by Rudyard Kipling.

Harvey very soon discovered that the *We're Here*, with her riding sail, strolling from berth to berth, and the *We're Here*, headed west by south under home canvas, were two very different boats. There was a bite and kick to the wheel even in "boys'" weather; he could feel the dead weight in the hold flung forward mightily across the surges, and the streaming line of bubbles overside made his eyes dizzy. 5

Disko kept them busy fiddling with the sails, and when those were flattened like a racing yacht's, Dan had to wait on the big topsail, which was put over by hand every time she went about. In spare moments they pumped, for the packed fish dripped brine, which does not improve a cargo. But since there was no fishing, Harvey had time to look on the sea from another point of view. The low-sided schooner was naturally on most intimate terms with her surroundings. They saw little of the horizon save when she topped a swell; and usually she was elbowing, fidgeting, and coaxing her steadfast way through gray, gray-blue, or black hollows laced across and across with streaks of shivering foam; or rubbing herself caressingly along the flank of some bigger water hill. It was as if she said: "You would n't hurt me, surely? I'm only the little *We're Here*." Then she would slide away, chuckling softly to herself, till she was brought up by some fresh obstacle. 25

The dullest of folk cannot see this kind of thing hour after hour through long days without noticing it, and

Harvey, being anything but dull, began to comprehend and enjoy the dry chorus of wave tops turning over with a sound of incessant tearing; the hurry of the winds working across open spaces and herding the purple-blue
 5 cloud shadows; the splendid upheaval of the red sunrise; the folding and packing away of the morning mists, wall after wall withdrawn across the white floors; the salty glare and blaze of noon; the kiss of rain falling over thousands of dead, flat, square miles; the chilly black-
 10 ening of everything at the day's end; and the million wrinkles of the sea under the moonlight, when the jib boom solemnly poked at the low stars, and Harvey went down to get a doughnut from the cook.

But the best fun was when the boys were put on the
 15 wheel together, and she cuddled her lee rail down to the crashing blue and kept a little homemade rainbow arching unbroken over her windlass. Then the jaws of the booms whined against the masts, and the sheets creaked, and the sails filled with roaring; and when she slid into a
 20 hollow she trampled like a woman tripped in her own silk dress, and came out, her jib wet halfway up, yearning and peering for the tall twin lights of Thatcher's Island. . . .

Disko wiped the wet from his eyes and led the *We're Here* to the wharf, giving his orders in whispers, while
 25 she swung round moored tugs, and night watchmen hailed her from the ends ofinky-black piers.



Over and above the darkness and the mystery of the procession Harvey could feel the land close round him once more, with all its thousands of people asleep, and the smell of earth after rain, and the familiar noise of a switching engine coughing to herself in a freight yard. They heard the anchor watch snoring on a lighthouse tug, nosed into a pocket of darkness where a lantern glimmered on either side; somebody waked with a grunt, threw them a rope, and they made fast to a silent wharf flanked with great iron-roofed sheds full of warm emptiness, and lay there without a sound.

riding sail: a sail used to steady a vessel while she is at anchor or moving slowly. — **dories**: small rowboats with high sides. — **the Banks**: a locality off the southern coast of Newfoundland, famous for its quantities of codfish. — **headsails**: the sails in the fore part of the vessel. — **berth**: a fishing place. — **boys' weather**: weather in which even a boy could manage a boat. — **fiddling**: fussing. — **went about**: changed her direction. — **jib boom**: the spar on which the forward sail or jib is spread. — **lee rail**: lower rail. — **sheets**: ropes. — **anchor watch**: one or more sailors in charge of a ship at anchor. — **pocket**: a dark place or slip.



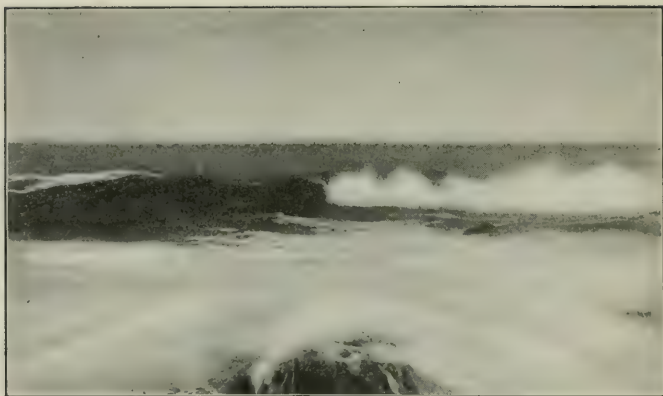
THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

MATTHEW ARNOLD

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888) was a famous English critic, essayist, and poet. The following lines are taken from one of his best-known poems.

Come, dear children, let us away ;
 Down and away below!
 Now my brothers call from the bay, 5
 Now the great winds shoreward blow,
 Now the salt tides seaward flow ;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away ! 10
 This way, this way !

Call her once before you go —
 Call once yet !
 In a voice that she will know :
 “ Margaret ! Margaret ! ” 15
 Children’s voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother’s ear ;
 Children’s voices, wild with pain —
 Surely she will come again !
 Call her once, and come away ; 20
 This way, this way !
 “ Mother dear, we cannot stay !



The wild white horses foam and fret.”
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no more.

5 One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

10 Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
15 Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,

Where the winds are all asleep ;
 Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
 Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
 Where the sea beasts, ranged all round,
 Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground ; 5
 Where the sea snakes coil and twine,
 Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
 Where great whales come sailing by,
 Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
 Round the world forever and aye ? 10
 When did music come this way ?
 Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away ?
 Once she sate with you and me, 15
 On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sate on her knee.
 She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
 When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
 She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea ; 20
 She said : " I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
 In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
 'T will be Easter-time in the world — ah, me !
 And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
 I said : " Go up, dear heart, through the waves ; 25
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea caves."

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday? . . .

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
5 When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom;
And high rocks throw mildly
10 On the blanched sands a gloom:
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb tide leaves dry.
15 We will gaze from the sand hills
At the white sleeping town;
At the church on the hillside—
And then come back down,
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
20 But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

merman: a fabulous man of the sea, supposed to have human feelings and affections. — **white horses**: the foam tossed by the waves as they break on the shore. This comparison has always been a favorite poetical figure. — **mail**: scaly covering, like armor. — **aye** (ā): ever. — **sate** (sāt): sat.

COLONEL NEWCOME AND HIS SON

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

NOTE. Colonel Newcome, after an absence of seven years, has returned from India and is about to enjoy a holiday with his son Clive.

Colonel Newcome dismissed his cab at Ludgate Hill and walked thence by the dismal precincts of Newgate and across the muddy pavement of Smithfield on his way 5 back to the old school where his son was, a way which he had trodden many a time in his own early days.

A great noise of shouting, crying, treble voices, bass voices, poured out of the schoolboys' windows: their life, bustle, and gayety contrasted strangely with the quiet of 10 the old pensioners creeping along in their black gowns under the ancient arches. There was Thomas Newcome, arrived at the middle of life, standing between the shouting boys and the tottering seniors, and in a situation to moralize upon both, had not his son Clive, who has espied 15 him from within Mr. Hopkinson's, or let us say at once Hopkey's home, come jumping down the steps to greet his sire. Schoolfellows, grinning through the bars, envied him as he walked away; senior boys made remarks on Colonel Newcome's loose clothes and long mustaches, his 20 brown hands and unbrushed hat.

"Tell me about your uncles, Clive," said the Colonel, as they walked on arm in arm.

“What about them, sir?” asks the boy. “I don’t think I know much.”

“You have been to stay with them. You wrote about them. Were they kind to you?”

5 “Oh, yes, I suppose they are very kind; only you know when I go there I scarcely ever see them. Mr. Newcome asks me the oftenest, and he always gives me a sovereign.”

“Well, he must see you to give you the sovereign,” says Clive’s father, laughing.

10 The boy blushed rather.

“Yes. When it’s time to go back to Smithfield on a Sunday night I go into the dining room to shake hands, but he doesn’t speak to me much. And I don’t care about going to Bryanstone Square because I am made to dine
15 with the children and a great cross French governess who is always shrieking after them and finding fault with them. And you see, though Aunt Hobson is very kind and all that, I don’t think she’s what you call *comme il faut*.”

20 “Why, how are you to judge?” asks the father, amused at the lad’s candid prattle, “and where does the difference lie?”

“I can’t tell you what it is, or how it is,” the boy answered, “only one can’t help seeing the difference.
25 There are some men gentlemen and some not, and some women ladies and some not. There’s Jones now, the fifth-form schoolmaster; every man sees *he’s* a gentleman,

though he wears ever so old clothes. And there's Mr. Brown, who oils his hair and wears rings and white chokers—my eyes! such white chokers!—and yet we call him the handsome snob. And so about Aunt Maria; she's very handsome and she's very finely dressed. only some- 5 how she's not — she's not the ticket, you see."

"Oh, she's not the ticket," says the Colonel, much amused.

"Well, what I mean is — but never mind," says the boy, "I can't tell you what I mean. I don't like to make 10 fun of her, you know, for after all she is very kind to me; but Aunt Ann is different, and it seems as if what she said is more natural. And, do you know, I often think that as good a lady as Aunt Ann is old Aunt Honeyman at Brighton. For she is not proud, and she is not vain, and 15 she never says an unkind word behind anybody's back, and she is not a bit ashamed of being poor, as sometimes I think some of our family —"

"I thought we were going to speak no ill of them," says the Colonel, smiling. 20

"Well, it only slipped out unawares," says Clive, laughing; "but at Newcome, when they go on about the Newcomes, and Barnes Newcome gives himself airs, it makes me die of laughing. That time I went to see old Aunt Sarah she told me everything and showed me the room 25 where she and my grandfather worked in the mill, and I was a little hurt at first. And when I came back to school,

where perhaps I had been giving myself airs, I thought it was right to tell the fellows."

"That's a man!" cries the Colonel with delight.

"That's a man! Never be ashamed of your father, Clive."

5 "Ashamed of *my* father!" says Clive, looking up at him and walking on as proud as a peacock.

"I say," the lad resumed after a pause.

"Say what you say," said the father.

10 "Is that all true about the Newcome who was burned at Smithfield? about the one who was at the battle of Bosworth? and the old Newcome who was surgeon to Edward the Confessor and was killed at Hastings? I am afraid it is n't, and yet I should like it to be true."

15 "I think every man would like to come of an ancient and honorable race," said the Colonel, in his honest way.

"As you like your father to be an honorable man, why not your grandfather and his ancestors before him? But if we can't inherit a good name, at least we can do our best to leave one, my boy; and that is an ambition which,
20 please God, you and I will both hold by."

From *The Newcomes*

Ludgate Hill: a busy street in London. — **Newgate**: an ancient prison. — **Smithfield**: once a London district. — **the old school**: Charter House School, where Thackeray went himself. — **pensioners**: old pupils living at the school. — **sovereign**: a gold coin worth \$4.84. — **comme il faut** (kõm ël fõ): belonging to good society. — **fifth form**: an English school grade. — **Bosworth**: a famous battlefield of England. — **Edward the Confessor**: one of the early English kings. — **Hastings**: the great battle in which England was conquered by the Normans.



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AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

KATHARINE LEE BATES

KATHARINE LEE BATES is an American writer and educator.

O beautiful for spacious skies,
 For amber waves of grain,
 For purple mountain majesties
 Above the fruited plain!
 America! America!
 God shed his grace on thee
 And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
 Whose stern, impassioned stress
 A thoroughfare for freedom beat
 Across the wilderness!

5

America! America!
 God mend thine every flaw,
 Confirm thy soul in self-control,
 Thy liberty in law!

10

O beautiful for heroes proved
 In liberating strife,
 Who more than self their country loved,
 And mercy more than life!

15

America! America!
 May God thy gold refine,
 Till all success be nobleness,
 And every gain divine!

20

O beautiful for patriot dream
 That sees beyond the years
 Thine alabaster cities gleam
 Immaculate of tears!
 America! America!
 God shed his grace on thee
 And crown thy good with brotherhood
 From sea to shining sea!

THE RESCUE OF THE SHEEP

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE (1825-1900) was an English novelist of marked originality and power. *Lorna Doone*, from which this selection is taken, is one of the most popular of English novels.

It must have snowed most wonderfully to have made that depth of covering in about eight hours. And here it was, blocking up the doors and stopping the ways and the water courses. However, we trudged along in a line; I first and the other men after me, trying to keep my track, but finding legs and strength not up to it. All this time it was snowing harder than it had ever snowed before, so far as a man might guess at it; and the leaden depth of the sky came down, like a mine turned upside down on us. Not that the flakes were so very large, but that there was no room between them, neither any relaxing nor any change of direction.

15

Watch, like a good and faithful dog, followed us very cheerfully, leaping out of the depth, which took him over his back and ears already, even in the level places; while in the drifts he might have sunk to any distance out of sight, and never found his way up again. However, we helped him now and then, especially through the gaps and gateways; and so, after a deal of floundering and some laughter, we came all safe to the lower meadow, where most of our flock was hurdled.

20

But, behold, there was no flock at all! None, I mean, to be seen anywhere; only at one corner of the field, by the eastern end, where the snow drove in, a great white billow as high as a barn and as broad as a house. Ever
5 and again the tempest snatched little whiffs from the channeled edges, twirled them round and made them dance over the monster pile, then let them lie like herring bones, or the seams of sand where the tide has been. And all the while, from the smothering sky, more and more fiercely at
10 every blast, came the pelting, pitiless arrows, winged with murky white and pointed with the barbs of frost.

But although, for people who had no sheep, the sight was a very fine one (so far, at least, as the weather permitted any sight at all), yet for us, with our flock beneath
15 it, this great mount had but little charm. Watch began to scratch at once, and to howl along the sides of it; he knew that his charge was buried there and his business taken from him. But we four men set to in earnest, digging with all our might and main, shoveling away at that great white
20 pile and fetching it into the meadow. Each man made for himself a cave, scooping at the soft, cold mass, which slid upon him at every stroke, and throwing it out behind him in piles of castled fancy. At last we drove our tunnels in (for we worked, indeed, for the lives of us), and all con-
25 verging toward the middle, held our tools and listened.

The other men heard nothing at all, or declared that they heard nothing, being anxious now to abandon the

matter, because of the chill in their feet and knees. But I said: "Go, if you choose, all of you. I will work it out by myself"; and upon that they gripped their shovels.

But before we began again I laid my head well into the chamber, and there I heard a faint *ma-a-ah* coming 5 through the snow, like a plaintive, buried hope or a last appeal. I shouted aloud to cheer him up, for I knew what sheep it was. And then we all fell to again, and very soon we hauled him out. Watch took charge of him at once, with an air of the noblest patronage, lying on his frozen 10 fleece, and licking all his face and feet, to restore his warmth to him. Soon Fighting Tom jumped up and made a little butt at Watch, as if nothing had ever ailed him, and then set off to a shallow place and looked for something to nibble at. 15

Farther in, and close under the bank, where they had huddled themselves for warmth, we found all the rest of the poor sheep, packed as closely as if they were in a great pie. It was strange to observe how their vapor and breath and the moisture exuding from their wool had 20 scooped a room for them, lined with a ribbing of deep yellow snow. Also the churned snow beneath their feet was as yellow as gamboge.

"However shall we get them home?" John Fry asked in great dismay, when we had cleared about a dozen of 25 them, which we were forced to do very carefully, so as not to fetch the roof down.

"You see to this place, John," I replied, as we leaned on our shovels a moment and the sheep came rubbing round us. "Let no more of them out for the present; they are better where they are. Watch! here, boy, keep them!"

5 Watch came, with his little scut of a tail cocked as sharp as duty, and I set him at the narrow mouth of the great snow antre. All the sheep sidled away and got closer, that the other sheep might be bitten first, as the foolish things imagine; whereas no good sheep dog even
10 so much as lips a sheep to turn it.

Then of the outer sheep (all now snowed and frizzled like a lawyer's wig) I took the two finest and heaviest, and with one beneath my right arm and the other beneath my left, I went straight home to the upper fold, and set
15 them inside and fastened them. Sixty-and-six I took home in that way, two at a time on each journey; and the work grew harder and harder each time, as the drifts of the snow were deepening. No other man should meddle with them; I was resolved to try my strength against the
20 strength of the elements; and try it I did, ay, and proved it. A certain fierce delight burned in me as the struggle grew harder, but rather would I die than yield, and at last I finished it. People talk of it to this day, but none can tell what the labor was who has not felt that snow and wind.

gamboge': a reddish-yellow gum produced by several trees in southern Asia. — **scut**: the tail of a hare or a deer. — **antre** (ăn'tēr): a cavern. — **a lawyer's wig**: in England lawyers in court wear curled white wigs.

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT

THE FIRST FYTTE

[This famous old ballad is one of the most spirited in all literature. Sir Philip Sidney says of it, "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet." Ben Jonson said that he would rather have written it than all his works.

In its inferior version, known as *Chery Chase*, it was the most popular ballad in seventeenth-century England. Addison devoted two papers in the *Spectator* to its praise. 5

As regards the subject of the ballad, the rivalry between the houses of Percy and Douglas was sufficient to serve as a foundation for the story, which has, however, no historical value. It was a law that the families of the Marches, or the border district between England and Scotland, should not hunt in each other's domains, and doubtless many petty skirmishes took place in consequence. 10

The date of the ballad is uncertain. It was considered old in the sixteenth century, and its rough form tells of its early origin. The translator has followed the original as closely as the desire to make it thoroughly readable permits. Several stanzas were omitted, and liberties were taken with one or two that would not be warranted under other conditions. It is to be hoped that an interest may be roused in the old ballad itself, which, with all its uneven lines and doubtful rhymes, is worthy of careful study.] 20

NOTE. This and other early ballads were sung and told for many years before they were written down.

The Percy came out of Northumberland
 And a vow to God made he,
 That he would hunt in the mountains
 Of Cheviot within days three,
 In spite of the doughty Douglas
 And all that might with him be.

The fattest harts in all the land
 He would kill and carry away.
 "By my faith," said the doughty Douglas then,
 "I will let that hunting, if I may."

5 The Percy out of Bamborough came,
 With him a mighty meany;
 With fifteen hundred archers bold;
 That were chosen out of shires three.

This began in Cheviot the hills aboon,
 10 Early on a Monenday;
 And when it drew to the hour of noon,
 A hundred fat harts dead there lay. . . .

At last a squire of Northumberland
 Lookèd at his hand full nigh,
 15 And saw the doughty Douglas coming,
 With him a mighty meany.

Armed with spear and bill and brand,
 It was a sight to see;
 Hardier men, of heart or of hand,
 20 Were not in Christiantè.

There were twenty hundred spearmen good,
 Withoute any fail,
 That were born beside the water of Tweed
 In the bounds of Tividale. . . .

The doughty Douglas on a steed
 Rode all his men before;
 His armor glittered like a glade,
 None bolder e'er was born.



“Tell me what men ye are,” he says, 5
 “Or whose men that you be,
 That you should hunt in Cheviot chase
 In spite of mine and of me.”

The first man that ever an answer made,
 It was the lord Percÿ. 10
 “We will not tell you what men we are,
 Nor whose men that we be,
 But we will hunt here in this chase
 In spite of thine and of thee.” . . .

Then said the doughty Douglas

Unto the lord Percy :

“To kill all these guiltless men,

Alas ! it were great pity.

5 “But, Percy, thou art a lord of land,

I am called an earl in my own country.

Let all our men aside now stand,

And let us battle — thee and me.” . . .

Then spake a squire of Northumberland,

10 Richard Witherington was his name ;

“It shall never be told in South England,” he says,

“To King Henry the Fourth for shame.

“I know that you are two great lords,

And I but a poor squire of land ;

15 Yet my captain shall never fight on a field,

And I stand by to looke on,

But while I may my weapon wield

I will not fail in heart or hand.”

That day, that day, that dreadful day !

20 The first fytte here I find ;

If you will hear any more of this fray,

There is yet more behind. . . .

THE SECOND FYTTE

The Douglas parted his host in three,
 Like a great chieftain of pride,
 With sure spears of mighty tree
 They came in on every side. . . .

The English men let their bows be 5
 And pulled out brands that were bright;
 It was a heavy sight to see
 Bright swords on helmets light. . . .

At last the Douglas and Percy met,
 Like captains of might and main, 10
 They fought together till both did sweat
 With swords of fine Milàn. . . .

“Now yield thee, Percy,” said Douglas then,
 “And in faith I will thee bring
 Where thou shalt have an earl’s reward 15
 From Jamie, our Scottish king.” . . .

“Nay,” said the lord Percÿ,
 “I told it thee beforne,
 That I would never yielded be
 To man of woman born.” 20

With that an arrow swiftly came,
 Forth from a mighty bow.
 It hath stricken the earl of Douglas
 And brought his proud form low. . . .

5 And never after in all his life
 Did he speak more words than one :
 “Fight on, my merry men, while ye may,
 For my life days are gone.”

10 The Percy leanèd on his brand
 And saw the Douglas dee ;
 He took the dead man by the hand,
 And said “ O, wo is me !

15 “To have saved thy life I had parted with
 My landes for years three,
 For a better man, of heart or of hand,
 There is not in the north countrè.”

20 All this was seen by a Scottish knight,
 Called Sir Hugh the Montgomery ;
 When he saw the Douglas to death was dight
 He sent a spear, a trusty tree. . . .
 Two better captains than died that day
 Were not in Christiantè. . . .

This battle begun in Cheviot
 An hour before the noon,
 And when the evening bell was rung,
 The battle was not half done. . . .

For Witherington my heart was wo 5
 That ever he slain should be ;
 For when both his legs were hewn in two,
 He knelt and fought on his knee. . . .

Word is come to Edinboro' 10
 To Jamie, the Scottish king,
 That doughty Douglas of the Marches
 Lay slain Cheviot within.

His hands then did he clasp and wring,
 And said "Alas, and wo is me !
 Such another captain Scotland within" 15
 He said, "in faith, shall never be."

Word is come to lovely London,
 To Henry the Fourth, our king,
 That the lord Percÿ of the Marches
 Lay slain Cheviot within. 20

"O God, have mercy on his soul,"
 Said he, "if thy will it be !

I have a hundred captains still
 As good as ever was he.
 But Percy, if I have my will
 Revenged thy death shalt be." . . .

5 There was never a time in the border lands
 Since the Percy and Douglas met
 But 't was strange if the red blood did not run
 As the rain does in the street. . . .

Cheviot: the hills of Cheviot lie between England and Scotland. — **fytte** (fit): a division of a ballad. — **The Percy**: famous chieftains were often spoken of in this way, as *the Douglas, the Bruce*. — **doughty** (dou'ty): brave, able. — **harts**: male deer. — **let**: stop, hinder. In Shakespeare's time and earlier there were two verbs *to let*, one meaning *to allow* and one *to hinder*. We still say *without let or hindrance*. — **meany**: company. — **aboon**: above. — **Monenday**: Monday. — **at his hand full nigh**: close at hand. — **bill**: a weapon carried by foot soldiers; it was somewhat like a spear. — **brand**: sword. — **Christiantè**: Christendom, all Europe. — **withoute** (with out e): without. — **Tweed**: a river of Scotland. — **Tividale**: Teviotdale, the county of Roxburgh, Scotland. — **beforne**: before. — **glede**: glowing fire. — **Percy, pity, countrÿ**: the accent is often shifted in the old songs for the sake of the meter. — **squire of land**: country squire. — **looke** (lōōk e): look. — **mighty tree**: strong wood. — **main**: great strength. — **Milan**: finely tempered steel of Milan. — **merry men**: companions and fellow-soldiers. — **dee**: die. This is mentioned as an added bitterness—that his enemy should see him die. — **by the hand**: a similar scene is described in Virgil's great poem of the *Æneid* (Book X, 823), as Addison points out in his article on *Cherry Chase*. — **landes** (lānd'es): lands. — **dight**: destined. — **a trusty tree**: made of firm wood. — **lovely London**: an oft-recurring phrase in the old ballads.

ACROSS THE DESERT

ALEXANDER W. KINGLAKE

ALEXANDER W. KINGLAKE, an English author who was born in 1809, published in 1844 an account of his Eastern travels, which for vividness of description and for ease and refinement of style has always been held in high esteem. The book was called *Eothen* (ē ō' thēn), meaning *From the East*. Kinglake died in 1891.

5

Gaza is upon the verge of the desert, to which it stands in the same relation as a seaport to the sea. It is there that you *charter* your camels ("the ships of the desert") and lay in your stores for the voyage.

I had four camels, one for my baggage, one for each of 10 my servants, and one for myself. Four Arabs, the owners of the camels, came with me on foot. My stores were a small soldier's tent, two bags of dried bread brought from a convent at Jerusalem, two goat skins filled with water, some tea, sugar, a cold tongue, and (of all things in the 15 world) a jar of Irish butter purchased from some merchant. There was also a small sack of charcoal, for the greater part of the desert through which we were to pass is destitute of fuel.

The camel kneels to receive her load, and for a while 20 she will allow the packing to go on with silent resignation, but when she begins to suspect that her master is putting more than a just burden upon her poor hump, she turns her supple neck and looks sadly upon the increasing

load, and then gently remonstrates against the wrong with the sigh of a patient wife. If sighs will not move you, she can weep. You soon learn to pity and to love her for the sake of her gentle, womanish ways.

5 You cannot, of course, put a riding saddle upon the back of the camel, but your quilt or carpet is folded and fastened on the packsaddle upon the top of the hump, and on this you sit. I had my stirrups strapped to the crossbars of the packsaddle, and thus, by gaining rest for my dan-
10 gling legs, I added very much to my comfort.

The camel, like the elephant, is one of the old-fashioned sort of animals that still walk along upon the now nearly exploded plan of the ancient beasts that lived before the flood. She moves forward both her near legs at the same
15 time, and then awkwardly swings around her off shoulder and haunch, so as to repeat the maneuver on that side. Her pace, therefore, is an odd, disjointed, and disjoining sort of movement that is rather disagreeable at first, but you soon grow reconciled to it. The height to which you
20 are raised is of great advantage to you in passing the burning sands of the desert, for the air at such a distance from the ground is much cooler and more lively than that which circulates beneath.

For several miles beyond Gaza the land, which had been
25 plentifully watered by the rains of the last week, was covered with rich verdure, and thickly jeweled with meadow flowers so fresh and fragrant that I began to grow almost



EUGENE PILSMORY

uneasy — to fancy that the very desert was receding before me, and that the long-desired adventure was to end in a mere ride across a field. But as I advanced the true character of the country began to display itself with sufficient
 5 clearness to dispel my apprehensions, and before the close of my first day's journey I had the gratification of finding that I was surrounded on all sides by a tract of real sand and had nothing at all to complain of.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the
 10 desert you have no particular point to make for as your resting place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs. Even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains and newly reared hills, and through valleys that the storm
 15 of the last week has dug, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again.

✓ You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that remains for
 20 you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and for the first hour of the day he stands at your side. Then, for a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides
 25 overhead by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the

pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. But by and by the descending sun has compassed the heaven and now softly touches your right arm and throws your lank shadow over the sand right along on the way for Persia. Then again you 5 look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses.

Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all your own, and there, where you will, you pitch your solitary tent. There is no living thing to dispute 10 your choice. . . .

After the fifth day of my journey I no longer traveled over shifting hills, but came upon a dead level — a bed of sand, quite hard, and studded with small, shining pebbles. There was no valley nor hollow, no hill, no mound by 15 which I could mark the way I was making. Hour by hour I advanced, and saw no change ; I was still the very center of the round horizon ; hour by hour I advanced, and still there was the same, and the same, and the same, the same circle of flaming sky, the same circle of sand 20 still glaring with light and fire. Over all the heaven above, over all the earth beneath, there was no visible power that could balk the fierce will of the sun.

“He rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race : his going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto 25 the ends of it ; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.”

But on the eighth day there appeared a dark line upon the edge of the forward horizon, and soon the line deepened into a delicate fringe that sparkled here and there as if it were sewn with diamonds. There, then, before me were
 5 the gardens and minarets of Egypt, and the mighty works of the Nile.

When evening came I was still within the confines of the desert, and my tent was pitched as usual, but one of my Arabs stalked away rapidly toward the west without
 10 telling me of the errand on which he was bent. After a while he returned ; he had toiled on a graceful service. He had traveled all the way to the border of the living world, and brought me back for token an ear of rice, full, fresh, and green.

15 The next day I entered upon Egypt and floated along (for the delight was as the delight of bathing) through green, wavy fields of rice, and pastures fresh and plentiful, and dived into the cool verdure of groves and gardens, and quenched my hot eyes in shade, as if in deep rushing waters.

Abridged from *Eothen*

Gaza (gā'zā): a town of Palestine nearly fifty miles southwest of Jerusalem. For hundreds of years it has been a stopping place for caravans going from Syria to Egypt. — **near**: left (of a beast of burden) ; so called because next to the driver when he is on foot. — **off**: right (of a beast of burden) ; on the side away from the driver. — "**there is nothing hid from the heat thereof**". see Psalm xix.

SNOW-BOUND

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892), the Quaker poet of New England, ranks among the most famous of American verse writers.

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
 Sent out a dull and duller glow,
 The bull's-eye watch that hung in view, 5
 Ticking its weary circuit through,
 Pointed with mutely warning sign
 Its black hand to the hour of nine.
 That sign the pleasant circle broke :
 My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke, 10
 Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
 And laid it tenderly away;
 Then roused himself to safely cover
 The dull red brands with ashes over.
 And while, with care, our mother laid 15
 The work aside, her steps she stayed
 One moment, seeking to express
 Her grateful sense of happiness
 For food and shelter, warmth and health,
 And love's contentment more than wealth, 20
 With simple wishes (not the weak,
 Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
 But such as warm the generous heart,

O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

5 Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tossed,
10 The board-nails snapping in the frost ;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light sifted snowflakes fall,
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new ;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
15 Till in the summer land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

20 Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear ;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
25 Shaking the snow from heads uptossed,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.

Before our door the straggling train
 Drew up, an added team to gain. . . .
 Then toiled again the cavalcade

O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
 And woodland paths that wound between
 Low drooping pine boughs winter-weighted.

From every barn a team afoot,
 At every house a new recruit. . . .

So days went on: a week had passed
 Since the great world was heard from last.

The Almanac we studied o'er,
 Read and reread our little store

Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
 One harmless novel, mostly hid

From younger eyes, a book forbid; . . .

At last the floundering carrier bore
 The village paper to our door.

Lo! broadening outward as we read.

To warmer zones the horizon spread. . . .

We felt the stir of hall and street,
 The pulse of life that round us beat;

The chill embargo of the snow

Was melted in the genial glow;

Wide swung again our ice-locked door.

And all the world was ours once more!

Abridged from *Snow-Bound*

embargo: a government order forbidding the departure of ships.

POETRY

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809-1894) was a distinguished author and physician. For fifty years he held his place as the poet and wit of Boston, and was admired by readers on both sides of the Atlantic.

NOTE. In *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* Dr. Holmes puts forth in an informal and delightful fashion his views on a large variety of subjects.

I liked the turn the conversation had taken, for I had some things I wanted to say, and so, after waiting a minute, I began again :

I don't think the poems I read you sometimes can be
 10 fairly appreciated, given to you as they are in the green state. You don't know what I mean by the "green state" ? Well, then, I will tell you. Certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept a long while and used. Of these I will name three, — meerschaum pipes, violins,
 15 and poems. The meerschaum comes to us without complexion or flavor, born of the sea foam, like Aphrodite, but colorless as *pallida Mors* herself. The fire is lighted in its central shrine, and gradually the juices which the broad leaves of the Great Vegetable had sucked up from
 20 an acre and curdled into a drachm are diffused through its thirsting pores. First a discoloration, then a stain, and at last a rich, glowing umber tint spreading over the whole surface. Nature, true to her old brown, autumnal

hue, you see, — as true in the fire of the meerschaum as in the sunshine of October !

Don't think I use a meerschaum myself, for I do not, and I do not advise you, young man, even if my illustration strike your fancy, to consecrate the flower of your life 5 to painting the bowl of a pipe, for, let me assure you, the stain of a reverie-breeding narcotic may strike deeper than you think. I have seen the green leaf of early promise grow brown before its time under such Nicotian regimen, and thought the umbered meerschaum was dearly bought 10 at the cost of a brain enfeebled and a will enslaved.

Violins, too, — the sweet old Amati! — the divine Stradivarius ! Played on by ancient *maestros* until the bow hand lost its power and the flying fingers stiffened. Bequeathed to the passionate young enthusiast who made it 15 whisper his inarticulate longings, and wail his monotonous despair. Passed from his dying hand to the cold *virtuoso*, who let it slumber in its case for a generation, till, when his hoard was broken up, it came forth once more and rode the stormy symphonies of royal orchestras, beneath 20 the rushing bow of their lord and leader. Into lonely prisons with improvident artists ; into convents from which arose, day and night, the holy hymns with which its tones were blended ; and back again to orgies in which it learned to howl and laugh as if a legion of devils were 25 shut up in it ; then again to the gentle *dilettante* who calmed it down with easy melodies until it answered him

softly as in the days of the old *maestros*. And so given into our hands, its pores all full of music, stained, like the meerschaum, through and through, with the concentrated hue and sweetness of all the harmonies which have
5 kindled and faded on its strings.

Now I tell you a poem must be kept and used, like a meerschaum, or a violin. A poem is just as porous as the meerschaum; the more porous it is, the better. I mean to say that a genuine poem is capable of absorbing an in-
10 definite amount of the essence of our own humanity, — its tenderness, its heroism, its regrets, its aspirations, so as to be gradually stained through with a divine secondary color derived from ourselves. So you see it must take time to bring the sentiment of a poem into harmony with
15 our nature by staining ourselves through every thought and image our being can penetrate.

From *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*

meerschaum (mēr'shawm) : a pipe made from a porous substance which will float on water. Hence its German name meaning "sea foam." — **Aphrodite**: Venus, the goddess of love, who, according to one legend, was born of the foam of the sea. — **pallida Mors** (pāl ĩ dā mōrs) : pale death. — **Nicotian**: having to do with nicotine, the active principle of tobacco. — **umbered**: stained brown. — **Amati**: (ā mǎ'tī) and **Stradivarius**: famous Italian violin makers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their violins are highly prized to-day. — **maestro** (mǎ ās'trō) : a master in music. — **virtuoso** (vēr tū ō'sō) : a collector of curiosities; sometimes, a skilled musician. — **dilettante**: one who follows some art for amusement only.

THE POETS

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY (1844-1881) was a British poet.

NOTE. The wonderful part played by the Song of the Marseillaise in the French Revolution is an illustration of the poet's meaning. The dream of a composer inspired a spirit of liberty which led to the overthrow of a kingdom.

5

We are the music makers,
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,
 Wandering by lone sea breakers
 And sitting by desolate streams,
 World-losers and world-forsakers 10
 On whom the pale moon gleams,
 Yet we are the movers and shakers
 Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful, deathless ditties
 We build up the world's great cities, 15
 And out of a fabulous story
 We fashion an empire's glory ;
 One man with a dream, at pleasure,
 Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
 And three with a new song's measure 20
 Can trample a kingdom down.

We in the ages lying
 In the buried past of the earth
 Built Nineveh with our sighing,
 And Babel itself in our mirth;
 5 And o'erthrew them with prophesying
 To the old of the new world's worth;
 For each age is a dream that is dying
 Or one that is coming to birth.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 10 Sails the unshadowed main, —
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
 15 Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

 Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 20 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed, —
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through, 5
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn! 10
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
 sings: — 15

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast, 20
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Siren: a sea nymph who lured sailors to destruction by her singing. —
Triton: one of the Greek sea gods who was supposed to blow a shell trumpet
 to soothe the waves.



A NIGHT AMONG THE PINES

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

At the top of the woods, which do not climb very high upon this cold ridge, I struck leftward by a path among the pines until I hit on a dell of green turf, where a streamlet made a little spout over some stones to serve me
5 for a water tap. The trees were not old, but they grew thickly round the glade; there was no outlook, except northeastward upon distant hilltops, or straight upward to the sky; and the encampment felt secure and private like a room. By the time I had made my arrangements and
10 fed the donkey, the day was already beginning to decline. I buckled myself to the knees into my sack and made a hearty meal, and as soon as the sun went down I pulled my cap over my eyes and fell asleep.

Night is a dead, monotonous period under a roof ; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of nature. What seems a kind of temporal death to people choked between walls and curtains is only a 5 light and living slumber to the man who sleeps afield. All night long he can hear Nature breathing deeply and freely ; even as she takes her rest she turns and smiles ; and there is one stirring hour unknown to those who dwell in houses, when a wakeful influence goes abroad over the sleeping 10 hemisphere. It is then that the cock first crows, not this time to announce the dawn, but like a cheerful watchman speeding the course of night. Cattle awake on the meadows ; sheep break their fast on dewy hillsides and change to a new lair among the ferns ; and houseless men, who 15 have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes and behold the beauty of the night.

When that hour came to me among the pines, I wakened thirsty. My tin was standing by me half full of water. I emptied it at a draught and, feeling broad awake, sat 20 upright. The stars were clear, colored, and jewel-like but not frosty. A faint, silvery vapor stood for the Milky Way. All round me the black fir-points stood upright and stock-still. By the whiteness of the packsaddle I could see the donkey walking round and round at the length of her 25 tether ; I could hear her steadily munching at the sward ; but there was not another sound, save the indescribable

quiet talk of the runnel over the stones. I lay studying the color of the sky, as we call the void of space, from where it showed a reddish gray behind the pines to where it showed a glossy blue-black between the stars.

5 A faint wind, more like a moving coolness than a stream of air, passed down the glade from time to time, so that even in my great chamber the air was being renewed all night long.

When I awoke again many of the stars had disappeared ;
 10 only the stronger companions of the night still burned visibly overhead ; and away towards the east I saw a faint haze of light upon the horizon, such as had been the Milky Way when I was last awake. Day was at hand. I lit my lantern, and by its glowworm light put on my boots and
 15 gaiters ; then I broke some bread for the donkey, filled my can at the water tap, and lit my spirit lamp to boil some chocolate. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered ; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the moun-
 20 tain tops. A solemn glee possessed my mind at this gradual and lovely coming in of day. I heard the runnel with delight ; I looked round me for something beautiful and unexpected ; but the still black pine trees, the hollow glade, the munching ass, remained unchanged in figure. Nothing
 25 had altered but the light, and that, indeed, shed over all a spirit of life and of breathing peace, and moved me to a strange exhilaration.

I drank my chocolate, and strolled here and there, and up and down the glade. While I was thus delaying, a gush of steady wind, as long as a heavy sigh, poured direct out of the quarter of the morning. It was cold, and set me sneezing. The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes 5 in its passage; and I could see the thin distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely. 10

I hastened to prepare my pack and tackle the steep ascent that lay before me; but I had something on my mind. It was only a fancy; yet a fancy will sometimes be importunate. I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravanserai. The room 15 was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the ceiling, nor yet of the view which I commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in some one's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, 20 to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging. I trust they did not fall to some rich and churlish drover.

Abridged from *Travels with a Donkey*

sward (sward): grass. — **runnel**: a little stream. — **void**: emptiness. — **caravanserai**: an unfurnished inn, in the East, where caravans rest at night. — **drover**: one who drives cattle or sheep to market.

A FOREST HYMN ¹

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878) was a distinguished American poet and editor. He loved nature, and gave to the world a new sense of the beauty and glory of simple things.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 5 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them — ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
 10 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
 15 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 20 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs

¹ From Bryant's *Complete Poems*. By permission of D. Appleton & Co.

That our frail hands have raised ? Let me, at least,
 Here in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand

5

Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze, 10
 And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow,
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
 Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold 15
 Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show
 The boast of our vain race to change the form
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here — thou fill'st 20
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
 That run along the summit of these trees
 In music ; thou art in the cooler breath
 That from the inmost darkness of the place
 Comes, scarcely felt ; the barky trunks, the ground, 25
 The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
 Here is continual worship ; — nature, here,

In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird
 Passes ; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
 5 Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
 Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
 Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
 10 Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak —
 By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
 Almost annihilated — not a prince
 In all that proud old world beyond the deep
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
 15 Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
 20 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,
 A visible token of the upholding Love,
 That are the soul of this wide universe. . . .

There have been holy men who hid themselves
 25 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seemed

Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them ; — and there have been holy men
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
 But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure 5
 My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
 The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
 And tremble and are still. O God ! when thou
 Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
 The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill, 10
 With all the waters of the firmament,
 The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
 And drowns the villages ; when, at thy call,
 Uprises the great deep and throws himself
 Upon the continent, and overwhelms 15
 Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight
 Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
 His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by ?
 Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
 Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath 20
 Of the mad unchained elements to teach
 Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives. 25

architrave (ār'kī trāv) : literally, the chief beam ; that which rests on the columns. — **instinct** : alive. — **without a witness** : see Acts xiv. 17.

A TRAGEDY IN THE DESERT—I

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

HONORÉ DE BALZAC (ô nô ră de băl zăc) was a gifted French author who was born in 1799 and died in 1850. He was the founder of the modern social novel, and his is one of the greatest names in French literature. The following pages are adapted from *Scenes of Military Life*.

5 During an Egyptian expedition a French soldier fell into the hands of a company of Arabs and was taken by them into the desert beyond the falls of the Nile.

In order to place a safe distance between themselves and the French army, the Arabs made a forced march and
10 only rested during the night. They encamped about a well shaded by palm trees, under which they had previously hidden a store of provisions. Having no fear that their prisoner would try to escape into the illimitable desert, they contented themselves with binding his hands.

15 As soon as the soldier saw that his captors were asleep, he managed to cut the cords that bound him by rubbing them against the blade of a scimitar fixed between his knees. Seizing a rifle and a dagger, and also providing himself with food in the shape of some dried dates and a
20 little bag of barley, he fastened a scimitar to his belt, leaped upon one of the camp horses, and rode off in the direction which he supposed the French army to have taken. Unfortunately his horse was incapable of further exertion,

and before many miles had been covered, the poor animal fell dead, leaving the Frenchman alone in the desert.

After walking all day through the sand with the courage of an escaped convict, the soldier was obliged to stop. In spite of the beauty of the Oriental night, he felt that he had not strength enough to go on. Fortunately he had reached a small hill, on the summit of which a few palm trees shot up into the air ; it was their verdure seen from afar which had brought hope and consolation to his heart. His weariness was so great that he lay down upon a granite boulder, curiously shaped like a camp bed, and there he fell asleep without taking any measures for his defense while he slept. He had apparently sacrificed his life, and his last thought was merely one of regret. He repented having left the Arabs, whose nomad life began to attract him now that he was far from them and without help.

He was awakened by the sun, whose pitiless rays fell with all their force on his hard bed and produced an intolerable heat. When he looked around him the most horrible despair filled his soul. The dark sand of the desert spread farther than sight could reach in every direction, and glittered like steel struck with bright light. It might have been a sea of looking-glass, or lakes melted together in a mirror. Waves of fiery vapor whirled over the quivering land. The sky was lit with an Oriental splendor, leaving naught for the imagination to desire. Heaven and earth were on fire.

The silence was awful in its wild and terrible majesty. Infinity, immensity, closed in upon the soul from every side. Not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air, not a flaw on the bosom of the sand, which seemed ever moving in diminutive waves; the horizon ended as at sea on a clear day, with one line of light, definite as the cut of a sword.

The soldier threw his arms round the trunk of one of the trees, as though it were a friend, and there, in the shelter of the narrow shadow cast by the palm, he wept. He cried aloud to measure the solitude. His voice, lost in the hollows of the hill, sounded faintly and aroused no echo; the echo was in his own heart.

Looking by turns at the dark expanse and the blue expanse, the soldier dreamed of France, he smelled with delight the streets of Paris, he remembered the towns through which he had passed, the faces of his fellow-soldiers, the most minute details of his life. At length he went down the opposite side of the hill to that by which he had come up the night before. His joy was great when he discovered a kind of cave among the immense fragments of granite which formed the base of the mound. The remains of a rug showed that this place of refuge had at one time been inhabited; at a short distance he saw some palm trees full of dates. Then the instinct which binds us to life awoke again in his heart. He hoped to live long enough for passing Arabs to find him, or perhaps he might soon hear the

sound of cannon, for at this time Bonaparte was traversing Egypt.

This thought gave him new life. He passed suddenly from dark despair to an almost insane joy. He went up again to the top of the hill, and spent the rest of the day in cutting down one of the trees, which the night before had served him for shelter. A vague memory made him think of the animals of the desert; and, foreseeing that they would come to drink at the spring near the foot of the rocks, he resolved to guard himself from their visits by placing a barrier at the entrance of his hermitage.

In spite of his diligence, and the strength which the fear of being devoured while asleep gave him, he found it impossible to chop the palm in pieces, though he succeeded in cutting it down. When, toward night, the king of the desert fell, the crash of its fall resounded far and wide, and the soldier shuddered as though he had heard some voice predicting woe.

He tore off from this beautiful tree the tall, broad, green leaves which are its ornament, and used them to mend the mat on which he was to rest. Fatigued by the heat and his work, he soon fell asleep.

In the middle of the night he was wakened by an extraordinary noise; he sat up, and the deep silence around allowed him to distinguish a deep, regular breathing whose savage energy could not belong to a human creature. A profound terror, increased still further by the darkness,

the silence, and his waking dreams, froze his heart within him. He almost felt his hair stand on end, when by straining his sight to its utmost he perceived through the shadow two faint yellow lights. At first he attributed
 5 these lights to the reflection of his own eyes, but soon the vivid brilliance of the night aided him gradually to distinguish the objects around him in the cave, and he beheld a huge animal lying but a few steps from him. Was it a lion, a tiger, or a crocodile?

10 The soldier was not educated enough to know under what species his enemy ought to be classed; but his fright was all the greater, as his ignorance led him to imagine many terrors at once. He endured a cruel torture, noting every variation of the breathing close to him without daring to
 15 make the slightest movement. An odor as strong as that of a fox, but more penetrating, filled the cave, and when the man became sensible of this, his terror reached its height, for he could no longer doubt the proximity of a terrible companion, whose royal dwelling was serving him
 20 for a shelter.

Presently the reflection of the moon descending toward the horizon lit up the den and rendered visible and resplendent the spotted skin of a panther.

25 This lion of Egypt slept, curled up like a big dog, the peaceful possessor of a sumptuous niche at the door of its palace; its eyes, opened for a moment, were now closed; its face was turned toward the man. A thousand confused

notions passed through the Frenchman's mind ; first he thought of killing it with a bullet from his gun, but he saw that there was not enough distance between them for him to take proper aim ; the shot would miss the mark. And if he missed ? The idea paralyzed him with terror. 5
Twice he laid his hand upon his scimitar, but each time the rashness of the plan unnerved him. He preferred the chances of fair fight, and made up his mind to wait till morning. The morning was not long in coming.

He could now examine the panther at ease ; the fur on 10 her flanks was glistening white ; many small, velvety marks formed beautiful bracelets round her paws ; her overdress, yellow like unburnished gold but very sleek and soft, had the characteristic blotches in the form of rosettes, which distinguish the panther from every other feline 15 species. Her pose was as graceful as that of a cat asleep upon a cushion, but her muzzle was smeared with blood.

"She's had a good dinner," he thought, without troubling himself as to whether her feast might have been on human flesh. "She won't be hungry when she wakes." 20

If he had seen his tranquil hostess in a cage, the soldier would doubtless have admired the grace of the animal, and the contrasts of vivid color which gave her robe an imperial splendor ; but now he was disturbed by her sinister appearance. The presence of the panther, even 25 when asleep, had the same effect which the magnetic eyes of the serpent are said to have upon the nightingale.

For a moment the soldier's courage failed as he realized his danger, though no doubt it would have risen at the mouth of a cannon charged with shell. Nevertheless, a bold thought brought daylight to his soul and dried the
 5 cold sweat which dampened his brow. Like men driven to desperation, who offer themselves up to destruction, he resolved to play his part with honor to the last.

“The day before yesterday the Arabs might have killed me,” he said ; so, considering himself as good as dead
 10 already, he waited bravely, with excited curiosity, his enemy's awakening.

A TRAGEDY IN THE DESERT — II

When the sun rose the panther suddenly opened her eyes ; then she put out her paws with energy, as if to stretch them and get rid of cramp. At last she yawned,
 15 showing the formidable apparatus of her teeth and pointed tongue, rough as a file.

She licked off the blood which stained her paws and muzzle, and scratched her head with reiterated gestures full of charm.

20 “All right, make a little toilet,” the Frenchman said to himself, beginning to recover his gaiety with his courage ; “we'll say good morning to each other presently.” At this moment the panther turned her head toward the man and looked at him fixedly without moving.

The rigidity of her metallic eyes and their insupportable luster made him shudder, especially when the animal walked toward him. But he looked at her caressingly, staring into her eyes in order to magnetize her, and let her come close to him; then with a movement both confiding 5 and affectionate he passed his hand over her whole body, from the head to the tail, scratching the flexible vertebræ which divided the panther's yellow back. The eyes of the animal grew gentle, and she uttered a purring sound such as that by which our cats express their pleasure; but this 10 murmur issued from a throat so powerful and so deep that it rang through the cave like the last vibrations of an organ in a church.

The man, understanding the importance of his caresses, redoubled them. When he felt sure of having lessened the 15 ferocity of his companion, whose hunger had so fortunately been satisfied the night before, he rose to leave the cave; the panther let him go out, but when he had reached the summit of the hill she sprang lightly after him and rubbed herself against his legs, putting up her back after 20 the manner of all cats. Then regarding her guest with eyes whose glare had softened a little she uttered that wild cry which naturalists compare to the grating of a saw.

"She is exacting," said the Frenchman, smiling.

He was bold enough to play with her ears; he scratched 25 her head and stroked her fur. Assured of his success he even tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, watching for

the moment to kill her, but the hardness of her bones made him fearful of failure.

The sultana of the desert showed herself gracious to her slave ; she lifted her head, stretched out her neck, and
5 manifested her delight by the tranquillity of her attitude. At length she laid herself gracefully at his feet and cast up at him glances in which, in spite of their natural fierceness, was mingled confusedly a kind of good will. The poor soldier ate his dates, leaning against one of the palm
10 trees, but gazing alternately toward the desert in quest of some liberator, and at his terrible companion to watch her uncertain clemency.

The panther looked at the place where the date stones fell, and every time that he threw one down, her eyes narrowed suspiciously. She examined the man with an almost
15 commercial prudence. However, this examination was favorable to him, for when he had finished his meager meal she licked his boots with her powerful rough tongue, brushing off with marvelous skill the dust gathered in the creases.
20 “ Ah, but when she’s really hungry ! ” thought the Frenchman.

In spite of the shudder this thought caused him, the soldier began to measure curiously the proportions of the panther, certainly one of the most splendid specimens of
25 her race. She was three feet high and four feet long without counting her tail ; this powerful weapon, rounded like a cudgel, was nearly three feet long. The head, as large



as that of a lioness, was distinguished by a rare expression of subtle intelligence.

The soldier began now to walk up and down, and the panther left him free, contenting herself with following
5 him with her eyes, less like a faithful dog than a big Angora cat, mistrustful of everything, even of the movements of her master.

When he looked round he saw by the spring the remains of his horse; the panther had dragged the carcass
10 all the way; about two thirds of it had been devoured already. The sight reassured him.

It was easy now to explain the panther's absence and the respect she had had for him while he slept. The first piece of good luck emboldened him to tempt the future,
15 and he conceived the wild hope of keeping on good terms with the animal during the entire day, neglecting no means of taming her and of remaining in her good graces.

He returned to her and had the unspeakable joy of seeing her move her tail gently at his approach. He sat
20 down, then, without fear by her side, and they began to play together; he took her paws and muzzle, pulled her ears, rolled her over on her back, stroked her warm, silky flanks. She let him do whatever he liked, and when he began to smooth the hair on her paws, she drew her
25 claws in carefully like a well-trained cat.

He seemed to have found a friend in this boundless desert; and some memory of his early days suggested to

him the idea of making the young panther answer to the name of Mignonne, now that he began to admire with less terror her swiftness, suppleness, and softness. Toward the end of the day he had familiarized himself with his perilous position; and his companion would look up at him 5 whenever he cried "Mignonne."

Counting on his ability to run away from her as soon as she was asleep, the soldier waited with impatience the hour of his flight. When it arrived he walked vigorously in the direction of the Nile; but hardly had he gone a 10 quarter of a league in the sand, when he heard the panther bounding after him, crying with that saw-like cry, more dreadful even than the sound of her leaping.

"Ah!" he said, "then she's taken a fancy to me; it is really quite flattering." 15

At that very instant the man fell into one of those quicksands which are so terrible to travelers and from which it is impossible to save one's self. Feeling himself caught, he gave a shriek of alarm; the panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and, springing vigorously 20 backward, drew him, as if by magic, out of the engulfing sand.

"Ah, Mignonne!" cried the soldier, caressing her fondly, "now we're bound together for life and death; but no jokes, mind!" and he retraced his steps. 25

No longer did the desert seem uninhabited. It contained a being to whom the man could talk, and whose ferocity

had been subdued by him, though he could not explain to himself the reason for their strange friendship.

Great as was the soldier's desire to stay up on guard that night, he slept. On awakening he could not find
5 Mignonne. Mounting the hill, he saw her springing toward him after the habit of those animals who cannot run on account of the extreme flexibility of the vertebral column. She came up to him, her jaws covered with blood; she received the wonted caress of her companion,
10 showing with much purring how happy it made her. Her eyes, full of languor, turned gently toward him and he talked to her as one would to a tame animal. She played like a puppy with her master, letting herself be rolled about, pommeled, and fondled by turns.

15 Several days passed in this manner, but he was obliged to watch like a spider in his web lest the moment of his deliverance by some possible traveler should escape him. He had torn up his shirt to make a flag, and this he hung at the top of a palm tree whose foliage he had pulled off.
20 Taught by necessity, he found the means of keeping the flag spread out, by fastening it with little sticks, for the wind might not be blowing at the moment when the passing traveler was looking across the desert.

It was during the long hours when he had abandoned
25 hope that he amused himself with the panther. He had come to learn the different inflections of her voice, the expressions of her eyes; he had studied the patterns of all

the rosettes which marked the gold of her robe. It gave him pleasure to watch the supple, fine outlines of her form and the graceful pose of her head. But it was when she was playing that he felt most pleasure in looking at her ; the agility and lightness of her movements were a con- 5 tinual surprise ; he wondered at the supple way in which she jumped and climbed, washed herself and arranged her fur, crouched down and prepared to spring. However rapid her leap might be, however slippery the stone she was on, she would always stop short at the word 10 “Mignonne!”

And how did it all end ?

Alas ! in a misunderstanding. Suddenly one day, when they were playing together, the panther turned and with her sharp teeth caught hold of the man’s leg, gently, I 15 dare say, and not meaning to do him harm ; but he, thinking she was about to devour him, plunged his dagger into her throat. She rolled over, giving a cry that he never forgot, but looking at him without anger. He would have given all the world to have brought her to life again. 20 And the soldiers who had seen his flag and hastened to his assistance, found him in tears.

forced march : a long march made with all possible speed and allowing none of the usual pauses for rest. — **scimitar** (sîm’î tēr) : a short, curved sword. — **Bonaparte** : Napoleon Bonaparte was a famous French officer who attempted to conquer Egypt as a means of attacking English commerce in the East. He was made Emperor of the French in 1804, but after years spent in warfare with most of the countries of Europe he died in exile in 1821.

PSALM VIII

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth ! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou
5 mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained ; what is man, that thou art mindful of him ? and the son of man, that thou visitest him ?

10 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands ; thou hast put all things under his feet : all sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field ; the fowl of the
15 air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth !

PSALM XIX

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firma-
20 ment sheweth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out

through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race. His going forth is from the 5 end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the 10 commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb. Moreover by 15 them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then 20 shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

From the *Bible* 25

where their voice: in the revised versions "where" is omitted, making the meaning clearer.

GOD'S PRESENCE IN NATURE

THOMAS MOORE

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852) was an Irish poet noted for the melody of his lyrics. His most famous poem is "Lalla Rookh."

Thou art, O God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see :
 5 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine ;
 And all things fair and bright are thine.

10 When day with farewell beam delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,
 Those hues that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

15 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 20 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

even : evening.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789-1851) was the first American author to write stories of adventure. His thirty-two novels are of uneven merit. Of the eight which are considered his best, six are tales of pioneer and Indian life; *The Pilot* and *The Red Rover* are stories of the sea.

NOTE. Duncan Heyward, a young officer in the colonial army during the French and Indian War, is in disguise in a camp of hostile Indians. Suddenly a fearful uproar is heard, and men, women, and children rush out of their lodges to greet a band of returning warriors.

There yet lingered sufficient light in the heavens to exhibit those bright openings among the tree tops, where different paths left the clearing to enter the depths of the wilderness. Beneath one of them a line of warriors issued from the woods and advanced slowly toward the dwellings.

When at the distance of a few hundred feet from the lodges the newly arrived warriors halted. Their plaintive and terrific cry, which was intended to represent equally the wailings of the dead and the triumph of the victors, had entirely ceased. One of their number now called aloud in words that were far from appalling, though not more intelligible to those for whose ears they were intended than their expressive yells. It would be difficult to convey a suitable idea of the savage ecstasy with which the news thus imparted was received. The whole encampment in a moment became a scene of the most violent bustle and

commotion. The warriors drew their knives, and, flourishing them, they arranged themselves in two lines, forming a lane that extended from the war party to the lodges.



The squaws seized clubs, axes, or whatever weapon of
5 offense first offered itself to their hands, and rushed eagerly
to act their part in the cruel game that was at hand.
Even the children would not be excluded ; but boys, little
able to wield the instruments, tore the tomahawks from
the belts of their fathers and stole into the ranks, apt
10 imitators of the savage traits exhibited by their parents.

Large piles of brush lay scattered about the clearing, and a wary and aged squaw was occupied in firing as many as might serve to light the coming exhibition. As the flame arose, its power exceeded that of the parting day, and assisted to render objects at the same time more distinct and more hideous. The whole scene formed a striking picture, whose frame was composed by the dark and tall border of pines. The warriors just arrived were the most distant figures. A little in advance stood two men, who were apparently selected from the rest as the principal actors in what was to follow. The light was not strong enough to render their features distinct, though it was quite evident that they were governed by very different emotions. While one stood erect and firm, prepared to meet his fate like a hero, the other bowed his head, as if palsied by terror or stricken with shame. The high-spirited Duncan felt a powerful impulse of admiration and pity toward the former, though no opportunity could offer to exhibit his generous emotions. He watched his slightest movement, however, with eager eyes, and as he traced the fine outline of his admirably proportioned and active frame, he endeavored to persuade himself that if the powers of man could bear one harmless through so severe a trial, the youthful captive before him might hope for success in the hazardous race he was about to run.

Insensibly the young man drew nigher to the swarthy lines of the Hurons, and scarcely breathed, so intense

became his interest in the spectacle. Just then the signal yell was given, and the momentary quiet which had preceded it was broken by a burst of cries that far exceeded any before heard. The most abject of the two victims
 5 continued motionless; but the other bounded from the place at the cry with the activity and swiftness of a deer. Instead of rushing through the hostile lines, as had been expected, he just entered the dangerous defile, and before time was given for a single blow, turned short, and leaping
 10 the heads of a row of children, he gained at once the exterior and safer side of the formidable array. The artifice was answered by a hundred voices raised in imprecations, and the whole of the excited multitude broke from their order and spread themselves about the place in wild
 15 confusion.

It will easily be understood that amid such a concourse of vindictive enemies no breathing time was allowed the fugitive. There was a single moment when it seemed as if he would have reached the forest, but the whole body
 20 of his captors threw themselves before him and drove him back into the center of his relentless persecutors. Turning like a headed deer, he shot with the swiftness of an arrow through a pillar of forked flame, and passing the whole multitude unharmed, he appeared on the opposite side of
 25 the clearing. Here, too, he was met and turned by a few of the older and more subtle of the Hurons. Once more he tried the throng, as if seeking safety in its blindness,

and then several moments succeeded, during which Duncan believed that the active and courageous young stranger was lost.

Nothing could be distinguished but a dark mass of human forms, tossed and involved in inexplicable confusion. Arms, gleaming knives, and formidable clubs appeared above them, but the blows were evidently given at random. The awful effect was heightened by the piercing shrieks of the women and the fierce yells of the warriors. Now and then Duncan caught a glimpse of a light form cleaving the air in some desperate bound, and he rather hoped than believed that the captive yet retained the command of his astonishing powers of activity.

Suddenly the multitude rolled backward and approached the spot where he himself stood. The stranger reappeared in the confusion. Human power could not, however, much longer endure so severe a trial. Of this the captive seemed conscious. Profiting by the momentary opening, he darted from among the warriors and made a desperate and what seemed to Duncan a final effort to gain the wood. As if aware that no danger was to be apprehended from the young soldier, the fugitive nearly brushed his person in his flight. A tall and powerful Huron, who had husbanded his forces, pressed close upon his heels, and with an uplifted arm menaced a fatal blow. Duncan thrust forth a foot, and the shock precipitated the eager savage headlong many feet in advance of his intended victim.

Thought itself is not quicker than was the motion with which the latter profited by the advantage; he turned, gleamed like a meteor again before the eyes of Duncan, and at the next moment, when the latter recovered his
 5 recollection and gazed around in quest of the captive, he saw him quietly leaning against a small painted post which stood before the door of the principal lodge.

Apprehensive that the part he had taken in the escape might prove fatal to himself, Duncan left the place with-
 10 out delay. He followed the crowd, which drew nigh the lodges, gloomy and sullen like any other multitude that had been disappointed in an execution. Curiosity, or perhaps a better feeling, induced him to approach the stranger. He found him standing with one arm cast about the
 15 protecting post, and breathing thick and hard after his incredible exertions, but still disdaining to permit a single sign of suffering to escape. His person was now protected by immemorial and sacred usage, until the tribe in council had deliberated and determined on his fate.

From *The Last of the Mohicans*

Running the Gauntlet : Parkman, the historian, thus describes this cruel game: "When a war party returned with prisoners, the whole population of the village turned out to receive them, armed with sticks, clubs, or even deadlier weapons. The captive was ordered to run to a given point, while his tormentors, ranging themselves in two rows, inflicted on him a merciless flagellation, which only ceased when he had reached the goal."

— **offer :** present itself. — **Hurons :** members of an Indian tribe. — **a headed deer :** a deer is often turned by heading it off rather than by pursuit. — **husbanded :** saved; kept in reserve. — **a small painted post :** the goal.

EXCALIBUR

ALFRED TENNYSON

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, late poet laureate of England and one of the greatest poets of his time, was born in 1809 and died in 1892. His verse is noted for its perfect form and melody.

NOTE. The following selection is taken from *The Passing of Arthur*, one of the well-known *Idylls of the King*. According to the story on which 5 Tennyson founded his poem, King Arthur finds that his nephew Modred, whom the king has appointed regent in his absence, has been a traitor, and has won over to his cause some of the knights of the Round Table. Arthur pursues Modred to Lyonesse, where both are mortally wounded in a great battle. Sir Bedivere (bēd'ivēr), one of the loyal knights, is the 10 only member of the famous circle who is left unhurt.

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
 Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
 Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their lord, 15
 King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land : 20
 On one side lay the ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all

The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. . . .

I am so deeply smitten through the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.

Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,

5 Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how

In those old days, one summer noon, an arm

Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

Holding the sword — and how I rowed across

10 And took it, and have worn it, like a king ;

And, wheresoever I am sung or told

In aftertime, this also shall be known :

But now delay not : take Excalibur,

And fling him far into the middle mere :

15 Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word.”

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :

“ It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,

Aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm —

A little thing may harm a wounded man ;

20 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,

Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.”

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept,

And in the moon athwart the placè of tombs,

Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
 Shrill, clear, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
 By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the lake. 5

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
 And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks, 10
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,
 In act to throw : but at the last it seemed 15
 Better to leave Excalibur concealed
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,
 That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere : 20
 "Hast thou performed my mission which I gave ?
 What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the crag." 25



To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
 “Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
 Thy féalty, nor like a noble knight ;
 For surer sign had followed, either hand, 5
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.” 10

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought ;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote 15
 His palms together, and he cried aloud :

“And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men. 20
 What good should follow this, if this were done ?
 What harm, undone ? Deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
 Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself ? 25
 The king is sick, and knows not what he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumors of a doubt? But were this kept,
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 5 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely Maiden of the Lake.
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills."
 10 So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honor and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 15 And so strode back slow to the wounded king.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
 "What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 20 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:
 "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
 Authority forgets a dying king,

Laid widowed of the power in his eye
 That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
 In whom should meet the offices of all,
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ; 5
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
 Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur, 10
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush beds, and clutched the sword,
 And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand 15
 Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
 And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
 By night, with noises of the Northern Sea. 20
 So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur :
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere. 25
 And lightly went the other to the king.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
 "Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
 Speak out ; what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

- 5 "Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
 Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
 10 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
 But when I looked again, behold an arm,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

- 15 And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
 "My end draws nigh ; 't is time that I were gone."

From *The Passing of Arthur*

King Arthur's Table : the knights of the Round Table. — **Lyonnesse** (lī'ō nēs) : a mythical district of Cornwall now supposed to be submerged "forty fathoms under water." — **helm** : helmet ; head armor. — **brand** : sword. — **Excal'ibur** : Arthur's sword, which was said to shine as bright as thirty torches. According to the old story, it rose one day by magic from the surface of the lake. — **samite** (sā'mīt) : a very rich silk. — **middle mere** : the middle of the lake. — **lightly** : swiftly. — **hest** : command. — **jacinth** (jā'sīnth) : a precious stone. — **fēalty** (fē'altỹ) : loyalty. — **lief** (leef) : beloved. — **joust** (jüst) : a mock contest. — **Maiden of the Lake** : the Lady of the Lake, who gave Arthur his sword. — **lust** : desire. — **isles of winter** : icebergs. — **him** : the sword is here personified.

THE DOORS OF OPPORTUNITY

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE is a well-known American editor and author.

Fairy tales interest us because they give us pictures of a world in which men do marvelous things with ease, and are helped or hindered by all manner of small and great creatures who lurk and hide in forests and underground ; 5 and magic delights us because it accomplishes so much with means so few and materials so apparently inadequate.

In like manner and for the same reason men are always eager to hear the stories of heroes, those who have overcome great difficulties, surmounted great obstacles, and 10 won the race in the face of all kinds of discouragement. Men rejoice in the success of those who, like Washington and Gladstone, start with many advantages, and instead of being indolent are stimulated to great exertion by great opportunities ; but they care most of all for the success of 15 those who, like Lincoln, begin with nothing except the capital of character and the capacity for work, and end at the very summit of usefulness and honor.

In the careers of such men there is a touch of magic, a bit of the old fairy tale ; but in the old stories man is 20 helped by fairies, elves, kobolds, and many other strange creatures, and in the modern story he helps himself. There is much that is wonderful in the results secured by these

modern magicians, but there is nothing wonderful in the process by which the results are secured.

There is no mystery about success, no intervention of genii or fairies, no luck or fortune. Luck, fate, fortune, 5 and chance are words which have no place in the speech of great men. A man's luck is in himself, his chance is in his ability to get something to do, and his fortune in the skill and energy with which he does it. When it is said that a man is lucky it means that he has brains and uses 10 them ; when it is said that things come his way it means that he has gone after things. The theory that success is a matter of accident, and that opportunities come by chance, is often used by weak and inefficient men to explain their failures ; it is disproven by the lives of the 15 heroes. The heroes know nothing of accident and luck ; they know everything about integrity, energy, courage, and faith.

In all the fairy tales there is nothing more wonderful than the story of Benjamin Franklin, the printer's ap- 20 prentice, who became the chief figure in the most brilliant city in the world. His career must have been as much of a romance to him as it is to us. He could not have dreamed that a future of such extraordinary relationships with great men abroad, of such unusual public influence, 25 was to be his. But he set his face in a certain direction, put energy and enthusiasm into his work, and straight-way opportunities began to present themselves.

At the start opportunities are rarely very striking or promising; they are often very small gates into what appears to be very small fields of action; but let a man pass through them with resolution and intelligence, and immediately the field widens until it takes on, at times, 5 the scope of a continent.

The world looks very hard to the young man; all the places are filled; everybody is preoccupied, and there seems to be no chance for a newcomer. Let him show a little heroic quality, however, and men are quick to make 10 a place for him; let him put energy, pluck, integrity, and intelligence into his work, and doors begin to open under the pressure of his strong hand.

Large opportunities in the hands of small men come to nothing, but small opportunities in the hands of large 15 men become great. All that a strong man ought to ask for is an opportunity; the rest he should do for himself. This is the record of the heroes,—those who have worked, dared, aspired, and achieved; who have poured their vitality into their work, not simply for what they could 20 get out of it, but because it is the privilege and the joy of a real man to share the experience of his fellows and the burdens of society.

Abridged

kobold (kō'böld): a household fairy like the Scottish *brownie*. — **genii** (jē'nī): powerful spirits in Eastern fairy tales. — **the most brilliant city**: Paris. Franklin was sent as ambassador to the court of France.

OPPORTUNITY

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL (1841-1887) was an American poet. The earnestness and strength of his character are shown in his verse.

- This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream : —
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain ;
 5 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
 A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
 Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
 Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
 A craven hung along the battle's edge,
 10 And thought, " Had I a sword of keener steel —
 That blue blade that the king's son bears — but this
 Blunt thing — ! " he snapt and flung it from his hand,
 And lowering crept away and left the field.
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
 15 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
 Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
 And ran and snatched it ; and with battle shout
 Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

shocked : met with a shock. — **craven** : coward. — **blue blade** : a blade of finely tempered steel. — **lowering** : gloomy, sulky. — **sore bestead** : in great danger.

THE WAY TO WEALTH

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706-1790) was one of the most remarkable men of his time. As statesman and scientist he was preëminent, and his literary ability was of a high order. His career is familiar to all students of American history. The following pages are from the last of his series of almanacs.

5

I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks: "Pray, 10 Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it to you in short, for 15 'A word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and when they had gathered round him he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we 20 had to pay, we might more easily discharge them, but we have many others and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly.

However, let us hearken to good advice and something may be done for us; ‘God helps them that help themselves,’ as Poor Richard says.

“It would be thought a hard government that should
5 tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth by bringing on diseases absolutely shortens life. ‘Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright,’ as Poor Richard says.

10 “‘If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,’ as Poor Richard says, ‘the greatest prodigality,’ since, as he elsewhere tells us, ‘Lost time is never found again.’ ‘Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy;’ and ‘He that riseth late must
15 trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.’ while ‘Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee;’ and ‘Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,’ as Poor Richard says.

20 “So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. ‘Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting.’ ‘He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor.’
25 What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, ‘Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then

plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.' 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says; and further 'Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.' If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should 5 catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, and your country. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice,' as Poor Richard says. It is 10 true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects, for 'Constant dropping wears away stones,' and 'Little strokes fell great oaks.'

“But with our industry we must likewise be steady, 15 settled, and careful; for, as Poor Richard says:

‘I never saw an oft-removed tree
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.’

“‘A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want 20 of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horseshoe nail.’

“So much for industry, my friends, and attention to 25 one’s own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful.

‘If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.’

“Away then with your expensive follies, and you will
 5 not then have so much cause to complain of hard times and heavy taxes. Beware of little expenses; ‘A small leak will sink a great ship,’ as Poor Richard says; and again, ‘Who dainties love shall beggars prove;’ and moreover, ‘Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.’

10 “Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knickknacks. You call them *goods*; but if you do not take care they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them, they must
 15 be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: ‘Buy what thou hast no need of and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities.’ And again, ‘At a great pennyworth pause a while.’ He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in
 20 thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, ‘Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths. Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire.’

“These are not the necessities of life; they can scarcely
 25 be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced

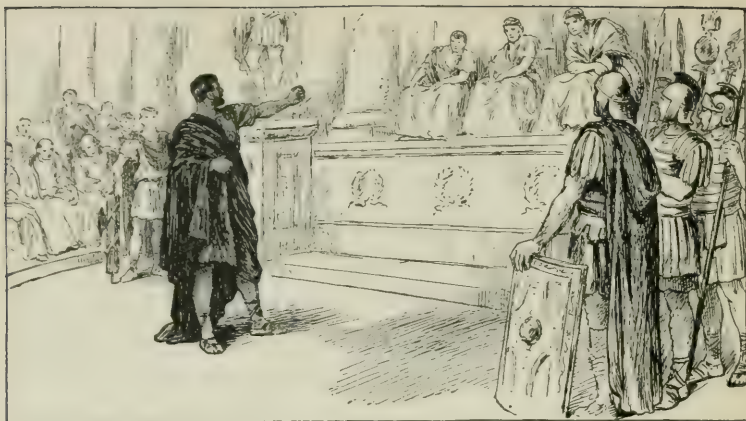
to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that ‘A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,’ as Poor Richard says. ‘Always taking out of the meal-tub 5 and never putting in soon comes to the bottom,’ and then ‘When the well is dry they know the worth of water.’ But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. ‘If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a-borrowing goes 10 a-sorrowing,’ as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again.

“And now to conclude, ‘Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,’ as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that, for it is true, ‘We may give advice, but we 15 cannot give conduct.’ However, remember this, ‘They that won’t be counseled, cannot be helped;’ and further, that ‘If you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.’”

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people 20 heard it and approved the doctrine; and immediately practiced the contrary, just as if it had been a sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.

Abridged

Poor Richard: *Poor Richard's Almanac* was printed by Franklin, and his literary fame rests largely upon it. While his proverbs are not all his own, he had an ingenious way of combining his bits of practical wisdom.



CATILINE'S SPEECH ON HIS BANISHMENT

GEORGE CROLY

GEORGE CROLY (1780–1860) was an Irish writer, who for many years was also known as an eloquent pulpit orator. His *Catiline* was called “a splendid performance.”

NOTE. In 63 B.C. a conspiracy, headed by Catiline, was formed against the Roman republic. When his treachery was discovered he was sentenced to banishment by the senate.

Banished from Rome! what's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?

“Tried and convicted traitor!” Who says this?

10 Who'll prove it at his peril on my head?

Banished? — I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!

I held some slack allegiance till this hour. —

But *now*, my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;

I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,

Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
 To leave you in your lazy dignities.
 But here I stand and scoff you; here I fling
 Hatred and full defiance in your face. 5
 Your consul's merciful. For this all thanks.
 He *dares* not touch a hair of Catiline.
 "Traitor!" I go, but I *return*. This — *trial*!
 Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
 To stir a fever in the blood of age, 10
 Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
 This day's the birth of sorrows! This hour's work
 Will breed proscriptions. — Look to your hearths, my
 lords.
 For there henceforth shall sit for household gods 15
 Shapes hot from Tartarus! — all shames and crimes: —
 Wan Treachery with his thirsty dagger drawn;
 Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
 Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones; 20
 Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
 And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

Catiline (căt'īlīn): a famous Roman conspirator, who united great audacity and craft. He was denounced by the orator Cicero before the senate. — **scoff**: mock, ridicule. — "**Traitor**": Catiline is quoting Cicero. — **This — trial**: spoken in scorn as of an imitation. — **devote**: doom to evil. — **proscriptions**: the public offer of a reward for the head of an enemy. — **Tartarus** (tār'ta rūs): the lower world; a place of punishment.

CLOUDS

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

“O ether divine!” cried Prometheus; but he was chained supine on the rock and forced to see the sky. We who walk erect at will are apt to confine our attention to things of earth. Now and then we find a person who has
5 the habit of looking at the night skies, and mayhap knows the constellations, so that the stars are not accidental sparks to him any longer, but old friends, any one of whose faces would be missed if it were withdrawn. But who looks upward by day and sees the clouds?

10 Some days the outlines of the clouds are all making faces at each other: merry faces, if one feels in that mood; solemn faces, if that is the masterful feeling. Why should the profiles generally be looking from right to left? Or is that only an idiosyncrasy of my own? Is it because
15 one sketches a profile on paper with the right hand, and so with the projecting points toward the left, away from the hand which would otherwise hide them?

When presently we are able to sail the air it will be pleasant to make afternoon excursions among the summer
20 clouds. “Come!” one will say to his friend, “let us talk it over on the rosy southeast corner of that mother-of-pearl mountain.” Or we shall bid John unpack the luncheon basket in the shade of yonder floating shelf of foamy

ivory; or we shall agree to meet, at half past two, just under the billowy chin of what seems an aërial Martha Washington.

How can so soft and fluffy a texture hold so firm an outline against the blue and catch such a splendor of intense 5 light? As it comes floating and toppling across the sky, one would like to shoot a feather bed up through it and let the azure through the soft hole.

It is not often that we can watch, near by, the rapid formation of cloud; but it once happened to me to find 10 myself on a crag precisely underneath the line of low-cloud foundation. Leaning back to rest against the rock and looking upward, I saw the mountain drapery weaving itself — out of nothing, as it appeared: blue air on one side of the line; dark slaty films, then shreds, then masses 15 of flying cloud on the other. Clear across the sky extended the distinct edge of this swift and incessant weaving. It was like nothing but a great shadowy banner streaming out in the gale from an invisible cord strained tight against the sky. It was the work of the Earth Spirit in Faust: 20

At the roaring loom of Time I ply

And weave for God the garment thou seest him by.

Abridged

Prometheus (prŏ mē' thūs): according to the old Greek story, Prometheus, the giver of human life, was punished by being chained to a rock. Euripides, the Greek dramatist, made him the hero of one of his plays. — **supine** (sŭ pīn'): lying on the back. — **idiosyn'crasy**: some peculiar personal characteristic. — **Faust** (fowst): a great German poem.

THE FENCING MATCH

EDMOND ROSTAND

EDMOND ROSTAND is a French poet and dramatist. His first successful play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, which was published in 1897, delighted the literary world.

NOTE. The first scenes of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, from which the following pages are taken, are laid in an open court. Spectators have gathered to see a theatrical exhibition, but their attention has been diverted by the fantastic doings of Cyrano, a young soldier and poet who is noted for his cleverness and charm, his skill in fencing, his pride, and for his sensitiveness in regard to his large nose. The Count de Guiche, a fashionable nobleman, and his obsequious friend, the Viscount de Valvert, are annoyed by his behavior.

The Count de Guiche. He begins to be tiresome.

The Viscount de Valvert. The boaster!

De Guiche. Will no one answer him?

The Viscount. Not one?

But wait! I'll fling a shaft at him myself.

(He advances toward Cyrano.)

15 You — you have a nose — a nose that's very big!

Cyrano (gravely). Very.

The Viscount (laughing). Ha!

Cyrano. Is that all?

The Viscount. Why not?

Cyrano. Ah, no, young man; that seems a trifle short. You could have said so many sharper things By varying the tone a little — thus: —

Aggressive : Were I cursed with such a nose
I'd amputate it e'er the day should close.

Friendly : Does it not bother you to drink ?

Curious : For scissors, or to hold your ink ?

Descriptive : 'T is a rock, a cape, a tent — 5

Did I say *cape* ? *Peninsula* I meant.

Gracious : A charming perch for little birds !

You must have sympathy beyond all words.

Teasing : When fumes from pipe and nose rise higher

Does no good neighbor ever cry out *Fire* ? 10

Prudent : Be careful, for a weight like that

Might make you lose your balance, lay you flat.

Tender : Please have a small umbrella made,

Lest in the sunshine that bright hue should fade.

Wise : Only Aristophanes' queer beast, 15

The Hippo-camel-elephant at least,

Could wear upon his face that lump of bone

And proudly swear it was his very own.

Easy : Is this Dame Fashion's latest crook ?

Do hang your hat on such a handy hook ! 20

Weighty : No wind, save when the mistral blows,

Could bring a cold to that majestic nose.

Alarmed : 'T would be the Red Sea should it bleed !

Admiring : A perfumer's sign indeed !

Lyric : A shell ? A Triton bold are you ? 25

Simple : A monument ! Is it on view ?

Respectful : Let me take a humble tone !

How grand to have a mansion of one's own!

Rustic: Oh, nonsense! Call that thing a nose?

'Tis a prize turnip or a cabbage rose.

Military: Aim at the cavalry!

5 Practical: Prize for a lottery!

Such, my dear sir, is what you might have said,

Had there been room for brains in that small head.

Though let me own that had you had the wit,

You never would have said one word of it.

10 I take much from myself — that is quite true,

But not a hint of insolence from you.

De Guiche. Viscount, come away!

The Viscount (choking with helpless rage).

But what disgrace!

This country boor, who wears no gloves, no lace,

No ribbons, — flouts me to my very face!

15 *Cyrano.* 'Tis true my elegance is all inside:

In paltry trappings I take little pride.

I am no dandy in my street array,

And yet I am as well dressed in my way.

Because, you see, although your gems are bright

My honor is unsoiled, my conscience white.

20 *The Viscount* (angrily).

Sir!

Cyrano. I have no gloves? — a sad affair!

I had one once, the last of an old pair.

Perhaps, not having for the thing a place

I may have flung it in some upstart's face.

The Viscount. Scoundrel! Stupid fellow! Jumping jack!

Cyrano (taking off his hat and bowing politely as if the Viscount had introduced himself). And I — am Cyrano de Bergerac.

The Viscount (exasperated). Clown!

Cyrano. Oh! Oh!

The Viscount. What is he saying now?

Cyrano. It must be moved; it's very stiff and sore, 5
Because, you see, I have n't used it more.

The Viscount. What's the matter with you?

Cyrano. 'Tis my sword.

I really fear it has the cramp, my lord.

The Viscount. Excellent! And so has mine, I vow.

Cyrano. A charming stroke I'm going to show you now. 10

The Viscount (contemptuously). Poet!

Cyrano. Yes, poet, sir. To prove my skill
I'll improvise a neat ballade

While we are fencing — on my word I will!

The Viscount. Ballade? What's that? Ballade? 15

Cyrano. Know then, my lord, the true ballade contains
Three eight-versed stanzas —

The Viscount. Bother your quatrains!

Cyrano. 'Tis the *envoi* has four; you apprehend?

The Viscount (impatiently). Oh!

Cyrano. I'll make one while we fight, my friend, 20
And touch you neatly at the very end.

The Viscount. No!

Cyrano.

No ? (Declaiming)

Ballade of a duel one day fought
Between a poet and a good-for-naught.

The Viscount. And what may that be, if you please ?

5 *Cyrano.* That's the title.

Wait till I choose my rhymes — I'm ready now.

(The spectators range themselves around the fencers.
Cyrano times his action to his words.)

My cap and cloak with courtly grace

I fling upon the dusty sword ;

And stepping forth a little space

10 I now unsheathe my trusty sword.

Free as the wind harp's lightest chord,

Agile as any Scaramouche,

I warn you, ere we rest on guard,

Upon the *envoi's* end I touch !

15 'T were better you had held your peace ;

Now choose where I shall hit, my lord !

Your side ? Your thigh ? Select the place ! —

Perhaps beneath that dangling cord !

Ding-dong ! — A jangle sings my sword ;

20 You think its point may swerve ? Not much !

Beware ! the event is drawing toward !

Upon the *envoi's* end I touch !

Alack ! I need a rhyme for *ace* ;

Ah, now you blanch and so afford

25 Me chance to call you "Flour-face !" —

Tic-tac ! You wildly thrust, I ward,



And, ere your balance is restored,
 I free the heart line thus! Now clutch
 Thy foolish spit, thou scullion froward!
 Upon the *envoi's* end I touch!

(He announces solemnly)

ENVOI

5

Prince, your defeat will be deplored.
 Come, find excuse for such and such!
 Cut! Feint! Aha! I keep my word,
 Upon the *envoi's* end I touch!

(Amid great applause Cyrano "touches" his opponent and sheathes his sword as the Viscount is led away by his friends.)

Fencing match: in fencing a smallsword or foil is used, and the aim of each fencer is to touch, be it ever so lightly, the person of his opponent. Great dexterity is often shown by skillful fencers in warding off an attack. The contest is ended as soon as one of the fencers succeeds in touching the other with the point of his sword or foil. — **Cyrano de Bergerac** (sē'rā nō də bair'zhę răc): a real character in French history of the seventeenth century. He was a dramatic poet and was also noted as a duelist. — **de Guiche** (də gweesh). — **Viscount de Valvert** (vī count də vāl-vair). — **a shaft:** a figure of speech for a witty saying. — **Aristophanes** (ār-Is tōf'ā nēs): a Greek dramatist. In some of his plays birds and animals had parts. — **mistral:** a cold northwest wind experienced in southern France. — **flouts:** insults. — **trappings:** ornaments. — **glove:** a glove flung in a man's face was a challenge to fight. — **ballade** (bāl lād'): a form of French verse in which only three rhymes are permitted in the twenty-eight lines. Each stanza ends with the refrain, and the whole poem with the *envoi*. The *ballade* bears no resemblance to the English ballad. — **quatrain:** a stanza having four lines. — **envoi** (än vva): a final stanza, summing up or concluding the poem. — **sward** (swārd): grass. — **Scaramouche** (scār-ā mouch): the buffoon or clown in old Italian plays. — **drawing toward:** drawing near. — **thrust, ward, heart line:** fencing terms. — **spit:** a cooking utensil used in old times by kitchen boys or scullions in roasting meat before an open fire. — **cut, feint:** fencing terms, the meaning of which is plain.

THE CAT BY THE FIRE

LEIGH HUNT

LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859) was an English essayist and poet.

A blazing fire, a warm rug, candles lit and curtains drawn, the kettle on for tea, and, finally, the cat before you, attracting your attention, — it is a scene which everybody likes, unless he has a morbid aversion to cats, which is not common. There are some nice inquirers, it is true, who are apt to make uneasy comparisons of cats with dogs, — to say they are not so loving, that they prefer the house to the man, etc. But agreeably to the good old maxim that “comparisons are odious,” our readers, we hope, will continue to like what is likable in anything, for its own sake, without trying to render it unlikable from its inferiority to something else; a process by which we might ingeniously contrive to put soot into every dish that is set before us, and to reject one thing after another, till we are pleased with nothing. Here is a good fireside, and a cat to it; and it would be our own fault if in removing to another house and another fireside we did not take care that the cat removed with us.

The cat purrs, as if it applauded our consideration, and gently moves its tail. What an odd expression of the power to be irritable and the will to be pleased there is in its face as it looks up to us! We must own that we do

not prefer a cat in the act of purring, or of looking in that manner. It reminds us of the sort of smile or *simmer* (*simper* is too weak and fleeting a word) that is apt to be in the faces of irritable people when they are pleased to
 5 be in a state of satisfaction. We prefer, for a general expression, the cat in a quiet, unpretending state and the human countenance with a look indicative of habitual grace and composure, as if it were not necessary to take any violent steps to prove its amiability.

10 But cats resemble tigers? They are tigers in miniature? Well, — and very pretty miniatures they are. And what has the tiger himself done that he has not a right to his dinner as well as Jones? A tiger treats a man much as
 a cat does a mouse. Granted, but we have no reason to
 15 suppose that he is aware of the man's sufferings, or means anything but to satisfy his hunger; and what have the butcher and poulterer been about, meanwhile? The tiger, it is true, lays about him a little superfluously sometimes, when he gets into a sheepfold, and kills more than he
 20 eats; but does not the squire or the marquis do pretty much the same in the month of September?

And so we bring our thoughts back to the fireside, and look at the cat. Poor Pussy! she looks up at us again, as if she thanked us for those vindications of dinner;
 25 and symbolically gives a twist of a yawn, and a lick to her whiskers. Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant

person, beginning judiciously with her paws, and fetching amazing tongues at her hind hips. Anon she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head towards it and shutting her eyes, half to accommodate the action of the skin and half to enjoy the luxury. She then 5 rewards her paws with a few more touches. Look at the action of her head and neck ; how pleasing it is, the ears pointed forward and the neck gently arching to and fro ! Finally, she gives a sneeze, and another twist of mouth and whiskers, and then, curling her tail towards her front 10 claws, settles herself on her hind quarters, in an attitude of bland meditation.

What does she think of ? of her saucer of milk at breakfast ? or of the thump she got yesterday in the kitchen for stealing the meat ? or of her little ones, some 15 of whom are now large, and all of them gone ? Is *that* among her recollections when she looks pensive ? Does she taste of the noble sorrows of man ?

That lapping of the milk out of the saucer is what one's human thirst cannot sympathize with. It seems as if there 20 could be no satisfaction in such a series of atoms of drink. Yet the saucer is soon emptied, and there is a refreshment to one's ears in that sound of plashing with which the action is accompanied, and which seems indicative of a like comfort to Pussy's mouth. Her tongue is thin and 25 can make a spoon of itself. This, however, is common to other quadrupeds, and does not, therefore, particularly

belong to our feline consideration. Not so the electricity of her coat, which gives out sparks under the hand, her passion for the herb valerian (did the reader ever see a cat roll in it? it is a mad sight) and other singular delicacies of nature, among which perhaps is to be reckoned her taste for fish, a creature with whose element she has so little to do that she is supposed even to abhor it, though lately we read somewhere of a swimming cat that used to fish for itself. And this reminds us of an exquisite anecdote of dear, dogmatic, diseased, thoughtful, surly, charitable Johnson, who would go out of doors himself and buy oysters for his cat, because his servant was too proud to do it! Be assured that he thought nothing of "condescension" in it, or of being eccentric. He was singular in some things, because he could not help it, but he hated eccentricity. No, in his best moments he felt himself simply to be a man, and a good man too, though a frail, — one that in virtue as well as humility, and in a knowledge of his ignorance as well as his wisdom, was desirous of being a Christian philosopher; and accordingly he went out and bought food for his hungry cat, because there was nobody in the way whom he had a right to ask. What must anybody that saw him have thought, as he turned up Bolt Court! His friend Garrick could not have done as much! He was too grand, and on the great "stage" of life. Goldsmith could, but he would hardly have thought of it. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with

his fashionable, fine-lady-painting hand, would certainly have shrunk from it. Burke would have reasoned himself into its propriety, but he would have reasoned himself out again. Gibbon!—imagine its being put into the head of Gibbon! He and his bagwig would have started with 5 horror; and he would have rung the bell for the cook's-deputy's-under-assistant-errand-boy.

Cats at firesides live luxuriously and are the picture of comfort; but, lest they should not bear their portion of trouble in this world, they have the drawbacks of being 10 liable to be shut out of doors on cold nights, beatings from the “aggravated” cooks, overpettings of children (how should we like to be squeezed and pulled about in that manner by some great patronizing giants?), and last, not least, horrible, merciless tramples of unconscious 15 human feet and unfeeling legs of chairs. Yet Pussy gets in the way again, as before, and dares all the feet and mahogany in the room. Beautiful present sufficingness of a cat's imagination!—confined to the snug circle of her own sides and the two next inches of rug or carpet. 20

Abridged

nice: particularly careful; overscrupulous. — **Johnson**: a learned but eccentric English scholar of the eighteenth century. — **Bolt Court**: a court off Fleet Street, London. — **Garrick**: a famous actor. — **Reynolds**: a great painter. — **Burke**: a celebrated orator, who endeavored to persuade the English government to conciliate America at the time of the breaking out of the Revolution. — **Gibbon**: an eminent English historian. — **aggravated**: used here in its colloquial sense of “irritated,” but quoted because such use is not defensible. The true meaning of the word is “intensified” or “increased.”

THE PURLOINED LETTER — I

EDGAR ALLAN POE

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849) was an American poet and story-teller of unusual power. The melody of his verse has rarely been surpassed. Poe's career was a brief and tragic one, but he belongs with the most famous of the writers of his time.

- 5 NOTE. The story from which the following selection is adapted is one of the most original and ingenious of Poe's tales.

At Paris, just after dark one gusty autumn evening, I was enjoying the twofold luxury of meditation and a meer-schaum in company with my friend Dupin in his little
10 library. Suddenly the door of our apartment was thrown open and admitted our old acquaintance, the prefect of the Parisian police.

We gave him a hearty welcome, for there was nearly half as much of the entertaining as of the contemptible
15 about the man, and we had not seen him for several years.

"I have called to consult you," he explained, "about some official business that has occasioned a good deal of trouble."

"What is the difficulty now?" I asked. "Nothing very
20 serious, I hope."

"Oh, no!" he said. "The business is very simple indeed, and I have no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it because it is so excessively odd."

“Simple and odd,” said Dupin.

“Why, yes ; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple and yet baffles us altogether.”

“Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which 5 puts you at fault,” said my friend.

“What nonsense you talk !” replied the prefect, laughing heartily.

“And what, after all, is the matter on hand ?” I asked.

The prefect gave a long, steady, contemplative puff 10 and settled himself in his chair.

“Before I begin,” said he, “let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy. I have received personal information from a very high quarter that a certain document of importance has been purloined from 15 the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known beyond a doubt ; in fact, he was seen to take it. It is known also that it still remains in his possession.”

“How is this known ?” asked Dupin.

“It is clearly inferred,” replied the prefect, “from the 20 nature of the document. The holder of it has great power over a certain illustrious personage.”

“But,” said I, “this power depends upon the robber’s knowledge of the loser’s knowledge of the robber. Who would dare —”

25

“The thief,” said the prefect, “is the Minister D—, who dares all things. The method of the theft was not

less ingenious than bold. The letter lay upon the table of the royal apartment, when the Minister D—— entered. His lynx eye perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting of the address, and observes the confusion of the royal
5 personage.

“After some business transactions he produces a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. In taking leave he takes also from the table the
10 letter to which he had no claim. In the presence of a certain third personage the rightful owner dared not call attention to the act. The minister departed, leaving his own letter — one of no importance — upon the table.”

“Here then,” said Dupin to me, “you have precisely
15 what you demand to make the ascendancy complete — the robber’s knowledge of the loser’s knowledge of the robber.”

“Yes,” said the prefect, “and the power thus attained has for some months past been wielded for political pur-
20 poses to a very dangerous extent.”

“It is clear,” said I, “that the letter is still in the possession of the minister, since it is this possession and not any employment of the letter which bestows the power. With the employment the power departs.”

25 “True,” said the prefect, “and upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the minister’s hotel ; and here my chief embarrassment

lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge. Beyond all things I have been warned of the danger which would result from giving him reason to suspect our design."

"But," said I, "the Parisian police have done this thing often before."

5

"Oh, yes ; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous, and they sleep at a distance from their master's apartment. I have keys, as you know, 10 with which I can open any chamber or cabinet in Paris. For three months a night has not passed during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking his rooms. My honor is interested, and, to mention a great secret, the reward is enormous. So I did 15 not abandon the search until I had become fully satisfied that the thief is a more astute man than myself. I fancy that I have investigated every nook and corner of the premises in which it is possible that the paper can be concealed."

20

"But is it not possible," I suggested, "that he may have concealed it upon his own person?"

"He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads," said the prefect, "and his person has been rigorously searched under my own inspection."

25

"Suppose you detail," said I, "the particulars of your search in his apartments."

“Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I have had long experience in these affairs. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined, first, the
 5 furniture of each apartment. We opened every possible drawer; and I presume you know that to a properly trained police agent such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. There is a certain amount of bulk, of space, to be accounted for in every cabinet. Then we have
 10 accurate rules. The fiftieth part of a line could not escape us. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with the fine long needles you have seen me employ. From the tables we removed the tops.”

“Why so?”

15 “Sometimes the top of a table, or other similarly arranged piece of furniture, is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bedposts are employed
 20 in the same way.”

“But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?”
 I asked.

“By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it. Besides, in
 25 our case we were obliged to proceed without noise.”

“But you could not have removed — you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would

have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. A letter may be compressed into a thin spiral roll, not differing much in shape or bulk from a large knitting needle, and in this form it might be inserted into the rung of a chair, for example. You did not take to 5 pieces all the chairs?"

"Certainly not; but we did better — we examined the rungs of every chair in the hotel, and, indeed, the jointings of every description of furniture, by the aid of a most powerful microscope. Had there been any traces of 10 recent disturbance, we should not have failed to detect it instantly. A single grain of gimlet dust, for example, would have been as obvious as an apple. Any disorder in the gluing — any unusual gaping in the joints — would have sufficed to insure detection." 15

"I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets."

"That of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we 20 examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch throughout the premises, including the two houses adjoining, with the microscope, as before." 25

"The two houses adjoining?" I exclaimed; "you must have had a great deal of trouble."

"We had ; but the reward offered is prodigious."

"You include the *grounds* about the houses?"

"All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks and found it undisturbed."

"You looked among his papers, of course, and into the books of the library?"

"Certainly ; we opened every package and parcel ; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume, not contenting ourselves with a mere shake, according to the fashion of some of our police officers. We also measured the thickness of every book cover, and applied to each the most jealous scrutiny of the microscope. Had any of the bindings been recently meddled with, it would have been utterly impossible that the fact should have escaped observation. Some five or six volumes, just from the hands of the binder, we carefully probed, longitudinally, with the needles."

"You explored the floors beneath the carpets?"

"Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet and examined the boards with the microscope."

"And the paper on the walls?"

"Yes."

"You looked into the cellars?"

"We did."

"Then," I said, "you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises."

"I fear you are right there," said the prefect. "And now, Dupin, what should you advise me to do?"

"To make a thorough re-search of the premises."

"That is absolutely needless," was the reply. "I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter 5 is not at the hotel."

"I have no better advice to give you," said Dupin. "You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter?"

"Oh, yes!" And here the prefect, producing a memorandum book, proceeded to read aloud a minute account 10 of the missing document. Soon afterwards he took his departure, more entirely depressed in spirits than I had ever known the gentleman before.

THE PURLOINED LETTER — II

About a month later the prefect paid us another visit and found us occupied very nearly as before. He took a 15 chair and entered into some ordinary conversation. At length I said, "Well, what of the purloined letter?"

"I made the reëxamination," said the prefect, "as Dupin suggested, but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be."

20

"How much was the reward offered, did you say?" asked Dupin.

"Why, a very great deal — a *very* liberal reward — I don't like to say how much, precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I would n't mind giving my individual 25

check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter."

"In that case," replied Dupin, opening a drawer, and producing a check book, "you may as well fill me up a 5 check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter."

I was astounded. The prefect appeared absolutely thunderstricken. For some minutes he remained speechless and motionless, looking incredulously at my friend 10 with open mouth, and eyes that seemed starting from their sockets ; then, apparently recovering himself in some measure, he seized a pen and after several pauses and vacant stares finally filled up and signed a check for fifty thousand francs and handed it across the table to Dupin. 15 The latter examined it carefully and deposited it in his pocketbook, then, unlocking a desk, took thence a letter and gave it to the prefect. This functionary grasped it in a perfect agony of joy, opened it with a trembling hand, cast a rapid glance at its contents, and then, scrambling 20 and struggling to the door, rushed at length unceremoniously from the room and from the house, without having uttered a syllable since Dupin had requested him to fill up the check.

When he had gone my friend entered into some explanations. 25

"The Parisian police," he said, "are exceedingly able in their way. They are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and

thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond question, have found it."

I merely laughed, but he seemed quite serious in all that he said. 5

"The measures, then," he continued, "were good of their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case and to the man. Do you not see that the prefect has taken it for granted that *all* 10 men proceed to conceal a letter—not exactly in a gimlet hole bored in a chair leg, but at least in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner? And do you not see also that such a method of concealment is adapted only for ordinary occasions and would be adopted only by ordinary intel- 15 lects? You will now understand what I meant in suggesting that had the purloined letter been hidden anywhere within the limits of the prefect's examination, its discovery would have been a matter altogether beyond question.

"I mean to say," continued Dupin, "that I knew the 20 minister, and my measures were adapted to his capacity, with reference to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate—and events have proved 25 that he did not fail to anticipate—the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen the

secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night, which were hailed by the prefect as certain aids to his success, I regarded only as *ruses*, to afford opportunity for thorough search to
 5 the police, and thus the sooner to impress them with the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. *He* could not, I reflected, be so weak as not to see that the most intricate and remote recess of his hotel would be as open as his commonest closets to the eyes, to the probes,
 10 to the gimlets, and to the microscopes of the prefect. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*, if not deliberately induced to it as a matter of choice. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first in-
 15 terview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident."

"Yes," said I, "I remember his merriment well."

"There is a game of puzzles," Dupin resumed, "which is played upon a map. One party playing requires another
 20 to find a given word, the name of town, river, state, or empire, any word, in short, upon the motley and perplexed surface of the chart. A novice in the game generally seeks to embarrass his opponents by giving them the most minutely lettered names, but the adept selects such
 25 words as stretch, in large characters, from one end of the chart to the other. These, like the overlargely lettered signs and placards of the street, escape observation by

dint of being excessively obvious. But this is a point, it appears, somewhat above or beneath the understanding of the prefect. He never once thought it probable, or possible, that the minister had deposited the letter immediately beneath the nose of the whole world by way of best 5 preventing any portion of that world from perceiving it.

“But the more I reflected upon the ingenuity of D—, upon the fact that the document must always have been *at hand* if he intended to use it to good purpose, and upon the decisive evidence, obtained by the prefect, that 10 it was not hidden within the limits of that dignitary’s ordinary search, the more satisfied I became that to conceal this letter, the minister had resorted to the expedient of not attempting to conceal it at all.

“Full of these ideas, I prepared myself with a pair of 15 green spectacles and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the ministerial hotel. I found D— at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual. He is perhaps the most really energetic human being now alive; but that is only when nobody sees him. 20

“To be even with him, I complained of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I cautiously and thoroughly surveyed the whole apartment, while seemingly intent only upon the conversation of my host. 25

“I paid especial attention to a large writing table near which he sat, and upon which lay confusedly some letters

and other papers, with one or two musical instruments and a few books. Here, however, after a long and very deliberate scrutiny, I saw nothing to excite suspicion.

“At length my eyes in going the circuit of the room
5 fell upon a trumpery filigree card rack of pasteboard that hung dangling by a dirty blue ribbon from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack, which had three or four compartments, were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was
10 much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two across the middle, as if a design in the first instance to tear it entirely up as worthless had been altered or stayed in the second. It had a large black seal, bearing the D— cipher *very* conspicuously, and was addressed, in a diminutive
15 female hand, to D—, the minister, himself. It was thrust carelessly and even, as it seemed, contemptuously into one of the uppermost divisions of the rack.

“No sooner had I glanced at this letter than I concluded it to be that of which I was in search. To be sure, it was
20 to all appearance radically different from the one of which the prefect had read us so minute a description. Here the seal was large and black, with the D— cipher; there it was small and red, with the ducal arms of the S— family. Here the address, to the minister, was diminutive
25 and feminine; there the superscription, to a certain royal personage, was markedly bold and decided; the size alone formed a point of correspondence. But then, the

radicalness of these differences, which was excessive, the dirt, the soiled and torn condition of the paper, so inconsistent with the methodical habits of D—: these things were strongly corroborative of suspicion in one who came to suspect.

5

“I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I maintained a most animated discussion with the minister upon a topic which I knew well had never failed to interest and excite him, I kept my attention riveted upon the letter. At length I bade the minister good morning and 10 took my departure, leaving a gold snuffbox upon the table.

“The next morning I called for the snuffbox, when we resumed quite eagerly the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, however, a loud report as if of a pistol was heard immediately beneath the windows of 15 the hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams and the shoutings of a terrified mob. D— rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime I stepped to the card rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a similar one (so far as 20 regards externals), which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings, imitating the D— cipher very readily by means of a seal formed of bread.

“The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had 25 fired it among a crowd of women and children, but as it proved to have been without ball, the fellow was suffered

to go his way as a lunatic or a drunkard. When he had gone D— came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic
5 was a man in my own pay.”

“But what purpose had you,” I asked, “in replacing the letter? Would it not have been better at the first visit to have seized it openly and departed?”

“The minister,” replied Dupin, “is a desperate man
10 and a man of nerve. His hotel, too, is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest, I might never have left his presence alive. The good people of Paris might have heard of me no more. But I had an object apart from these considerations. You
15 know my political prepossessions. Being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, the minister will proceed with his exactions as if it was. Thus will he inevitably commit himself at once to his political destruction. His downfall, too, will not be more precipitate than awk-
20 ward. In the present instance I have no sympathy, at least no pity. He is an unprincipled man of genius. I confess, however, that I should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts when he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card rack.”

Dupin (dū pān). — **minister**: a government official. — **juxtaposition**: nearness. — **hotel**: in French usage, a large mansion. — **franc**: a coin worth about twenty cents. — **prepossessions**: inclinations.

TO HELEN

EDGAR ALLAN POE

NOTE. This poem was written by Poe, when he was a lonely boy of fourteen, to the mother of one of his schoolmates.

Helen, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
 To his own native shore. 5

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
 Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
 To the glory that was Greece
 And the grandeur that was Rome. 10

Lo! in yon brilliant window niche
 How statue-like I see thee stand,
 The agate lamp within thy hand!
 Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
 Are Holy Land! 15

Nicæ'an: this reference is not clear. If the "weary wanderer" is Ulysses, the barks which bore him homeward should have been *Phaæcian*, to agree with Homer's story. — **hyacinth**: curling; suggesting a hyacinth. — **Naiad**: a graceful water nymph. — **Psyche** (sī'kê): a lovely maiden whom Cupid wedded. See the story of Psyche (Gayley's *Classic Myths*) for the allusion to the lamp. *Psyche* is the Greek word for "soul."

HATTO THE HERMIT

SELMA LAGERLÖF

SELMA LAGERLÖF (lä'gèr lëf) is a Swedish novelist who is held in high esteem by literary critics.

Hatto the Hermit stood in the desert and prayed to God. The wind blew his long hair and beard about him
 5 as it blows the grass and vines about an old ruin. But he did not brush back the hair from his eyes, nor did he fasten his long beard with his girdle, for his gaunt arms were upraised to heaven. Since sunrise he had held them outstretched, as untiring as a tree holding out its boughs,
 10 and thus he would remain until evening. Every day would find him in the same place. It was a great thing for which he was praying.

He was a man who had suffered much from the injustice and dishonesty of the world about him. Therefore
 15 had he come into the wilderness, and made for himself a cave by the river bank, and prayed to God to punish mankind with flood and pestilence and death.

Round about him was the wilderness, bare and desolate. But a little farther up the bank stood an old pollard
 20 willow, from the top of which fresh green branches were growing. On stormy days the flexible twigs whipped about the willow trunk as hair and beard whipped about Hatto the Hermit.

To-day a pair of thrushes, who usually built their nest among the new branches of the willow tree, decided to begin their work. But the wild whipping of the twigs disturbed the birds. They flew back and forth with their bits of dry grass, but nothing was accomplished. Then 5 they spied Hatto.

It is hard to fancy how dried-up and gnarled and black the old hermit had become. His skin clung close to his bones, his muscles gave no curves to his body, his arm was only a couple of thin bones covered with dark, hard, 10 wrinkled skin. He wore an old black coat, and only his hair and beard were of a lighter shade. They were not unlike the grayish hue of the under side of willow leaves.

The birds, flying about restlessly, took Hatto the Hermit to be another old willow tree. They circled around 15 him many times, noted his position in regard to wind and river and possible birds of prey, marked the guideposts on the way to him, and decided that here should be their home. One of the birds shot down suddenly from the upper air and laid a bit of grass in the hermit's open 20 palm.

Hatto did not pause in his prayer. The storm roared again and the straw fluttered out of the hermit's big, bony hand. But the birds came back and tried to lay the corner stone of their new house between his fingers. Sud- 25 denly a dirty, clumsy thumb laid itself over the spears of grass and held them in place, while four fingers curled

over the palm, making a cozy niche where a nest would be safe. The tiny birds came and went with lightning dashes, laying new straws in the nest with little chirps of pleasure.

- 5 The old man did not move. He had made a vow to stand all day long with outstretched arms in order to force God to listen to him. As his body grew more weary strange dreams and visions came to him. He seemed to hear the crash of falling walls, the screams of terror-
- 10 stricken people, the tumult of whirlwind and earthquake. Yet now and then his eyes rested on the little thrushes. Back and forth they flew with bits of grass and reeds from the river bank. They could not take time for dinner or supper. When dusk came the walls were nearly done.
- 15 By this time Hatto had come to watch the birds with eager intentness. He followed their flight with anxious eyes; he scolded them when they were careless or clumsy; he grieved when the wind vexed them; and when they stopped a moment to rest he was almost angry with them.
- 20 Then the sun sank and the birds went to sleep among the reeds. As soon as morning came they were on the wing, but though they found their guideposts their nest had disappeared. They peered out over the moors, they flew high up to gain a wider view. In vain; both tree
- 25 and nest had vanished in the night. Finally, they perched on a stone by the water and thought the matter over. Where were nest and tree?



But scarcely were the first shadows cast upon the stream when their tree came wandering up to the very place where it had stood before. It was as old and black and gnarled as ever and it held their precious nest safe at
 5 the end of a stiff bough. The birds accepted the miracle without question and began to build as before.

Hatto the Hermit had not returned to his place on the river bank because of his love for the birds. In his heart there was little room, as yet, for tenderness, but to him
 10 their coming was a sign from God and he thought he had discovered what it might mean. God had willed that he was to stand with outstretched arm until the birds had reared their young. If he could do this, then God would listen to his prayer.

15 To-day, however, his dreadful visions troubled him less and less. His eyes followed every movement of the birds. How rapidly they wove the last bits of straw into place! The tiny builders flew round the nest and examined it carefully. How eagerly they brought wisps of moss from the
 20 real willow and fastened them on the outside as a finishing decoration! And now one of the birds was plucking soft down from its own breast to line the new home.

The peasants of the neighborhood, who greatly feared the hermit, were wont to bring him bread and milk to
 25 turn his anger away from themselves and their little ones. Now they came and found him motionless, holding the birds' nest in his hand.

"See how the holy man loves the little creatures!" they said, and feared him no longer. They raised the cup of milk to his lips and fed him with the bread. When he had eaten and drunk he drove them away angrily, but they smiled at his harshness.

5

Hatto's body had long before this become the servant of his will. He had taught it obedience by hunger and torture, by days of kneeling and by sleepless nights. Now his muscles of steel did his bidding and held up his arm for days at a time. When the mother bird had laid her 10 eggs and would not leave her nest, Hatto learned to sleep standing.

He soon grew accustomed to the two uneasy little eyes that peered down at him over the edge of the nest. He watched for rain and hail and protected the nest as 15 well as he could. And at last a morning came when both thrushes were chattering gleefully and looking very happy, although the whole nest seemed filled with a frightened squeaking. After a while they set out upon a gnat hunt. One insect after another fell before them and 20 was brought home to whatever it was that squeaked and peeped in the nest. The chirping grew louder. It even disturbed the holy man at his prayers. Gently, very gently, his arm sank down and down until he could look into the nest.

25

Never had he seen anything so ugly. Six naked little birds with a few scattered down-tufts, and six great open

beaks! He could not understand it himself, but he liked them just as they were. He did not wish to think of harm coming to them, and in his prayers he made a silent exception in favor of these little helpless creatures.

5 When the peasant women brought him food he was no longer angry with them. Since he was necessary for the safety of the little ones up there in his hand, he was glad that the people would not let him starve.

Soon six little heads peered over the top of the nest. 10 Feathers began to grow, and the tiny bodies looked soft and round. Old Hatto's arm sank again and again to the level of his eyes as he watched the daily doings of the birds. And meanwhile prayers for the great destruction of the world came more and more slowly from his lips. 15 He believed that God had promised to answer his prayer when the birds were ready to fly, and the time was drawing near. How could he watch the sacrifice of these tiny lives which he had guarded and cherished! It had been different when he had nothing to care for. Now his love 20 for the little creatures made him hesitate, and he stood there seeking some way of escape for them.

Then came the great day when the young birds were taught to fly. One of the parents sat inside the nest, trying to push them over the edge, while the other flew about 25 to show them how easy it was. But the little ones were afraid, and both of the old birds flew off together, showing their prettiest arts and tricks.

It was of no use; the babies would not move; and at last Hatto decided that he must interfere in the matter himself. With careful finger he gave them each a gentle push and out they tumbled, trembling and uncertain at first, but soon learning the proper motion, while the hermit 5 chuckled softly to himself.

And now he thought long and deeply how he could release the great Ruler of the world from the promise. Perhaps, he pondered, God holds this earth like a bird's nest in his hand, loving all the helpless ones within it. Per- 10 haps he would be glad not to answer the prayer.

The next day the little nest was empty and the hermit stood there in bitter loneliness. He shrank in terror from the thought of all the evil for which he had prayed. Suddenly he heard a happy chirping and the birds were 15 flying about his head and shoulders. They trusted him; they had no fear in their hearts. And with their coming a vivid memory returned to him. Every day he had lowered his arm to look into the nest!

Then he nodded, smiling, as if to some one whom he 20 could not see. "It is well," he said. "I have failed to keep my vow. Thou needst not keep thine."

And it seemed to him that the whole world was full of peace and love.

From the Swedish

pollard: a tree that has been cut off close to the trunk so that new shoots may grow out.

THE KEARSARGE

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE (1847-1908), a Boston journalist of Irish birth, was the author of several poems of unusual quality.

NOTE. Roncador is a coral reef in the Caribbean Sea on which many a good ship has been wrecked.

5 In the gloomy ocean bed
 Dwelt a formless thing, and said,
 In the dim and countless æons long ago,
 "I will build a stronghold high,
 Ocean's power to defy,
 10 And the pride of haughty man to lay low."

 Crept the minutes for the sad,
 Sped the cycles for the glad,
 But the march of time was neither less nor more;
 While the formless atom died,
 15 Myriad millions by its side,
 And above them slowly lifted Roncador.

 Roncador of Caribbee,
 Coral dragon of the sea,
 Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave;
 20 Woe to him who breaks the sleep!
 Woe to them who sail the deep!
 Woe to ship and man that fear a shipman's grave!

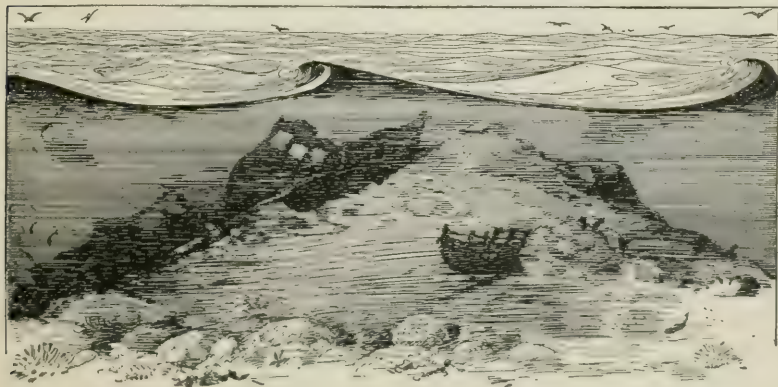
Hither many a galleon old,
 Heavy-keeled with guilty gold,
 Fled before the hardy rover smiting sore ;
 But the sleeper silent lay
 Till the preyer and his prey
 Brought their plunder and their bones to Roncador.

5

Be content, O conqueror !
 Now our bravest ship of war,
 War and tempest who had often braved before,
 All her storied prowess past,
 Strikes her glorious flag at last
 To the formless thing that builded Roncador.

10

æon (ē'ōn): an immeasurable period of time. — **galleon**: a Spanish merchant vessel, armed, and having four decks. Many of the pirate ships were galleons. — **our bravest ship of war**: the *Kearsarge*, a famous vessel of the United States Navy, was lost on Roncador reef in 1894.



TRAVELING IN ENGLAND IN 1685

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859) was an English historian and poet, famous for the brilliancy and clearness of his style. His *Lays of Ancient Rome* should be familiar in every schoolroom.

Whoever examines the maps of London which were
 5 published towards the close of the reign of Charles the
 Second will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. The town did not, as now, fade by imperceptible degrees into the country. No long avenues of villas embowered in lilacs and laburnums extended from
 10 the great center of wealth and civilization almost to the boundaries of Middlesex and far into the heart of Kent and Surrey. On the south the capital is now connected with its suburb by several bridges, not inferior in magnificence and solidity to the noblest works of the Cæsars.
 15 In 1685 a single line of irregular arches, overhung by piles of mean and crazy houses, impeded the navigation of the river.

Of the metropolis, the City, properly so called, was the most important division. At the time of the Restoration
 20 it had been built, for the most part, of wood and plaster; the few bricks that were used were ill baked; the booths where goods were exposed to sale projected far into the streets, and were overhung by the upper stories. A few

specimens of this architecture may still be seen in those districts which were not reached by the great fire. The fire had, in a few days, covered a space of little less than a square mile with the ruins of eighty-nine churches and of thirteen thousand houses. But the City had risen again with 5 a celerity which had excited the admiration of neighboring countries. Unfortunately the old lines of the streets had been to a great extent preserved; and those lines, originally traced in an age when even princesses performed their journeys on horseback, were often too nar- 10 row to allow wheeled carriages to pass each other with ease, and were therefore ill adapted for the residence of wealthy persons in an age when a coach and six was a fashionable luxury.

The rich commonly traveled in their own carriages, 15 with at least four horses. A coach and six is in our time never seen, except as part of some pageant. The frequent mention therefore of such equipages in old books is likely to mislead us. We attribute to magnificence what was really the effect of a very disagreeable necessity. People 20 in the time of Charles the Second traveled with six horses because with a smaller number there was a great danger of sticking fast in the mire. Nor were even six horses always sufficient. Vanbrugh, in the succeeding generation, described with great humor the way in which a country 25 gentleman, newly chosen a member of Parliament, went up to London. On that occasion all the exertions of six

beasts, two of which had been taken from the plow, could not save the family coach from being embedded in a quagmire.

Public carriages had recently been much improved. During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, a diligence ran between London and Oxford in two days. At length, in the spring of 1669, a great and daring innovation was attempted. It was announced that a vehicle, described as the Flying Coach, would perform the whole
 10 journey between sunrise and sunset. This spirited undertaking was solemnly considered and sanctioned by the heads of the university, and appears to have excited the same sort of interest which is excited in our own time by the opening of a new railway. The vice chancellor, by a
 15 notice affixed in all public places, prescribed the hour and place of departure. The success of the experiment was complete. At six in the morning the carriage began to move from before the ancient front of All Souls College, and at seven in the evening the adventurous gentlemen
 20 who had run the first risk were safely deposited at their inn in London. The emulation of the sister university was moved, and soon a diligence was set up which in one day carried passengers from Cambridge to the capital. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second, flying carriages ran thrice a week from London to the chief towns.
 25 But no stagecoach, indeed no stage wagon, appears to have proceeded further north than York, or further west

than Exeter. The ordinary day's journey in a flying coach was about fifty miles in the summer, but in winter, when the ways were bad and the nights long, little more than thirty. The Chester coach, the York coach, and the Exeter coach generally reached London in four days during the fine season, but at Christmas not till the sixth day. The passengers, six in number, were all seated in the carriage, for accidents were so frequent that it would have been most perilous to mount the roof. The ordinary fare was about twopence halfpenny a mile in summer and somewhat more in winter.

This mode of traveling, which by Englishmen of the present day would be regarded as insufferably slow, seemed to our ancestors wonderfully and indeed alarmingly rapid. In a work published a few months before the death of Charles the Second, the flying coaches are extolled as far superior to any similar vehicles ever known in the world.

From History of England.

the City: that part of London comprised in the ancient city and originally surrounded by a wall. It is still spoken of as the City, to distinguish it from Westminster and other districts now included under the name of London. — **the Restoration**: this return to a monarchy took place in 1660, when Charles II was restored to his throne. — **the great fire**: the Great Fire of London occurred in 1666. — **Vanbrugh** (văn brōō'): an English dramatist of the early part of the eighteenth century. — **diligence**: a public stagecoach. — **Oxford** and **Cambridge**: the two great university towns of England. — **twopence halfpenny** (tūp ĕns hā' pĕn ĩ): a sum equal to five cents of our money.



FROM WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 5 The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theaters, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 10 In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill ;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

LONDON

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

NOTE. The preceding sonnet was written, says Wordsworth, "on the roof of a coach, on my way to France." On the poet's return he spent a few weeks in London, during which time he wrote the following lines, addressing them to Coleridge, his friend and fellow poet. "I could not but be struck," he explains in his notes, "with the vanity and parade of 5 our own country . . . as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the revolution had produced in France."

More than one writer, from Ben Jonson to Tennyson, has expressed similar dissatisfaction with the age in which he lived. Each generation looks back to the "good old times."

10

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
 For comfort, being, as I am, oppressed,
 To think that now our life is only dressed
 For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,
 Or groom! — We must run glittering like a brook 15
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblessed:
 The wealthiest man among us is the best:
 No grandeur now in nature or in book
 Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
 This is idolatry; and these we adore: 20
 Plain living and high thinking are no more:
 The homely beauty of the good old cause
 Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
 And pure religion breathing household laws.

mean: insignificant. — **fearful**: shrinking, timid.

SELLING HIS ANCESTORS

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1751-1816) was born in Dublin. He was educated in England, and after a romantic marriage settled in London where he became a writer of plays and an eloquent member of Parliament. The later years of his life were years of disappointment and failure.

- 5 NOTE. *The School for Scandal* is an amusing comedy from which the following scene is taken. Charles Surface, an amiable but extravagant young man, decides to sell his family portraits. The purchaser, under the name of Mr. Premium, is Charles's uncle in disguise. He has recently returned from India.

SCENE I. *A Picture Room in Charles Surface's House*

Enter Charles Surface, Mr. Premium (Sir Oliver Surface), Moses, the broker, and Careless, who is to be auctioneer

- 10 *Charles.* Walk in, gentlemen, pray walk in; here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the Conquest.

Sir Oliver. And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

- Charles.* Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait painting. Not like the work of your modern
15 Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you, so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no: the merit of these is the inveterate likeness, all stiff and awkward as the originals and like nothing in
20 human nature besides.

Sir Oliver. Ah, we shall never see such figures of men again.

Charles. I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am ; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer ; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose. 5

Careless. Ay, ay, that will do. But, Charles, I haven't a hammer ; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer ?

Charles. That's true. What parchment have we here ? Oh, our genealogy in full. Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany ; here's the family tree for 10 you, you rogue ! This shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

Sir Oliver. What an unnatural rogue !

Careless. Yes, yes, here's a list of your generation, indeed. Charles, this is the most convenient thing you 15 could have found for the business, for 't will not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin ! A-going, a-going, a-going !

Charles. Bravo, Careless ! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Ravelin, a marvelous good general in his day, 20 I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium ? Look at him ; there's a hero ! Not cut out of his feathers as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regi- 25 mentals as a general should be. What do you bid ?

Sir Oliver (aside to Moses). Bid him speak.

Moses. Mr. Premium would have you speak.

Charles. Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds, and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff officer.

Sir Oliver (aside). Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle
5 Richard for ten pounds! (Aloud) Very well, sir, I take him at that.

Charles. Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. Here now is a maiden sister of his, my great-aunt Deborah, done by Kneller in his best manner and esteemed
10 a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten; the sheep are worth the money.

Sir Oliver (aside). Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! (Aloud) Five pounds ten;
15 she's mine.

Charles. Knock down my aunt Deborah. Here, now, are two that were a sort of cousins of theirs. You see, Moses, these pictures were done some time ago, when beaux wore wigs and the ladies their own hair.

20 *Sir Oliver.* Yes, truly, headdresses appear to have been a little lower in those days.

Charles. Well, take that couple for the same.

Moses. 'Tis a good bargain.

Charles. Careless! — This, now, is a grandfather of my
25 mother's, a learned judge. What do you rate him at, Moses?

Moses. Four guineas.

Charles. Four guineas! You don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

Sir Oliver. By all means.

Careless. Gone!

5

Charles. And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of Parliament and noted speakers; and, what's very extraordinary, I believe this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

Sir Oliver. That is very extraordinary indeed! I'll take 10 them at your own price for the honor of Parliament.

Careless. Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

Charles. Here's a jolly fellow, I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich. Take him at eight 15 pounds.

Sir Oliver. No, no; six will do for the mayor.

Charles. Come, make it guineas, and I'll throw you the two aldermen there into the bargain.

Sir Oliver. They're mine.

20

Charles. Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But, plague on't, we shall be all day retailing in this manner; do let us deal wholesale. What say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds for the rest of the family in the lump.

25

Careless. Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

Sir Oliver. Well, well, anything to accommodate you;

they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

Careless. What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

5 *Sir Oliver.* Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

Charles. What, that? Oh; that's my uncle Oliver! 'T was done before he went to India.

Careless. Your uncle Oliver! Then you'll never be
10 friends. *Charles.* That now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as I ever saw; an unforgiving eye and a disinheriting countenance! an inveterate knave, depend upon it. Don't you think so, little Premium?

Sir Oliver. Upon my soul, sir, I do not! I think it is
15 as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive. But I suppose Uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

Charles. No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and I'll keep
20 his picture while I have a room to put it in.

Sir Oliver (aside). The rogue's my nephew, after all. (Aloud) But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

Charles. I'm sorry for it, for you certainly will not
25 have it. Have n't you got enough of them?

Sir Oliver (aside). I forgive him everything! (Aloud) But, sir, when I take a whim into my head I don't value

money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

Charles. Don't tease me, master broker: I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

Sir Oliver (aside). How like his father he is! (Aloud) Well, well, I have done. (Aside) I did not perceive it 5 before, but I think I never saw such a striking resemblance. (Aloud) Here is a draft for the sum.

Charles. Why, 't is for eight hundred pounds!

Sir Oliver. You will not let Sir Oliver go?

Charles. Zounds! no! I tell you once more. 10

Sir Oliver. Then never mind the difference; we'll balance that another time. But give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles; I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, Moses.

Charles. This is a whimsical old fellow! Birt, hark'ee, 15 Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen.

Sir Oliver. Yes, yes, I'll send for them in a day or two.

Charles. But hold; do now send a genteel conveyance for them, for I assure you they were most of them used 20 to ride in their own carriages.

Sir Oliver. I will, I will — for all but Oliver.

Charles. Ay, all but the little nabob.

Sir Oliver. You're fixed on that?

Charles. Peremptorily.

Sir Oliver (aside). A dear extravagant rogue! (Aloud) 25 Good day! Come, Moses. (Aside) Let me hear now who dares call him profligate.

Careless. Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

Charles. He is the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow. . . .

Exit Careless

- 5 Let me see, two thirds of these five hundred and thirty odd pounds are mine by right. I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for! Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and grateful servant.

(Bows ceremoniously to the pictures)

CURTAIN

Conquest: the Norman Conquest of England was in 1066. — **genealogy**: line of descent; names of direct ancestors. — **family tree**: a family record, often drawn in the form of a tree. — **knock down**: assign to a bidder at an auction by a blow of the auctioneer's hammer. — **Marlborough**: a famous English general. — **Malplaquet** (mál plá kě'): a French village, famous for an English victory in 1709. — **speak**: name a price. — **Kneller** (něl'ěr): a German-English portrait painter of the eighteenth century. — **five pounds ten**: five pounds ten shillings, or about \$26.50. — **Careless!**: Charles is calling the auctioneer's attention to another sale. — **guinea**: a former gold coin worth twenty-one shillings. Certain bills are still reckoned in guineas, though the coin is no longer made. — **woolsack**: the seat of the Lord Chancellor of England in the House of Lords. It is a large square sack of wool, resembling a divan, and its purpose is to keep in mind the value of wool as a source of national wealth. — **Norwich** (nôr'wich; often pronounced nŏr'ij): an old city of England. — **inveterate**: old, obstinate. — **draft**: an order for the payment of money. — **hark'ee**: listen. — **hold**: stop. — **nabob**: one who returns from the East with great wealth. — **peremptorily** (pěr'ěmp-tŏ rĭ lý): decidedly; absolutely.

VENICE

JOHN RUSKIN

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900) was an English artist and writer. He had a keen sense of social obligation and longed to bring about a popular appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art.

From the mouths of the Adige to those of the Piave there stretches, at a variable distance of from three to 5 five miles from the actual shore, a bank of sand, divided into long islands by narrow channels of sea. The space between this bank and the true shore consists of a great plain of calcareous mud, covered, in the neighborhood of Venice, by the sea at high water, to the depth in most 10 places of a foot or a foot and a half, and nearly everywhere exposed at low tide, but divided by an intricate network of narrow and winding channels, from which the sea never retires.

In some places, according to the run of the currents, the 15 land has risen into marshy islets, consolidated, some by art and some by time, into ground firm enough to be built upon or fruitful enough to be cultivated. In others, on the contrary, it has not reached the sea level ; so that at the average low water shallow lakelets glitter among its 20 irregularly exposed fields of seaweed.

In the midst of the largest of these, increased in importance by the confluence of several large river channels

towards one of the openings in the sea bank, the city of Venice itself is built, on a crowded cluster of islands. The various plots of higher ground which appear to the north and south of this central cluster have at different periods
 5 been also thickly inhabited, and now bear, according to their size, the remains of cities, villages, or isolated convents and churches scattered among spaces of open ground, partly waste and encumbered by ruins, partly under cultivation for the supply of the metropolis.

10 The average rise and fall of the tide is about three feet (varying considerably with the seasons); but this fall, on so flat a shore, is enough to cause continual movement in the waters, and in the main canals to produce a reflux which frequently runs like a mill stream. At high water
 15 no land is visible for many miles to the north or south of Venice, except in the form of small islands crowned with towers or gleaming with villages.

There is a channel some three miles wide between the city and the mainland, and some mile and a half wide be-
 20 tween it and the sandy breakwater which divides the lagoon from the Adriatic. This is so low as hardly to disturb the impression of the city's having been built in the midst of the ocean, although the secret of its true position is partly betrayed by the clusters of piles set to
 25 mark the deep-water channels, which undulate far away in spotty chains like the studded backs of huge sea snakes, and by the quick glittering of the crisped and crowded

waves that flicker and dance before the strong winds upon the unlifted level of the shallow sea.

But the scene is widely different at low tide. A fall of eighteen or twenty inches is enough to show ground over the greater part of the lagoon ; and at the complete ebb 5 the city is seen standing in the midst of a dark plain of seaweed. Through this salt and somber plain the gondola and the fishing boat advance by tortuous channels, seldom more than four or five feet deep and often so choked with slime that the heavier keels furrow the bottom till their 10 crossing tracks are seen through the clear sea water like the ruts upon a wintry road, and the oar leaves blue gashes upon the ground at every stroke or is entangled among the thick weed that fringes the banks with the weight of its sullen waves, leaning to and fro upon the uncertain sway 15 of the exhausted tide.

The scene is often profoundly oppressive even at this day, when every plot of higher ground bears some fragment of fair building ; but in order to know what it was once, let the traveler follow in his boat at evening the 20 windings of some unfrequented channel far into the midst of the melancholy plain ; let him remove, in his imagination, the brightness of the great city that still extends itself in the distance, and the walls and towers from the islands that are near ; and so wait, until the sweet warmth 25 of the sunset is withdrawn from the waters, and the black desert of their shore lies in its nakedness beneath the

night, and he will be enabled to enter in some sort into the horror of heart with which this solitude was anciently chosen by man for his habitation. They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand and strewed the
 5 ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean and their palaces its pride.

From *Stones of Venice*

Adige (ä'dě jā) and **Piave** (pyä'vā) : rivers of northern Italy. — **calcareous** : full of shells and other forms of lime deposits. — **confluence** : running together. — **the princes of that ocean** : for many years Venice was the capital of a celebrated republic and the first sea power of the world. The ceremony by which the doge, or chief magistrate, of Venice "wedded the Adriatic" was an interesting one.

VENICE

LORD BYRON

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788-1824) ranks with the most famous of English poets. His verse, though well-nigh perfect in form, lacks something of the highest quality. The following lines are from *Childe Harold's*
 10 *Pilgrimage*.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
 A palace and a prison on each hand ;
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
 15 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times when many a subject land



Looked to the wingèd Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles !

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers,
5 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers.
And such she was ; — her daughters had their dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
10 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier ;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
15 And music meets not always now the ear ;
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here ;
States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
20 The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

Bridge of Sighs : a covered passageway leading from the doge's palace to the prisons ; so called because condemned criminals had to pass through it. — **the wingèd Lion** : the device of the Venetian republic, as the eagle is that of the United States. — **Cybele** (sī bē'lē) : the great mother of the gods in Greek and Roman mythology. — **tiara** (tī ā' rā) : Cybele is represented in art with a crown whose rim is cut to imitate the towers and battlements of a fortress. — **Tasso** : a great Italian poet. — **masque** : a gay masquerade.

EACH AND ALL

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

All are needed by each one ;
 Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
 Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;
 I brought him home, in his nest, at even ; 5
 He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
 For I did not bring home the river and sky ;
 He sang to my ear. — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
 The bubbles of the latest wave 10
 Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
 And the bellowing of the savage sea
 Greeted their safe escape to me.
 I wiped away the weeds and foam,
 I fetched my sea-born treasures home ; 15
 But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
 Had left their beauty on the shore
 With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.

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THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-1883) was an English historian who gives interesting pictures instead of dull figures and statistics.

NOTE. In 1314 a decisive battle was fought between the English and Scottish armies at Bannockburn. The heir to the throne of Scotland and
 5 the leader of her army was Robert Bruce. Bruce's success in repelling the threatened English invasion has made his name famous. Wallace and "The Bruce," as he is called, are still held in warm remembrance in Scotland as the greatest heroes of her history.

Strong and of commanding presence, brave and genial
 10 in temper, Bruce bore the hardships of his career with a courage and hopefulness which never failed. In the legends which clustered round his name we see him listening in Highland glens to the bay of the bloodhounds on his track, or holding single-handed a pass against a crowd of
 15 savage clansmen. Sometimes the little band which clung to him were forced to support themselves by hunting or fishing, sometimes to break up for safety as their enemies tracked them to the lair. Bruce himself had more than once to fling off his shirt of mail and scramble barefoot
 20 for very life up the crags.

Little by little, however, the dark sky cleared. James Douglas, the darling of Scotch story, was the first of the Lowland barons to rally again to the Bruce, and his daring gave heart to the king's cause. A terrible ferocity

mingled with heroism in the work of freedom, but the revival of the country went steadily on. Edinburgh, Roxburgh, Perth, and most of the Scotch fortresses fell one by one into King Robert's hands. The clergy met in council and owned him as their lawful lord. Gradually 5 the Scotch barons who still held to the English cause were coerced into submission, and Bruce found himself strong enough to invest Stirling, the last and the most important of the Scotch fortresses which held out for Edward. 10

Stirling was in fact the key of Scotland, and its danger roused England out of its civil strife to a vast effort for the recovery of its prey. Thirty thousand horsemen formed the fighting part of the great army which followed Edward to the north, and a host of wild marauders 15 had been summoned from Ireland and Wales to its support.

The army which Bruce had gathered to oppose the inroad was formed almost wholly of footmen, and was stationed to the south of Stirling on a rising ground flanked by a little brook, the Bannock burn which gave its 20 name to the engagement. At the opening of the battle the English archers were thrown forward to rake the Scottish squares, but they were without support and were easily dispersed by a handful of horse whom Bruce had held in reserve for the purpose. The body of men at arms 25 next flung themselves on the Scottish front, but their charge was embarrassed by the narrow space along which

the line was forced to move, and the steady resistance of the squares soon threw the knighthood into disorder. In the moment of failure the sight of a body of camp followers, whom they mistook for reënforcements to the enemy, spread panic through the English host. It broke in a headlong rout. Its thousands of brilliant horsemen were soon floundering in pits which had guarded the level ground to Bruce's left, or riding in wild haste for the border. Few, however, were fortunate enough to reach it.

10 Edward himself, with a body of five hundred knights, succeeded in escaping to Dunbar and the sea. But the flower of his knighthood fell into the hands of the victors, while the footmen were ruthlessly cut down by the country folk as they fled. For centuries after, the rich plunder of the

15 English camp left its traces on the treasure and vestment rolls of castle and abbey throughout the Lowlands.

From A Short History of the English People

savage clansmen : there was no friendliness between the Highlands and the Lowlands of Scotland, and Bruce owed his throne to the Lowlands. — **James Douglas** : called "The Black Douglas" because of his dark complexion. His name was a terror to his enemies, but both friend and foe admired his courtesy and his courage. His great-nephew was the hero of the ballad "*The Hunting of the Cheriote*." — **Edinburgh** (əd'n bū ŏ), **Roxburgh** (rōks'būr ŏ), and **Perth** : three famous fortresses in the eastern part of Scotland. — **invest** : lay siege to. — **Stirling** : a castle and town noted in Scottish history. Stirling stands midway between the east and west coasts and at the entrance of the Highlands. — **Edward** : Edward II of England, who claimed to be ruler of Scotland also. — **burn** : brook. — **rake** : destroy. — **squares** : Bruce drew up his forces in squares. — **men at arms** : soldiers fully armed. — **pits** : deep holes covered lightly with straw.

THE MARCH TO BANNOCKBURN

ROBERT BURNS

ROBERT BURNS, the beloved poet of Scotland, was born in 1759 and died in 1796. "In no heart," says Thomas Carlyle, "did the love of country ever burn with a warmer glow than in that of Burns." Nature gave him the true gift of song, a winning personality, and a sympathetic heart, yet the critic must find much in his life to pity and even to blame. 5

NOTE. Burns imagines his hero, Robert Bruce, as encouraging his men before the great battle.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
 Welcome to your gory bed, 10

Or to victorie !
 Now's the day, and now 's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lower ;
 See approach proud Edward's power —
 Chains and slaverie ! 15

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !
 Wha for Scotland's king and law 20
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa' ?
 Let him on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they *shall* be free!
 5 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do, or die!

wha hae (hwā hā): who have. — **Wallace**: a patriot and hero of Scotland. — **wham** (hwām): whom. — **often**: often. — **Edward**: Edward II of England. — **fa'** (fā): fall. — **on**: come on. — **dearest**: most vital.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 10 For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
 And oh! may heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 15 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

From *The Cotter's Saturday Night*
 ROBERT BURNS

ROBERT BURNS

THOMAS CARLYLE

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881) was a Scottish essayist, historian, and philosopher. He was a brave thinker, an honest speaker, and a strong, forceful writer.

Properly speaking, there is but one era in the life of Burns, and that the earliest. We have not youth and 5 manhood, but only youth; for, to the end, we discern no decisive change in the complexion of his character; in his thirty-seventh year he is still, as it were, in youth. . . . For the world still appears to him, as to the young, in borrowed colors; he expects from it what it cannot give 10 to any man; seeks for contentment, not within himself, in action and wise effort, but from without, in the kindness of circumstance, in love, friendship, honor, pecuniary ease. He would be happy, not actively and in himself, but passively and from some ideal cornucopia of Enjoy- 15 ment, not earned by his own labor, but showered on him by the beneficence of Destiny.

In his parentage, deducting outward circumstances, he had every reason to reckon himself fortunate. His father was a man of thoughtful, intense, earnest character, as 20 the best of our peasants are; valuing knowledge, possessing some, and, what is far better and rarer, open-minded for more; a man with a keen insight and a devout

heart ; reverent toward God, friendly, therefore, and fearless towards all that God has made. Unfortunately he was very poor ; had he been even a little richer, the whole might have issued far otherwise. Mighty events turn on a
 5 straw ; the crossing of a brook decides the conquest of the world. Had this William Burns's seven acres of ground prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school ; had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university ; come forth not as a rustic wonder, but as a
 10 well-trained, intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British literature ; for it lay in him to have done this. But Burns remained a hard-worked plowboy, and British literature took its course.

We know from the best evidence that up to this date
 15 [1781] Burns was happy ; nay, that he was the gayest, brightest, most fantastic, fascinating being to be found in the world ; more so even than he ever afterwards appeared. But now, at this early age, he quits the paternal roof and goes forth into looser, louder, more exciting society. . . .
 20 Manhood begins when we have reconciled ourselves to Necessity and thus in reality triumphed over it and felt that in Necessity we are free. Had Burns continued to learn this, as he was already learning it in his father's cottage, he would have been saved many a bitter hour
 25 and year of remorseful sorrow. From *An Essay on Burns*

cornucopia : horn of plenty : in classical mythology a magic horn which instantly became filled with whatever its possessor desired.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY (1844-1890), a native of Ireland, came to America in 1869 and soon built up for himself an enviable fame as a journalist and poet.

NOTE. The following remarkable tribute to the Pilgrim settlers of New England will repay thoughtful study. It is not easy reading, but many of the lines are well worth committing to memory. 5

So held they firm, the Fathers aye to be,
 From home to Holland, Holland to the sea;
 Pilgrims for manhood, in their little ship,
 Hope in each heart and prayer on every lip. 10



They could not live by king-made codes and creeds;
 They chose the path where every footstep bleeds.
 Protesting, not rebelling; scorned and banned;
 Through pains and prisons harried from the land;

Through double exile, — till at last they stand
 Apart from all, — unique, unworldly, true,
 Selected grain to sow the earth anew ;
 A winnowed part, a saving remnant they ;
 5 Dreamers who work, adventurers who pray !

.
 Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,
 Began the kingdom not of kings, but men :
 Began the making of the world again.

Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink
 10 A new world reached and raised an old-world link,
 When English hands, by wider vision taught,
 Threw down the feudal bars the Normans brought,
 And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
 Their ancient freedom of the wapentake !

15 Here struck the seed — the Pilgrims' roofless town,
 Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
 Where all the people equal-franchised met ;
 Where doom was writ of privilege and crown ;
 Where human breath blew all the idols down ;

20 Where crests were naught, where vulture flags were
 furred,

And common men began to own the world !

.
 Give praise to others, early-come or late,
 For love and labor on our ship of state ;

25 But this must stand above all fame and zeal :

The Pilgrim Fathers laid the ribs and keel.
 On their strong lines we base our social health, —
 The man — the home — the town — the commonwealth !
 Unconscious builders ? Yea : the conscious fail !
 Design is impotent if Nature frown. 5
 No deathless pile has grown from intellect.
 Immortal things have God for architect,
 And men are but the granite he lays down.
 Unconscious ? Yea ! They thought it might avail
 To build a gloomy creed about their lives, 10
 To shut out all dissent ; but naught survives
 Of their poor structure ; and we know to-day
 Their mission was less pastoral than lay —
 More Nation-seed than Gospel-seed were they !

 Their strict professions were not cant nor pride. 15
 Who calls them narrow, let his soul be wide !
 Austere, exclusive — ay, but with their faults,
 Their golden probity mankind exalts.
 They never lied in practice, peace, or strife ;
 They were no hypocrites ; their faith was clear ; 20
 They feared too much some sins men ought to fear :
 The lordly arrogance and avarice,
 And vain frivolity's besotting vice ;
 The stern enthusiasm of their life
 Impelled too far, and weighed poor nature down ; 25
 They missed God's smile, perhaps, to watch his frown.

- But he who digs for faults shall resurrect
 Their manly virtues born of self-respect.
 How sum their merits? They were true and brave;
 They broke no compact and they owned no slave.
- 5 They had no servile order, no dumb throat;
 They trusted first the universal vote;
 The first were they to practice and instill
 The rule of law and not the rule of will;
 They lived one noble test: who would be freed
- 10 Must give up all to follow duty's lead.
 They made no revolution based on blows,
 But taught one truth that all the planet knows,
 That all men think of, looking on a throne —
 The people may be trusted with their own!

aye (āy): ever. — **harried**: worried, driven. — **double exile**: first in Holland, then across the sea. — **selected grain**: “God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness” (Stoughton); “God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting” (Longfellow). — **hither brink**: this side. — **feudal bars**: restrictions made on English liberty by the customs of the Norman conquerors who introduced feudal slavery early in English history. — **wapentake**: an armed assembly of freemen in England, belonging to the time of the Angles and Saxons. — **privilege**: in England the nobles were allowed many privileges or favors unknown to the common people. — **crests**: decorations which only privileged classes were allowed to wear. — **vulture flags**: a favorite design for the private flag of a powerful noble was a bird of prey. — **ship of state**: the nation. — **the town**: the town meeting, the cradle of liberty, was a survival of the wapentake. — **impotent**: powerless. No plan succeeds which is contrary to nature. — **lay**: relating to the people rather than to the clergy. — **sum**: sum up. — **servile order**: a slave class, having no voice in the government. See “dumb throat,” in the same line.

ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO KENILWORTH

WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1771; he died at Abbotsford in 1832. During his youth he suffered from ill health and spent much time in the open air on his grandfather's farm. Here he became familiar with the ballads and traditions of the Scottish border, of which he afterward made use in his poems and novels. Scott has often 5 been called "The Wizard of the North," so wonderful was the power and rapidity of his work. His first novel, *Waverley*, met with instant success and was followed quickly by *Guy Mannering*, *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Quentin Durward*, and many others, the series being known as the *Waverley Novels*, from the name of the first one. The following selection is from *Kenilworth*. 10

NOTE. The description given by the author is founded upon Robert Laneham's account of Elizabeth's entertainment at Kenilworth, written in 1575.

It was the twilight of a summer night (July 9th, 1575), the sun having for some time set, and all were in anxious 15 expectation of the queen's immediate approach. The multitude had remained assembled for many hours, and their numbers were still rather on the increase. A profuse distribution of refreshments, together with roasted oxen and barrels of ale set abroad in different places of the road, 20 had kept the populace in perfect love and loyalty towards the queen and her favorite, which might have somewhat abated had fasting been added to watching. They passed away the time, therefore, with the usual popular amusements of whooping, hallooing, shrieking, and playing 25

rude tricks upon each other, forming the chorus of discordant sounds usual on such occasions. These prevailed all through the crowded roads and fields, and especially beyond the gate of the chase, where the greater number
 5 of the common sort were stationed, when all of a sudden a single rocket was seen to shoot into the atmosphere, and at the instant, far heard over flood and field, the great bell of the castle tolled.

Immediately there was a pause of dead silence, succeeded by a deep hum of expectation, the united voice of
 10 many thousands, none of whom spoke above their breath, or, to use a singular expression, the whisper of an immense multitude.

Presently there came a shout of applause, so tremendously vociferous that the country echoed for miles round.
 The guards, thickly stationed upon the road by which the queen was to advance, caught up the acclamation, which ran like wildfire to the castle, and announced to all within that Queen Elizabeth had entered the royal chase of Ken-
 20 ilworth. The whole music of the castle sounded at once, and a round of artillery, with a salvo of small arms, was discharged from the battlements; but the noise of drums and trumpets, and even of the cannon themselves, was but faintly heard amidst the roaring and reiterated wel-
 25 comes of the multitude.

As the noise began to abate, a broad glare of light was seen to appear from the gate of the park, and, broadening

and brightening as it came nearer, advanced along the open and fair avenue that led towards the gallery tower. The word was passed along the line, "The Queen! The Queen! Silence, and stand fast!" Onward came the cavalcade, illuminated by two hundred thick waxen torches, 5 in the hands of as many horsemen, which cast a light like that of broad day all around the procession, but especially on the principal group, of which the queen herself, arrayed in the most splendid manner, and blazing with jewels, formed the central figure. She was mounted on a 10 milk-white horse, which she reined with peculiar grace and dignity; and in the whole of her stately and noble carriage you saw the daughter of a hundred kings.

The ladies of the court who rode beside her majesty had taken especial care that their own appearance should 15 not be more glorious than the occasion demanded, so that no inferior luminary might appear to approach the orbit of royalty. But their personal charms, and the magnificence by which they were distinguished, exhibited them as the very flower of a realm so far famed for splendor and 20 beauty.

Leicester, who glittered like a golden image with jewels and cloth of gold, rode on her majesty's right hand, as well in quality of her host as of her master of the horse. The black steed that he mounted had not a single white hair 25 on his body, and was one of the most renowned chargers in Europe, having been purchased by the earl at large

expense for this royal occasion. As the noble animal chafed at the slow pace of the procession, and, arching his stately neck, champed on the silver bits which restrained him, the foam flew from his mouth and specked
 5 his well-formed limbs as if with spots of snow. The rider well became the high place which he held and the proud steed which he bestrode, for no man in England, or perhaps in Europe, was more perfect than Dudley in horsemanship and all other exercises belonging to his quality.
 10 He was bareheaded, as were all the courtiers in the train, and the red torchlight shone upon his long curled tresses of dark hair, and on his noble features.

The train, male and female, who attended immediately upon the queen's person were of course of the bravest
 15 and the fairest, — the highest-born nobles and the wisest counselors of that distinguished reign. Thus marshaled, the cavalcade approached the gallery tower which formed the extreme barrier of the castle.

Elizabeth received most graciously the homage of the
 20 Herculean porter, and, bending her head to him in requital, passed through his guarded tower, from the top of which was poured a clamorous blast of warlike music, which was replied to by other bands of minstrelsy placed at different points on the castle walls, and by others again
 25 stationed in the chase, while the tones of the one, as they yet vibrated on the echoes, were caught up and answered by new harmony from different quarters.



Amidst these bursts of music, which, as if the work of enchantment, seemed now close at hand, now softened by distant space, now wailing low and sweet as if that distance were gradually prolonged until only the last lingering strains could reach the ear, Queen Elizabeth crossed the gallery tower and came upon the long bridge, which extended from thence to Mortimer's Tower and which was already as light as day, so many torches had been fastened to the palisades on either side. Most of the nobles here alighted and sent their horses to the neighboring village of Kenilworth, following the queen on foot, as did the gentlemen who had stood in array to receive her at the gallery tower.

The queen had no sooner stepped on the bridge than a new spectacle was provided; for as soon as the music gave signal that she was so far advanced, a raft, so disposed as to resemble a small floating island, illuminated by a great variety of torches and surrounded by floating pageants formed to represent sea horses, on which sat Tritons, Nereids, and other fabulous deities of the seas and rivers, made its appearance upon the lake and, issuing from behind a small heronry where it had been concealed, floated gently towards the farther end of the bridge.

On the islet appeared a beautiful woman, clad in a watchet-colored silken mantle bound with a broad girdle, inscribed with characters like the phylacteries of the Hebrews. Her feet and arms were bare, but her wrists and

ankles were adorned with gold bracelets of uncommon size. Amidst her long, silky black hair she wore a crown or chaplet of artificial mistletoe, and bore in her hand a rod of ebony tipped with silver. Two nymphs attended on her, dressed in the same antique and mystical guise. 5

The pageant was so well managed that this Lady of the Floating Islands landed at Mortimer's Tower with her two attendants just as Elizabeth presented herself before that outwork. The stranger then announced herself as that famous Lady of the Lake, renowned in the stories of 10 King Arthur, who had nursed the youth of the redoubted Sir Lancelot, and whose beauty had proved too powerful both for the wisdom and the spells of the mighty Merlin. Since that early period she had remained possessed of her crystal dominions, she said, despite the various men of fame 15 and might by whom Kenilworth had been successively tenanted. The Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Clintons, the Mountforts, the Mortimers, the Plantagenets, great though they were in arms and magnificence, had never, she said, caused her to raise her head from the waters 20 which hid her crystal palace. But a greater than all these names had now appeared, and she came in homage and duty to welcome the peerless Elizabeth to all sport which the castle and its environs, which lake or land, could afford.

The queen received this address also with great cour- 25 tesy, and made answer in raillery, "We thought this lake had belonged to our own dominions, fair dame; but since

so famed a lady claims it for hers, we shall be glad at some other time to have further communing with you touching our joint interests."

With this gracious answer the Lady of the Lake
 5 vanished. But it is by no means our purpose to detail minutely all the princely festivities of Kenilworth. It is sufficient to say that under discharge of splendid fireworks the queen entered the base-court of Kenilworth through Mortimer's Tower, and, moving on through
 10 pageants of heathen gods and heroes of antiquity, who offered gifts and compliments on the bended knee, at length found her way to the great hall of the castle, gorgeously hung for her reception with the richest silken tapestry, misty with perfumes, and sounding to strains
 15 of soft and delicious music.

Abridged

her favorite: Dudley, Earl of Leicester (lēs'tēr), the master of Kenilworth. — **the chase**: an open hunting ground. — **wildfire**: a mixture of inflammable materials very hard to quench when once ignited. — **salvo**: salute. — **stand fast**: stand still. — **the daughter**: the descendant. — **his quality**: his rank. — **Herculean**: huge as Hercules, the Greek hero. — **requital**: acknowledgment. — **Tritons**: gods of the sea. — **Nereids** (nē'rē'ids): water nymphs. — **heronry**: a place where herons breed. — **watchet**: pale blue. — **phylac'teries**: amulets or charms worn by the ancient Hebrews. — **outwork**: part of the outer defense of a castle. — **Lady of the Lake**: a mysterious lady in the story of King Arthur. — **Lancelot**: the bravest of Arthur's knights. — **Merlin**: a famous enchanter. — **the Clintons, the Mountforts, etc.**: names famous in English history. — **envi'rons**: surroundings.



OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

PERCY BYSSHE (bîsh) SHELLEY (1792-1822) was one of the great English poets. He is famous for the delicate imagery of his verse.

I met a traveler from an antique land
 Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand 5
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed ; 10
 And on the pedestal these words appear :
 " My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! "
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare, 15
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Ozymandias (ôz ū mān'dī ās) : a famous king of Egypt, supposed to have lived about 2000 B.C.

THE QUARREL

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the great dramatist of the world, was born at Stratford on Avon, England, in 1564, and died there in 1616. Among his famous plays are *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *King Lear*, and *The Tempest*. Although his dramas overshadow his other
 5 writings, Shakespeare holds a high place among the great English poets as a writer of sonnets and other poems.

NOTE. In the year 44 B.C. Julius Cæsar was the head of the Roman world. Fearful of his power, seventy or eighty conspirators joined in a plot to assassinate him on the ides (the fifteenth day) of March. Brutus
 10 and Cassius, the leaders of this conspiracy, were forced to flee from the city after Cæsar's death, and soon dissension arose between them. Mark Antony and Octavius Cæsar followed them into Macedonia, a country north of Greece, to disperse the armies which they had gathered. The following scene, which is laid in Brutus' tent, shortly before the battle
 15 of Philippi, is taken from the play of *Julius Cæsar*.

Cassius. That you have wronged me doth appear in
 this :

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
 For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
 Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
 20 Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Brutus. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.

Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
 That every nice offense should bear his comment.

Brutus. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
 25 Are much condemned to have an itching palm ;

To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cassius. I an itching palm !
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honors this corruption, 5
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement !

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remember :
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab, 10
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors 15
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cassius. Brutus, bay not me ;
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I, 20
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Brutus. Go to ; you are nôt, Cassius.

Cassius. I am.

Brutus. I say you are not.

Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Brutus. Away, slight man!

Cassius. Is 't possible?

Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.

5 Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

Brutus. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart
break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,

10 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humor? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

15 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this?

Brutus. You say you are a better soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well: for mine own part,

20 I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cassius. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,

Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say "better"?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cassius. I durst not?

Brutus. No.

5

Cassius. What, durst not tempt him?

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love ;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats, 10

For I am armed so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me :

For I can raise no money by vile means : 15

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection : I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions, 20

Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces !

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

Cassius. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath rived my
heart :

5 A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

10 *Brutus.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world ;

15 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,

20 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine ; richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :

Cassius.

Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

5 *Cassius.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius.

O Brutus!

Brutus.

What's the matter?

Cassius. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Brutus.

Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,

10 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

condemned and noted: publicly disgraced. — **Lucius Pella**: a former Roman official to whom Brutus had given considerable authority. — **praying on his side**: pleading in his behalf. — **slighted off**: disregarded. — **nice**: petty, small. — **comment**: unfriendly criticism. — **condemned to have**: blamed for having. — **an itching palm**: greed for gold. — **mart**: traffic in. — **chastisement**: punishment. — **ides**: the Romans called the first day of each month "kalends"; the fifth was known as the "nones" except in March, May, July, and October, when the nones fell on the seventh; while the "ides" were eight days later than the nones. — **what villain**: who of us was such a villain. — **go to**: an expression of impatience, like our colloquial phrase *Get out!* — **choler**: anger. — **testy**: fretful. — **venom of your spleen**: poison of your anger. — **vaunting**: boasting. — **drachma** (drāk'mā): a silver coin. — **indirection**: crooked methods. — **to lock**: as to lock. — **rascal counters**: worthless coins. — **rived** (rīvd): torn. — **Olympus**: "the heaven-kissing hill" on which the gods were supposed to live. — **braved**: defied. — **conned by rote**: learned by heart. — **Plutus**: the god of riches. — **humor**: a passing mood. — **much enforced**: sharply struck. — **straight**: immediately. — **rash humor**: quick temper.

IN THE ICE PACK—I

NORMAN DUNCAN

NORMAN DUNCAN (1871—), professor of rhetoric in Washington and Jefferson College, is of Canadian birth. He has written interesting sketches of the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts.

At break of day the schooner was still fast in the grip of the floe and driving southwest with the gale. Then the 5 thin light, flowing through a rent at the horizon, spread itself over a sea all dull white and heaving, an expanse of ice, shattered and ground to bits, which rose and fell with the waves. There was a confusion of savage noises, each proceeding from the fury and dire stress of conflict; 10 far aloft, where every shivering rope and spar opposed the will of the wind, the gale howled its wrath as it split and swept on, and below decks the timbers cried out under the pressure and cruel grinding of the ice; but these were as a whimper to a scream in the sum of uproar; it was the 15 rending and crashing and crunching of the wind-driven floe, this thing of mass immense, plunging on as under the whip of a master, which filled all the vast world with noise.

The light increased; it disclosed the faces of men to men—frozen cheeks, steaming mouths, beards weighted 20 with icicles, eyes flaring in dark pits. It disclosed the littered decks, the grimy deck house and galley, the wrecked bowsprit, the abandoned wheel, the rigging sheathed with

ice, and beyond, as it pushed its way into the uttermost shadows, the solid shape of Deadly Rock and the Blueblack Shoal lying in the path of the wind.

The men had gathered with the skipper by the windlass
5 to wait for the morning, and they had been on the watch the night long.

“See the Blueblack, dead ahead?” the skipper bawled, for the confusion of ice and wind overwhelmed his voice.

They followed the direction of his arm, from the tip of
10 his frozen mit to the nearing shoal, where the sea was grinding the ice to slush. Death, it might be, confronted them, but they said nothing. The schooner was in the grip of the pack, which the wind, not their will, controlled. There was nothing to be done, no call upon strength or
15 understanding. Why talk? So they waited to see what the wind would do with the pack.

The shoal lay dead ahead in the path of the schooner’s drift. In every part of it waves shook themselves free of ice and leaped high into the wind—all white and frothy
20 against the sky, which was of the drear color of lead. The rocks stuck out of the sea like iron teeth. They were as nothing before the momentum of the pack, no hindrance to its slow, heavy onrush. The ice scraped over and between them, and with the help of the waves they
25 ground it up in the passage.

“Sure, men,” said the skipper, “’t is barbarous hard to lose the schooner.”

He looked her over from stem to stern — along her shapely rail, and aloft, over the detail of her rigging. His glance lingered here and there — lingered wistfully. She was his life's achievement ; he had builded her.

"Yes, skipper, sir, sure it is," said Saul Nash. He 5 lurched to the skipper's side and put a hand on his shoulder.

Just then Saul's young brother John approached the group. He was a slight, brown-eyed boy, with small measure of the bone and hard flesh of his mates. Saul 10 moved under the foremast shrouds and beckoned him over.

"John, boy," the man said in a tender whisper, "keep alongside of me when — when — Come," bursting into forced heartiness, "there's a good lad, now ; keep along- 15 side o' me."

John caught his breath. "Yes, Saul," he whispered. Then he had to moisten his lips. "Yes, I will," he added, quite steadily.

The swift, upward glance — the quivering glance, dart- 20 ing from the depths — betrayed the boy again. He was one of those poor, dreamful folk who fear the sea. It may be that Saul loved him for that — for that strange difference.

It began to snow, not in feathery flakes, silent and 25 soft, but the whizzing dust of flakes, which eddied and ran with the wind in blasts that stung. The snow came

sweeping from the northeast in a thick, gray cloud. It engulfed the ship. The writhing ice round about and the shoal were soon covered up and hidden. Eyes were no longer of any use in the watching ; but the skipper's ears
 5 told him, from moment to moment, that the shoal was nearer than it had been. Most of the crew went below to get warm while there was yet time, that they might *be* warm, warm and supple, in the crisis. Also they ate their fill of pork and biscuit and drank their fill of water, being
 10 wise in the ways of the ice. Some took off their jackets, to give their arms freer play in the coming fight ; some tightened their belts ; some filled their pockets with the things they loved most ; all made ready. Then they sat down to wait ; and the waiting, in that sweltering, pitch-
 15 ing hole, with its shadows and flickering light, was voiceless and fidgety.

It was the brewing time of panic. Each watched the other as if that other sought to wrest some advantage from him. Such was the temper of the men that when
 20 the skipper roared for all hands, there was a rush for the ladder and a scuffle for place at the foot of it. The old man was up on the port rail with the snow curling about him. He had a grip of the mainmast shrouds to stay himself against the wind and the lunging of the ship.
 25 The thud and swish of waves falling back and the din of grinding ice broke from the depths of the snow over the bow — from some place near and hidden — and

the gale was roaring past. The men crowded closer to hear him.

"'T is time to take to the ice," he cried.

Young John Nash was in the shelter of Saul's great body; he was touching the skirt of the man's coat like a child in a crowd. He looked from the skipper's face and from the deck to the waste of pitching ice and to the cloudy wall of snow which shut it in. Then he laid hold of a fold in the coat, which he had but touched before, and crept a little closer.

10

IN THE ICE PACK — II

The schooner was low with her weight of seal fat. It was but a short leap to the pack in which she was caught — at most, but a swinging drop from the rail. That was all; even so, as the crew went over the side the shadow of the great terror fell — fell as from a cloud approaching. There was a rush to be clear of this doomed thing of wood, to be first in the way of escape, though the end of the untraveled path was a shadow; so there was a crowding at the rail, an outcry, a snarl, and the sound of a blow. The note of human frenzy was struck — a clangorous note, breaking harshly even into the mighty rage of things overhead and roundabout; and it clanged again, in a threat and a death cry, as the men gained footing on the pack and pushed out from the schooner in the wake of Saul Nash.

25

The ice was no more than a crust of fragments which the wind kept herded close, and it rose and fell with the long, low heave of the waves. Save upon a few scattered pans, which had resisted the grinding of the pack, there
 5 was no place where a man could rest his foot; for where he set it down, there it sank. He must leap — leap — leap — from one sinking fragment to another, choosing in a flash where next to alight, or the pack would let him through and close over his head.

10 Moreover, the wind swept across the pack with full force and a stinging touch, and it was filled with the dust of snow; a wind which froze and choked and blinded where it could.

“We ’ll wait here,” said Saul, between convulsive pants,
 15 when with John and old Bill Anderson he had come to rest on a small pan. He turned his back to the wind to catch his breath. “We ’ll clear the shoal here,” he added.

Then a hush fell upon the ice, a hush that deepened and spread, and soon left only the swish of the gale and
 20 the muffled roar of the shoal. The driving force of the wind had somewhere been mysteriously counteracted. The pressure was withdrawn. The pack was free. It would swerve outward from the Blueblack Shoal.

“Back, men! She ’ll go clear of the shoal!”

25 That was the skipper. They could see him standing with his back to the gale and his hands to his mouth. Beyond, in the midst of snow, the schooner lay tossing.

The pack thinned and fell away into its fragments. The way back was vanishing, even the sinking way over which they had come.

It was then perceived that the schooner was drifting faster than the pack through which she was pushing. As 5 the ice fell away before her, her speed increased. The crew swerved to head her off. When Saul and John came to that one patch of loose ice where the rail was within reach, a crowd of seven was congested there, and with brute unreason they were fighting for the first grip. . . . 10

The schooner was drifting faster. The loosened pack divided before her prows. She was scraping through the ice, leaving it behind her, faster and faster yet. The blind crowd amidships plunged along with her, all the while losing something of their position. 15

"Steady, John, boy!" said Saul. "Forward there, under the quarter!"

"Yes, Saul. Oh, make haste!"

In a moment they were under the forward quarter, standing firm on a narrow pan of ice, waiting for the drift 20 of the schooner to bring the rail within reach. When that time came, Saul caught the lad in his arms and lifted him high. But even as John drew himself up, a hand was raised to catch his foot. Saul struck at the arm. Then the fight was upon him. A man clambered on his back. 25 He felt his foothold sinking, tipping, sinking. The rest trampled over them. Before they could recover and make

good their footing, the ship had drifted past. They were cut off from her by the open water in her wake. She slipped away like a shadow, vaguer grew, and vanished in the swirling snow. But Saul knew that John was
5 aboard and would come safe to Ragged Harbor. . . .

Saul gathered his strength to continue the fight, to meet the stress and terrors of the hours to come. Soon the seas came with new venom and might; they were charged with broken ice which added weight and terror to
10 the waves. They bruised and dazed and sorely hurt the man when they fell upon him. No wave came but carried jagged chunks of ice, some great and some small. Saul shielded his head with his arms. He was struck on the legs and on the left side, and once he was struck on the
15 breast and knocked down. Again, after a time — it may now have been three hours before midnight — other greater waves came. They broke over his head. They cast their weight of ice upon him. There seemed to be no end to their number. Once Saul, rising from where they had
20 beaten him, rising doggedly to face them again, found that his right arm was powerless. He tried to lift it, but could not. He felt a bone grate over a bone in his shoulder, and a stab of pain. So he shielded his head from the ice in the next wave with his left arm, and thus it went on
25 in diminishing degree for fifteen hours longer.

The folk of Neighborly Cove say that when the wind once more herded the pack and drove it inshore, Saul

Nash, being alone, made his way across four miles of loose ice to the home of Abraham Coachman, where they had corn meal for dinner; but Saul has forgotten all that befell him after the sea struck him on the shoulder, — the things of the whirling night, of the lagging dawn, when 5 the snow thinned and ceased, and of the gray, frowning day, when the waves left him in peace. A crooked shoulder and a broad scar tell him that the fight was hard. But what matter? Notwithstanding all, when next the sea baited its traps with swarming herds, he set forth with 10 John, his brother, to the hunt; for the world which lies hidden in the wide beyond has some strange need of seal fat, and stands ready to pay, as of course. What matter — all this toil and peril — when the strength of a man provides so bounteously that his children may pass their 15 plates for more? What matter — in the end? Ease is a shame, and, for truth, old age holds nothing for any man save a seat in a corner and the sound of voices drifting in.

Abridged from *The Way of the Sea*

floe: a low, flat mass of floating ice. — **galley**: the kitchen of a vessel. — **pack**: a large area of floating ice driven more or less closely together. — **shrouds**: ropes which support the mast. — **port**: left, as opposed to *starboard*, right. — **lunging**: plunging, leaping. — **clangorous** (clăn'gēr ūs): ringing. — **pans**: large blocks of floating ice. — **quarter**: the side of a vessel between the middle portion and the stern. — **swarming herds**: herds of seal which visit the Newfoundland and Labrador coast each year in great numbers. — **What matter**, etc.: these reflections are those of the seal hunter, whose daily food depends upon his courage to meet such hardships.

A LOST REVENGE

WALTER SCOTT

NOTE. The following pages are dramatized from a chapter of *Quentin Durward*. Louis XI of France, after crafty attempts to extend his power, has become, through superstitious confidence in his "lucky stars," the prisoner of his dreaded vassal, Charles, Duke of Burgundy. The king has
 5 been allowed to retain a few of his followers; these consist of a member of his Scottish guard, named Balafré, his provost Tristan, with two assistants, and the famous astrologer Galeotti, whom Louis begins to distrust.

SCENE. *A small, dreary room, scantily furnished and hung with ragged tapestry. Louis is seated; Balafré stands before him in a*
 10 *soldierly attitude of attention.*

Louis. My good soldier, thou hast served me long and hast had little promotion. We are here in a case where I may either live or die, but I would not die an ungrateful man, or leave either a friend or an enemy un-
 15 recompensed. Now, I have a friend that is to be rewarded, that is thyself; an enemy to be punished according to his deserts, and that is the base, treacherous villain, Martius Galeotti, who by his impostures and specious falsehoods has trained me hither into the power of my mortal
 20 enemy with the firm purpose of my destruction.

Balafré. I will challenge him on that quarrel, since they say he is a fighting blade, though he looks somewhat unwieldy. I doubt not but the Duke of Burgundy will allow us a fair field; and if your Majesty live so long and enjoy
 25 so much freedom, you shall behold me do battle in your

right, and take as proper a vengeance on this philosopher as your heart could desire.

Louis. I commend your bravery and your devotion to my service; but this treacherous villain is a stout man at arms, and I would not willingly risk thy life, my brave soldier. 5

Balafré. I were no brave soldier, may it please your Majesty, if I dared not face a better man than he.

Louis. Nevertheless it is not our pleasure so to put thee in venture, Balafré. This traitor comes hither, summoned by our command. We would have thee, so soon as thou 10 canst find occasion, smite him under the fifth rib. Dost thou understand me?

Balafré. Truly I do, but, if it please your Majesty, this is a matter entirely out of my course of practice. I could not kill you a dog unless it were in hot assault or such like. 15

Louis. Why, surely *thou* dost not pretend to tenderness of heart! thou who hast been first in storm and siege.

Balafré. My lord, I have neither feared nor spared your enemies. God pity us poor soldiers who are first driven mad with danger, and then madder with victory! But 20 what your Majesty purposes is out of my course of practice, though I will never deny that it has been wide enough. As for the astrologer, if he be a traitor let him die a traitor's death; I will neither meddle nor make with it. Your Majesty has your provost and two of his men without, 25 who are more fit for dealing with him than is a Scottish gentleman of my family and standing in the service.

Louis. You say well, but at least it belongs to thy duty to prevent interruption, and to guard the execution of my most just sentence.

Balafré. I will do so faithfully. Your Majesty need not
5 doubt my fealty in that which I can reconcile to my conscience, which, for mine own convenience and the service of your Royal Majesty, I can vouch to be a pretty large one ; at least, I know I have done some deeds for your Majesty which I would rather have eaten a handful of my
10 own dagger than have done for any one else.

Louis. Let that rest, and hear you, when Galeotti is admitted and the door shut on him, do you stand guard at the entrance. Let no one intrude ; that is all I require of you. Go hence and send the provost marshal to me.

Exit Balafré

Enter Tristan

15 *Louis.* Welcome, gossip ! What thinkest thou of our situation ?

Tristan. As of men sentenced to death, unless there come a reprieve from the duke.

• *Louis.* Reprieved or not, he that decoyed us into this
20 snare shall go ahead of us to the next world to take up our lodgings. Tristan, thou hast done many an act of brave justice — thou must stand by me to the end.

Tristan. I will, my liege. I am a plain fellow, but I am grateful. I will do my duty within these walls or elsewhere,
25 and your sentence shall be as literally executed as when

you sat upon your throne. They may deal with me the next hour for it if they will; I care not.

Louis. It is even what I expected of thee, my gossip. But hast thou good assistance? The traitor is strong and able-bodied and will doubtless be clamorous for aid. The 5 Scot will do naught but keep the door, and it is well that he can be brought to that by flattery and humoring. Have you men and means to make sharp and sure work?

Tristan. I have with me two assistants so expert in their office that out of three men they would hang up one 10 ere his companions were aware. But what is to be our present subject, if it please your Majesty? I like to be sure of my man, for, as your Majesty is pleased sometimes to remind me, I have now and then mistaken the criminal and strung up in his place an honest laborer who had 15 given your Majesty no offense.

Louis. Most true. Know then, Tristan, the condemned person is Martius Galeotti. You start, but it is even as I say. The villain hath trained us all hither by his falsehoods, that he might put us into the hands of the Duke 20 of Burgundy.

Tristan. But not without vengeance. Would you have it done in your presence, my gracious liege?

Louis. Nay; but I will see the villain once more, to observe how he bears himself toward the master whom he 25 has led into the toils. Why do you tarry? Go get your grooms ready. I expect the villain instantly. Begone,

Tristan; thou wert not wont to be so slow when business was to be done.

Tristan. On the contrary, may it please your Majesty, you were ever wont to say that I was too fast and mis-
 5 took your purpose. Now please your Majesty to give me a sign when you part with Galeotti, whether the business goes on or no. I have known your Majesty once or twice to change your mind and to blame me for overdispatch.

Louis. Thou suspicious creature! I tell thee I will *not*
 10 change my mind; but, to silence thy remonstrance, observe: If I say to the knave at parting, "There is a heaven above us!" then let the business go on; but if I say, "Go in peace!" you will understand that my purpose is altered.

Tristan. My head is somewhat of the dullest out of my
 15 own department. Stay, let me rehearse: If you bid him depart in peace, am I to have him dealt upon?

Louis. No, no, idiot, no! in that case you let him pass free. But if I say, "There is a heaven above us!" up with him a yard or two nearer the planets he is so con-
 20 versant with.

Exit Tristan

Enter Galeotti

Galeotti. Every good planet be gracious to your Majesty! Every evil constellation withhold its influence from my royal master!

Louis. Methinks when you look around this apartment,
 25 when you think where it is situated and how guarded, your wisdom might consider that my propitious stars had

proved faithless, and that evil conjunction had already done its worst. Art thou not ashamed, Martius Galeotti, to see me here and a prisoner, when you recollect by what assurances I was lured hither?

Galeotti. And art *thou* not ashamed, my royal sire, to turn from the first frown of fortune, like a craven from the first clash of arms? Dost thou shrink from the first pressure of adversity, frightened out of the course, like a scared racer, by shadowy and unreal evils?

Louis. Shadowy and unreal! frontless as thou art! Is this dungeon unreal? the weapons of my guards, which you may hear clash at the gate, are these shadows? What, traitor, *are* real evils, if imprisonment, dethronement, and danger to life are not so?

Galeotti. Ignorance, ignorance, my brother, and prejudice are the only real evils. Believe me, that kings in the plenitude of power, if immersed in ignorance and prejudice, are less free than sages in a dungeon and loaded with material chains. Toward this true happiness it is mine to guide you; be it yours to attend to my instructions.

Louis. And it is to such freedom that your lessons would have guided me! I wish you had told me that the dominion promised me so liberally was an empire over my own passions. I might surely have attained this mental ascendancy at a more moderate price than that of forfeiting the fairest crown in Christendom. Go, sir, and think not to escape punishment. *There is a heaven above us!*

Galeotti. I leave you not to your fate until I have vindicated even in your eyes, darkened as they are, that reputation, a brighter gem than the brightest in thy crown, at which the world shall wonder ages after all
5 the race of Capet are moldered into oblivion.



Louis. Speak on ; thine impudence cannot make me change my purposes or my opinion. Confess that I am a dupe, thou an impostor, thy pretended science a dream, and the planets which shine above us as little influential
10 of our destiny as their shadows, when reflected in the river, are capable of altering its course.

Galeotti. How knowest thou the secret influence of yonder blessed lights? Even the weakest, the moon, holds under her domination not such poor streams as the Somme, but the tides of the mighty ocean itself. . . . The end is not yet. Thine own tongue shall ere long confess the benefit which thou hast already received from the favorable conjunction of the planets. 5

Louis. This is too — too insolent, at once to deceive and to insult! Hence, and think not my wrongs shall be unavenged. There is a heaven above us! Yet stop! 10 Thou bearest thine imposture bravely out. Let me hear your answer to one question, and think ere you speak. Can thy pretended skill ascertain the hour of thine own death?

Galeotti. Only by referring to the fate of another. 15

Louis. I understand not thine answer.

Galeotti. Know then, O king, that this only can I tell with certainty concerning mine own death, that it shall take place exactly twenty-four hours before that of your Majesty. 20

Louis. Ha! sayest thou so? Hold — hold, go not, wait one moment. Martius Galeotti, I have been a kind master to thee, enriched thee, made thee my friend, my companion, and my instructor. Be open with me. Is there aught in this art of yours? And is the measure of our 25 lives so very, *very* nearly matched? Confess, my good Martius, you speak after the trick of your trade. Confess,

I pray you, and you shall have no displeasure at my hand. I am in years, a prisoner, likely to be deprived of a kingdom; to one in my condition truth is worth kingdoms, and it is to thee, dearest Martius, that I must look for
5 this inestimable jewel.

Galeotti. And I have laid it before your Majesty at the risk that in brutal passion you might turn upon me and rend me.

Louis. Who, I, Galeotti? Alas, thou mistakest me.
10 Am I not captive, and should I not be patient? Tell me, then, in sincerity, have you fooled me, or is your science true?

Galeotti. Your Majesty will forgive me if I reply to you that time only, time and the event, will convince
15 incredulity. A day or two days will prove or disprove what I have averred. I wish your Majesty good rest.

Louis. To-morrow we will talk more of this. Go in peace, my learned father, go in peace, *go in peace!*

Louis XI: an able but unscrupulous king of France in the fifteenth century. — **Balafré** (bál á frä). — **provost** (prö vō'): a military official in charge of prisoners. — **Galeotti** (gä lä öt'ti): an Italian philosopher. — **astrologer**: one who pretends to foretell events from the appearance of the stars and planets. — **trained**: enticed, coaxed. — **blade**: fellow. — **man at arms**: a soldier fully armed. — **meddle nor make**: an old English phrase meaning "to interfere." — **fealty** (fē'al tŷ): loyalty. — **gossip**: comrade. — **con'versant**: well acquainted. — **propitious**: favorable. — **conjunction**: the close relation of two planets or of a planet and a star. — **frontless**: impertinent. — **Ca'pet**: the royal family to which Louis belonged. — **Somme** (sōm): a river of northern France. — **in years**: growing old. — **rend**: destroy. The reference here is to Matthew vii. 6.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE

TRANSLATED FROM HOMER BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

NOTE. Homer is one of the greatest names in the world's literature. To him we owe the great epics, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. He lived several hundred years before the Christian era, and it was not until long after his death that his poems were put into writing. Tradition represents him as a blind minstrel, wandering about Greece and Asia Minor and telling 5 to the music of his lyre the wonderful deeds of his country's heroes.

The long poem of the *Iliad* deals with the events of the Trojan War, which is supposed to have taken place many years before the time of Homer. The war had continued for nine years without decisive result, when a quarrel arose between Achilles and Agamemnon, two of the Greek leaders. 10 Achilles sulked in his tent and refused to fight. Here the poem of the *Iliad* begins. The following lines are from Book VI and describe the farewell meeting of Hector, the Trojan prince, and his wife Andromache. Troy has been hotly besieged and Hector has returned to the city to arrange for an appeal to Minerva in its behalf. Before he goes back to the 15 field he seeks his wife Andromache.

She came attended by a maid, who bore
 A tender child — a babe too young to speak —
 Upon her bosom, — Hector's only son,
 Beautiful as a star, whom Hector called 20
 Scamandrius, but all else Astyanax, —
 The city's lord, — since Hector stood the sole
 Defense of Troy. The father on his child
 Looked with a silent smile. Andromache
 Pressed to his side meanwhile, and all in tears, 25
 Clung to his hand, and thus beginning, said : —

"Too brave! thy valor yet will cause thy death.
 Thou hast no pity on thy tender child,
 Nor me, unhappy one, who soon must be
 Thy widow. All the Greeks will rush on thee
 5 To take thy life. A happier lot were mine,
 If I must leave thee, to go down to earth,
 For I shall have no hope when thou art gone, —
 Nothing but sorrow. Father have I none,
 And no dear mother. . . .

Hector, thou
 10 Art father and dear mother now to me,
 And brother and my youthful spouse besides.
 In pity keep within the fortress here,
 Nor make thy child an orphan nor thy wife
 A widow. Post thine army near the place
 15 Of the wild fig tree, where the city walls
 Are low and may be scaled. Thrice in the war
 The boldest of the foe have tried the spot." . . .

Then answered Hector, great in war, "All this
 I bear in mind, dear wife; but I should stand
 20 Ashamed before the men and long-robed dames
 Of Troy, were I to keep aloof and shun
 The conflict, coward-like. Not thus my heart
 Prompts me, for greatly have I learned to dare
 And strike among the foremost sons of Troy,
 25 Upholding my great father's fame and mine;
 Yet well in my undoubting mind I know

The day shall come in which our sacred Troy
 And Priam, and the people over whom
 Spear-bearing Priam rules, shall perish all.
 But not the sorrows of the Trojan race,
 Nor those of Hecuba herself, nor those 5
 Of royal Priam, nor the woes that wait
 My brothers many and brave, — who all at last,
 Slain by the pitiless foe, shall lie in dust, —
 Grieve me so much as thine, when some mailed Greek
 Shall lead thee weeping hence, and take from thee 10
 Thy day of freedom. Thou in Argos then
 Shalt, at another's bidding, ply the loom,
 And from the fountain of Messeis draw
 Water, or from the Hyperian spring,
 Constrained unwilling by thy cruel lot. 15
 And then shall some one say who sees thee weep,
 'This was the wife of Hector, most renowned
 Of the horse-taming Trojans, when they fought
 Around their city.' So shall some one say,
 And thou shalt grieve the more, lamenting him 20
 Who haply might have kept afar the day
 Of thy captivity. Oh, let the earth
 Be heaped above my head in death before
 I hear thy cries as thou art borne away!
 So speaking, mighty Hector stretched his arms 25
 To take the boy; the boy shrank crying back
 To his fair nurse's bosom, scared to see

His father helmeted in glittering brass,
 And eying with affright the horsehair plume
 That grimly nodded from the lofty crest.
 At this both parents in their fondness laughed ;
 5 And hastily the mighty Hector took
 The helmet from his brow and laid it down
 Gleaming upon the ground, and having kissed
 His darling son and tossed him up in play,
 Prayed thus to Jove and all the gods of heaven : —

10 “ O Jupiter and all ye deities,
 Vouchsafe that this my son may yet become
 Among the Trojans eminent like me,
 And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say,
 ‘ This man is greater than his father was ! ’ . . .
 15 That so his mother may be glad at heart.”

So speaking, to the arms of his dear spouse
 He gave the boy ; she on her fragrant breast
 Received him, weeping as she smiled. The chief
 Beheld, and, moved with tender pity, smoothed
 20 Her forehead gently with his hand and said : —

“ Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for me.
 No living man can send me to the shades
 Before my time ; no man of woman born,
 Coward or brave, can shun his destiny.
 25 But go thou home and tend thy labors there, —
 The web, the distaff, — and command thy maids
 To speed the work. The cares of war pertain

To all men born in Troy, and most to me.”

Thus speaking, mighty Hector took again
His helmet, shadowed with the horsehair plume,
While homeward his beloved consort went,
Oft looking back and shedding many tears.

5

Hector: son of Priam, king of Troy. — **Andromache** (ăn drôm'ă kĕ): the wife of Hector. — **Odyssey** (ôd'is sÿ): the story of Odysseus (ô d'is'ūs), or Ulysses, a wise leader of the Greeks. — **Achilles** (ă kîl'ēs) and **Agamemnon** (ăg a mēm'nŏn): two of the Greek warriors. — **Troy**: an ancient city of Asia Minor. — **an appeal to Minerva**: the whole story of the *Iliad* turns upon the intervention of the gods in human affairs. Minerva was the goddess of wisdom and of war. — **Scamandrius** (scă măn'drĭ ūs), or **Asty-anax**: the son of Hector. — **to go down to earth**: to die. — **Hecuba** (hĕk'ŭ bā): the wife of Priam. — **mailed**: clad in armor. — **Argos** (ăr'gös): a city of Greece near Thessaly. It was part of the region over which the father of Achilles was king. There was another and more famous Argos farther south. — **Messe'is** and the **Hyperian** (hĭp ĕ rĭ'an) **spring**: two springs in the neighborhood of the northern Argos. — **Jove**: the chief of the gods, also known as Zeus (zūs) and Jupiter. — **Ilium** (îl'ĭ ūm): the Greek name for Troy.





THE DEPARTURE OF TELEMACHUS

RETOLD FROM HOMER'S ODYSSEY

NOTE. The *Odyssey* tells of the adventures of Odysseus, or Ulysses, on his way home from the Trojan War, and of the search for him by his son Telemachus. Pallas Athene's pity has been stirred by the sufferings of Odysseus. Disguised as an elderly man, she goes to Ithaca and rouses his

- 5 son to set forth in search of him. She finds the youth greatly distressed by the crowd of suitors who throng his mother's house, and who have succeeded in convincing him that his father will never return. Athene tells him that a ship is waiting for him if he will undertake the journey. In his heart Telemachus recognizes the goddess and consents to go.
- 10 The following lines are not a close translation, but a metrical abridgment of the opening of the story.

- Now sank the sun and all the ways grew dark.
 Clear-eyed Athene moored the waiting ship
 Close by the harbor's mouth. Then sped she swift
 15 And, having lulled the suitors with sweet sleep,
 Thus spake she to discreet Telemachus:
 "Come, let us go. There is no time to waste.
 Your comrades all are ready at the oar."

She led the way and at the vessel's stern
 She took her seat, while many willing hands
 Bound the straight mast and tightened the white sail.

So through the night the black ship kept her way,
 The singing west wind ever at her heels, 5
 And when the sun once more had climbed the sky,
 They came to Pylos, Neleus' citadel,
 Where, grouped upon the shore, the townsfolk stood
 And offered up their bounteous sacrifice
 To lord Poseidon, ruler of the sea. 10

Then spake the clear-eyed goddess to the lad :
 "No shyness now ! The time for that is gone.
 Go straight to Nestor yonder ; there he sits.
 Ask him yourself to tell the simple truth
 For honesty and candor dwell in him." 15
 Then answered her discreet Telemachus :
 "How can I importune a great man thus ?
 Will he not think me overbold and rude ?
 In subtleties of speech I am not bred."
 "Fear not," the goddess said, "for you will find 20
 Some heaven-sent promptings when you come to speak."

So saying they set forth to meet their hosts
 Who welcomed them with eager, friendly hands,
 And gave them food and drink in courteous wise.
 This done the ancient Nestor thus began : 25

“Strangers, since now ye are with food refreshed,
 Where do ye come from? Whither do ye go?
 Are ye upon some urgent errand sent?
 Or do ye rove at pleasure o’er these seas?”

5 Then answered him discreet Telemachus:
 “O Nestor, son of Neleus, honored sage!
 From Ithaca we come some word to seek
 Of my lamented father, who, men say,
 Fought side by side with you in days gone by.
 10 For none can tell us where Odysseus died,
 Whether he was o’erwhelmed on land or sea.
 I beg you tell me freely what you know,
 Nor let your pity hide from me the truth.”

 Then answered him the great Gerenian knight:
 15 “O youth, what woes we suffered in those days —
 Those years of fighting in the Trojan land!
 Yet still your royal father brought us through,
 And always in our thoughts we two agreed.
 But not in safety did all reach their homes,
 20 For bitter strife arose among us there.
 Half of the host held back and would not sail,
 I, with my ships, pressed onward, fearing ill.
 And so, dear lad, in ignorance I came,
 Having no news of those we left behind.
 25 Go, visit Menelaus. He may know,
 For he is lately come from distant lands

And from that vast and fearful unknown sea.
 Ask him yourself to tell the simple truth,
 For honesty and candor dwell in him."

When he had ceased Athene answered him :
 "O Sire, these words of yours are fitly said ; 5
 But now the fading day has turned to night
 And it is time that we should seek our rest."
 Then did Athene and the youthful prince
 Set off together for their hollow ship,
 But Nestor chided them reproachfully : 10
 "Am I a man who owns no goods nor gear?
 Have I not rugs and robes enough at home
 To make you warm and comfortable there?
 And shall the son of great Odysseus lie
 On a ship's deck, while I am housed in ease? 15

Then said the goddess to him graciously :
 "Well have you said, and surely it is meet
 That prince Telemachus should heed your words.
 He, then, will sleep to-night within your halls.
 But as for me I go to the black ship 20
 And tell my men their duties, for I am
 The only man of years among them all."

But even as she spake the goddess changed
 Her form, and they beheld a great sea bird
 Who passed into the night. Awe fell on all. 25

The old man marveled as he gazed, and cried,
 "It was none other than Athene's self!
 Dear child, you must not fail in strength of heart,
 Since at your age the gods become your guides."

Telem'achus : the son of Odysseus. — **Pallas Athene** (à thē'nē) : the goddess of wisdom ; Minerva. — **Ithaca** : a rocky island, the home of Odysseus. — **Pylos** (pī'lōs) : a city on the western coast of Greece, built by Neleus (nē'lūs), who was said to be the grandson of Poseidon (pō sī'dōn) or Neptune, the god of the ocean. — **Nestor** : the wise old counselor of the Greeks. — **Gere'nian** : a native of Gerenia, a Grecian city. — **Menela'us** : one of the Greek leaders. The Trojan War was fought because his wife Helen had been carried off by a Trojan prince. — **gear** : property.

TO A SKYLARK

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

5 Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
 10 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

 Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine ;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
 15 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam ;
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

THE BEGINNINGS OF TENNESSEE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (rōs'ē vēlt) was born in 1858 in New York City. As governor of his native state and as President he has proved himself a man of vigorous personality, high ideals, and a wide range of interests.

In 1769, the year that Boon first went to Kentucky, the first permanent settlers came to the banks of the 5 Watauga, the settlement being merely an enlargement of one in Virginia. At first the settlers thought that they were still in the domain of Virginia, for at that time the line marking her southern boundary had not been run so far west. Indeed, had they not considered the land as 10 belonging to Virginia they would probably not at the moment have dared to intrude farther on territory claimed by the Indians.

In 1771, one of the newcomers, who was a practical surveyor, discovered that the Watauga settlement came 15 within the limits of North Carolina. Hitherto the settlers had supposed that they were governed by the Virginian law, and that their rights as against the Indians were guaranteed by the Virginian government; but this discovery threw them back upon their own resources. 20 They suddenly found themselves obliged to organize a civil government under which they themselves should live, and at the same time to enter into a treaty on their

own account with the neighboring Indians, to whom the land they were on apparently belonged.

The first need was even more pressing than the second. North Carolina was a turbulent and disorderly colony, 5 unable to enforce law and justice even in the long-settled districts; so that it was wholly out of the question to appeal to her for aid in governing a remote and outlying community. Moreover, about the time the Watauga commonwealth was founded the troubles in North Carolina 10 came to a head. Open war ensued between the adherents of the royal governor, Tryon, on the one hand and the Regulators, as the insurgents styled themselves, on the other, the struggle ending with the overthrow of the Regulators at the battle of the Alamance.

15 As a consequence of these troubles many people from the back counties of North Carolina crossed the mountains and took up their abode among the Watauga pioneers. Among the first comers were many members of the class of desperate adventurers always to be found 20 hanging round the outskirts of frontier civilization. But the bulk of the settlers were men of sterling worth, fit to be the pioneer fathers of a mighty and beautiful state. They possessed the courage that enabled them to defy outside foes, together with the rough, practical common 25 sense that allowed them to establish a simple but effective form of government, so as to preserve order among themselves.

To succeed in the wilderness it was necessary to possess not only daring but also patience and the capacity to endure grinding toil. The pioneers were hunters and husbandmen. Each, by the aid of ax and brand, cleared his patch of corn land in the forest, close to some clear, swift-
 flowing stream, and by his skill with the rifle won from
 canebrake and woodland the game on which his family
 lived until the first crop was grown. 5

A few of the more reckless lived entirely by themselves, but as a rule each knot of settlers was gathered together
 into a little stockaded hamlet, called a fort or station. 10
 This system of defensive villages was distinctive of pioneer backwoods life and was unique of its kind; without it the settlement of the West and Southwest would have
 been indefinitely postponed. In no other way could the
 settlers have combined for defense, while yet retaining
 their individual ownership of the lands. The Watauga
 forts or palisaded villages were of the usual kind, the
 cabins and blockhouses connected by a heavy, loopholed
 picket. They were admirably adapted for defense with
 the rifle, and they offered a haven of refuge to the
 settlers in case of an Indian inroad. In time of peace
 the inhabitants moved out, to live in their isolated log
 cabins and till the stump-dotted clearings. Trails led
 through the dark forests from one station to another,
 as well as to the settled districts beyond the mountains;
 and at long intervals men drove along them bands of 25

pack horses, laden with the few indispensable necessities the settlers could not procure by their own labor. The pack horse was the first, and for a long time the only, method of carrying on trade in the backwoods, and the business of the packer was one of the leading frontier industries.

The pioneers worked hard and hunted hard and lived both plainly and roughly. Their cabins were roofed with clapboards or huge shingles, split from the log with maul and wedge and held in place by heavy stones or by poles; the floors were made of puncheons, hewn smooth on one surface; the chimney was outside the hut, made of rock when possible, otherwise of logs thickly plastered with clay; the unglazed window had a wooden shutter, and the door was made of great clapboards. The men made their own harness, farming implements, and domestic utensils; and, as in every other community still living in the heroic age, the smith was a person of the utmost importance. There was but one thing that all could have in any quantity, and that was land; each had all of this he wanted for the taking, or, if it was known to belong to the Indians, he got its use for a few trinkets or a flask of whisky. The corn shuckings, flax pullings, logrollings (when the felled timber was rolled off the clearings), house raisings, and the like were scenes of boisterous and light-hearted merriment to which the whole neighborhood came, for it was accounted an insult if a man were not asked to

help on such occasions, and none but a base churl would refuse his assistance.

Such were the settlers of the Watauga, the founders of the commonwealth that grew into the state of Tennessee. They were the first Americans who, as a separate body, 5 moved into the wilderness to hew out dwellings for themselves and their children, trusting only to their own shrewd heads, stout hearts, and strong arms, unhelped and unhampered by the power nominally their sovereign. They built up a commonwealth which had many successors; they 10 showed that the frontiersmen could do their work unassisted; for they proved that they were made of stuff stern enough to hold its own against outside pressure of any sort. . . . The Watauga settlers outlined in advance the nation's work. They tamed the rugged and shaggy 15 wilderness, they bid defiance to outside foes, and they successfully solved the difficult problem of self-government.

Abridged from *The Winning of the West*

Boon : Daniel Boon (or Boone) was a Pennsylvania hunter whose zest for the wild life of the wilderness led to the settlement of Kentucky. — **Watau'ga** : a stream in eastern Tennessee which is a tributary of the Tennessee River. — **Al'amance** : a creek in North Carolina. The battle was fought in 1771. — **brand** : a blazing piece of wood. — **canebrake** : a thicket of canes or plants with long, smooth stems. — **stockaded** : protected by a stockade, or high wooden barrier. — **blockhouse** : a house fitted to serve as a fort. — **maul** : a heavy wooden hammer. — **puncheons** : split logs or heavy slabs of wood, smoothed on one side.

THE SURPRISE OF KASKASKIA

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

NOTE. One of the chief of the backwoodsmen was George Rogers Clark, a bold and ambitious leader, who had long planned the conquest of the country beyond the Ohio. It was occupied by warlike Indians, ancient French hamlets, and forts garrisoned by the British king. While the
5 Revolution was in progress, Clark determined to capture these British posts and conquer the French settlements, thus winning the whole territory for the new federal republic. With the approval of Patrick Henry, who was at that time governor of Virginia, Clark raised a small number of troops, about one hundred and fifty in all, and began his march.

10 On the evening of the Fourth of July, 1778, they reached the river Kaskaskia, within three miles of the town which lay on the farther bank. They kept in the shadow of the woods until it grew dusk, and then marched silently to a little farm a mile from the town. The fam-
15 ily were taken prisoners, and from them Clark learned that some days before, the townspeople had been alarmed at the rumor of a possible attack, but that their suspicions had been lulled and they were then off their guard.

Getting boats the American leader ferried his men
20 across the stream under cover of the darkness and in profound silence, the work occupying about two hours. He then approached Kaskaskia under cover of the night, dividing his force into two divisions, one being spread out to surround the town so that none might escape,
25 while he himself led the other up to the walls of the fort.

Inside the fort the lights were lit, and through the windows came the sound of violins. The officers of the post had given a ball, and the mirth-loving young men and girls were dancing within, while the sentinels had left their posts. One of his captives showed Clark a postern 5 gate by the riverside, and through this he entered the fort, having placed his men round about at the entrance.



Advancing to the great hall where the revel was held, he leaned silently with folded arms against the doorpost, looking at the dancers. An Indian, lying on the floor of 10 the entry, gazed intently on the stranger's face, as the light from the torches within flickered across it, and suddenly sprang to his feet uttering the unearthly war whoop. Instantly the dancing ceased; the women screamed, while the men ran toward the door. But Clark, standing 15 unmoved and with unchanged face, grimly bade them

continue their dancing, but to remember that they now danced under Virginia and not Great Britain. At the same time his men burst into the fort and seized the French officers.

5 Immediately Clark had every street secured, and sent runners through the town, ordering the people to keep close to their houses on pain of death; and by daylight he had them all disarmed. The backwoodsmen patrolled the town in little squads, while the French in silent terror
10 cowered within their low-roofed houses. Clark was quite willing that they should fear the worst, and their panic was very great. The mysterious approach and sudden onslaught of the backwoodsmen, their wild and uncouth appearance, and the ominous silence of their commander,
15 all combined to fill the French with fearful forebodings for their future fate.

Next morning a deputation of the chief men waited upon Clark, and, thinking themselves in the hands of mere brutal barbarians, all they dared to do was to beg
20 for their lives. Now came Clark's chance for his winning stroke. He knew it was hopeless to expect his little band permanently to hold down a much more numerous hostile population; he wished above all things to convert the inhabitants into ardent adherents of the American
25 government.

So he explained at length that though the Americans came as conquerors, yet it was ever their principle to free,

not to enslave, the people with whom they came in contact. If the French chose to become loyal citizens and to take the oath of fidelity to the republic, they should be welcomed to all the privileges of Americans; those who did not so choose should be allowed to depart from the 5 land in peace with their families.

The mercurial creoles who listened to his speech passed rapidly from the depth of despair to the height of joy. Instead of bewailing their fate, they could not congratulate themselves enough upon their good fortune, and returned 10 in noisy joy to their families.

Clark now found himself in a position of the utmost difficulty. With a handful of unruly backwoodsmen, kept under control only by his personal influence, he had to protect and govern a region as large as any European 15 kingdom. Moreover, he had to keep content and loyal a population of alien race, creed, and language, while he held his own against the British and against numerous tribes of bloodthirsty and treacherous Indians. It may be doubted if there was another man in the West who pos- 20 sessed the daring and resolution, the tact, energy, and executive ability necessary for the solution of so knotty a series of problems.

From *The Winning of the West*

Clark: a Kentucky pioneer who belongs among the nation's heroes. — **Kaskas'kia**: a river and town in Illinois. — **postern** (pōs'tēr'n) **gate**: a small gate in the rear of a building or enclosure. — **mercu'rial**: changeable. — **creoles**: descendants of French settlers. — **held his own**: held his ground.

THE SIRENS

TRANSLATED FROM HOMER BY GEORGE H. PALMER

GEORGE HERBERT PALMER is a well-known American scholar. The free rhythm of his translation is a valuable aid in conveying to the mind the spirit of Homer.

NOTE. Odysseus is telling of his adventures on his journey home from
5 Troy. The great sorceress, Circe, having discovered that she cannot be-
guile the mind of the wise Greek leader, decides to help him.

“Even as she spoke, the gold-throned morning came,
and up the island the heavenly goddess went her way;
I turned me toward my ship, and called my crew to come
10 on board and loose the cables. Quickly they came, took
places at the pins, and sitting in order smote the foaming
water with their oars. And for our aid behind our dark-
bowed ship came a fair wind to fill our sail, a welcome
comrade, sent us by fair-haired Circe, the mighty goddess,
15 human of speech. When we had done our work at the
several ropes about the ship, we sat us down, while wind
and helmsman kept her steady.

“Now to my men, with aching heart, I said: ‘My
friends, it is not right for only one or two to know the
20 oracles which Circe told, that heavenly goddess. There-
fore I speak, that, knowing all, we so may die, or fleeing
death and doom, we may escape. She warns us first
against the marvelous Sirens, and bids us flee their voice
and flowery meadow. Only myself she bade to hear their

song; but bind me with galling cords, to hold me firm, upright upon the mast-block, — round it let the rope be wound. And if I should entreat you, and bid you set me free, thereat with still more fetters bind me fast.’

“Thus I, relating all my tale, talked with my comrades. 5
 Meanwhile our stanch ship swiftly neared the Sirens’ island; a fair wind swept her on. On a sudden the wind ceased; there came a breathless calm; Heaven hushed the waves. My comrades, rising, furled the sail, stowed it on board the hollow ship, then sitting at their oars 10 whitened the water with the polished blades. But I with my sharp sword cut a great cake of wax into small bits, which I then kneaded in my sturdy hands. Soon the wax warmed, forced by the powerful pressure and by the rays of the exalted Sun, the lord of all. Then one by one I 15 stopped the ears of all my crew; and on the deck they bound me hand and foot, upright upon the mast-block, round which they wound the rope; and sitting down they smote the foaming water with their oars. But when we were as far away as one can call and driving swiftly 20 onward, our speeding ship, as it drew near, did not escape the Sirens, and thus they lifted up their penetrating voice :

“‘Come hither, come, Odysseus, whom all praise, great glory of the Achæans! Bring in your ship and listen to 25 our song. For none has ever passed us in a black-hulled ship till from our lips he heard ecstatic song, then went

his way rejoicing and with larger knowledge. For we know all that on the plain of Troy Argives and Trojans suffered at the gods' behest; we know whatever happens on the bounteous earth.'

- 5 "So spoke they, sending forth their glorious song, and my heart longed to listen. Knitting my brows, I signed my men to set me free; but bending forward, on they rowed. And straightway Perimedes and Eurylochus arose and laid upon me still more cords and drew them tighter.
- 10 Then, after passing by, when we could hear no more the Sirens' voice nor any singing, quickly my trusty crew removed the wax with which I stopped their ears, and set me free from bondage."

Circe (sēr'sē), **the heavenly goddess**: Circe was an enchantress, from whose devices Odysseus himself had hardly escaped. She consented, however, at his urgent prayer, to speed him on his way. — **oracles**: wise sayings, difficult to understand. — **the Sirens**: three sea-nymphs whose home was on a small island near Sicily. They enticed sailors ashore by their singing, and then killed them. — **Achæans** (ä kē'ans): the Greeks. — **Argives** (är'jivz): the most powerful of the Greek tribes; hence, a name often used for the Greeks in general. — **Perimedes** (pēr ī mē'dēz) and **Eurylochus** (ū ril'ō kūs): two of Odysseus' companions.



THE FLAG

DENIS A. MCCARTHY

DENIS A. MCCARTHY is a poet of Irish birth who is a loyal and patriotic American.

NOTE. The following are the closing stanzas of a poem which kindles devotion to high ideals of citizenship.

Symbol of hope to me and to mine and to all who aspire
to be free, 5
Ever your golden stars may shine from the east to the
western sea ;
Ever your golden stars may shine, and ever your stripes
may gleam,
To lead us on from the deeds we do to the greater deeds
that we dream.

Here is our love to you, flag of the free, and flag of the
tried and true ;
Here is our love to your streaming stripes and your stars
in a field of blue ; 10
Native or foreign, we're children all of the land over
which you fly,
And, native or foreign, we love the land for which it were
sweet to die.

A JAPANESE VILLAGE

ISABELLA L. BIRD

Mrs. ISABELLA L. BIRD BISHOP was an English writer and philanthropist who spent much time in foreign countries and published several entertaining volumes of travel. The following pages are from a collection of her letters written in Japan. Mrs. Bishop died in 1904 at the age 5 of seventy-two.

The village consists of about three hundred houses built along three roads. Down the middle of each road runs a rapid stream in a stone channel, and this gives endless



amusement to the children, especially to the boys, who 10 devise many ingenious models and mechanical toys, which are put in motion by water wheels.

My home is a Japanese idyl; there is nothing within or without that does not please the eye, and its silence, musical with the dash of water and the twitter of birds,

is refreshing. It is a simple but irregular two-storied pavilion, standing on a stone-faced terrace, approached by a flight of stone steps. The garden is well laid out, and as peonies and azaleas are now in bloom, it is very bright. The gray village lies on the other side of the 5 road, and beyond it are high, unbroken hills.

The mistress of the house met me at the door and divested me of my boots. The two verandas are highly polished, so are the stairs which lead to my room, and the mats are so fine and white that I almost fear to walk 10 on them, even in my stockings. The whole front of my house is composed of sliding windows with panes of translucent paper instead of glass. The ceiling is of light wood crossed by bars of dark wood. The panels are of wrinkled sky-blue paper splashed with gold. At one end are two 15 alcoves with floors of polished wood. In one hangs a painting on white silk of a blossoming branch of a cherry — a perfect piece of art which fills the room with freshness and beauty. A spray of azalea in a pure white vase and a single iris in another are the only decorations. The 20 mats are very fine and white ; the sole piece of furniture is a folding screen. I almost wish that the rooms were a little less exquisite, for I am in constant dread of spilling the ink or tearing the paper windows.

Supper came up on a *zen*, or small table, six inches high, 25 of old gold lacquer, with the rice in a lacquer bowl, and a teapot and cup of fine porcelain. The Japanese are great

tea epicures, and the best tea, drunk by those who can afford it, costs thirteen shillings a pound. The water used for tea making is not allowed to boil and must rest barely a minute on the leaves.

5 The people here rise at daylight, fold up the wadded quilts on and under which they have slept, and put them away with the wooden pillows (much like stereoscopes in shape, with rolls of paper or wadding on the top), sweep the mats carefully, dust all the woodwork and the veran-
10 das, open the sliding wooden shutters which box in the whole house at night, and throw back the paper windows.

At seven in the morning a drum beats to summon the children to school. The school apparatus is very good, and there are fine maps on the walls; but the children looked
15 very uncomfortable sitting on high benches in front of desks instead of squatting, native fashion. The teacher made very free use of the blackboard and questioned his pupils with much rapidity. The best answer moved its
20 the foundation of the Japanese social order, and the teacher has no trouble in securing quietness, attention, and docility. There was an almost painful earnestness in the faces which pored over the schoolbooks; even such a rare event as the entrance of a foreigner failed to distract
25 the students.

I am very fond of Japanese children. I have never yet heard a baby cry and I have never seen a child troublesome

or disobedient. Filial piety is the leading virtue in Japan, and unquestioning obedience is the habit of centuries. I admire the way in which children are taught to be independent in their amusements. Part of the home education is the learning of the rules of the different 5 games, which are absolute. When there is a doubt, instead of a quarrelsome suspension of the game the decision of a senior child settles the matter. I usually carry sweetmeats with me and give them to the children, but not one has ever received them without first obtaining per- 10 mission from the father or mother. When that is gained they smile and bow profoundly, and offer the sweetmeats to those present before eating any themselves. . . .

This afternoon has been fine and windy, and the boys have been flying kites made of tough paper on a bamboo 15 frame, all of a rectangular shape, some of them five feet square, and nearly all decorated with huge faces of historical heroes. Some of them have a humming arrangement of whalebone. There was an interesting contest between two great kites, and it brought out the whole population. 20 The string of each kite for thirty feet or more below the frame was covered with pounded glass, and for two hours each kite-fighter tried to get his kite into a proper position for sawing his opponent's string in two. At last one was successful and the severed kite became his property, 25 upon which victor and vanquished exchanged three low bows. The boys also flew their kites while walking on

stilts, a most dexterous performance in which few were able to take part.

After dark the children play at another favorite game in the house. They sit in a circle and the older people
 5 look on eagerly. This game of Alphabet Cards is played with small cards, each containing a proverb or a picture. The cards are dealt to all the players in turn and the children appoint one of their number to be the reader. He reads a proverb from his cards and the player who
 10 has the picture illustrating it calls out. The one who first gets rid of his cards is the winner. The game was played with great animation and rapidity, but with the most amusing courtesy. I send translations of some of the proverbs. Is it not strange to find the same ideas
 15 gathered up into similar forms in Japan as in England, and cast in these forms at a date when our ancestors were clothed in paint and skins? "Speak of a man and his shadow appears." "A tongue of three inches can kill a man of six feet." "The putting-off man sharpens his
 20 arrows when he sees the lion." "Disease enters by the mouth." "The doctor can't cure himself." "There are thorns on all roses." "Thine own heart makes the world."

idyl: a poem, especially on a rural subject, written in a delicate and refined style. — **epicure**: one whose taste in eating or drinking has been cultivated. — **thirteen shillings**: three dollars and twelve cents. — **squatting**: the Oriental fashion of sitting, not on raised chairs, but on the heels with the knees touching the floor.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

CHARLES WOLFE

CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823) was an Irish clergyman and poet whose lyrics are of great beauty.

NOTE. In 1808 the Spanish people rebelled against the tyranny of Napoleon, emperor of the French, and England sent an army to their aid. The English troops met with heavy losses, and their leader, Sir John Moore, was beating a hasty retreat to the sea, when the French overtook him and he was forced to fight. The French were defeated at every point, but Sir John was killed in the very moment of victory. His body was buried in a garden of the Spanish seaport Coruña before the troops embarked for England.

The following poem is considered one of the finest productions of its kind in the English language.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

5 We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
 10 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him, —
 But little he 'll reckon, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 15 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
 20 But we left him alone with his glory.

Coruña (kō rōon'yā): a fortified city of Spain. — **reck**: care; be disturbed. We frequently use the word *reckless*, which, however, has come to mean "extremely careless" and even "desperate."

PHŒNICIA

WILLIAM WINWOOD READE

WILLIAM WINWOOD READE (1839-1875) was an English author and traveler.

There was a time when the waters of the Mediterranean were silent and bare ; when nothing disturbed the solitude of that blue and tideless sea but the weed which floated 5 on its surface and the gull which touched it with its wing.

A tribe of the Canaanites, or people of the plain, driven hard by their foes, fled over the Lebanon mountains and took possession of a narrow strip of land, shut off by itself between the mountains and the sea. 10

The agricultural resources of the little country were soon outgrown, and the Phœnicians were forced to gather a harvest from the water. They invented the fishing line and net ; and when the fish could no longer be caught from the shore, they had to follow them out to sea or 15 starve. They hollowed trunks of trees with ax and fire into canoes ; they bound logs of wood together to form a raft, with a bush stuck in it for a sail. The Lebanon mountains supplied them with timber ; in time they discovered how to make boats with keels, and to sheathe 20 them with copper, which they found also in their mountains. From those heights of Lebanon the island of Cyprus could plainly be seen, and the current assisted them across.

They colonized the island; it supplied them with pitch, timber, copper, and hemp, — everything that was required in the architecture of a ship. With smacks and cutters they followed the tunny fish in their migrations; they discovered villages on other coasts, pillaged them, and carried off their inhabitants as slaves. Some of these, when they had learned the language, offered to pay a ransom for release; the arrangement was accomplished under oath, and presents as tokens of good will were afterwards exchanged.

10 Each party was pleased to obtain something which his own country did not produce, and thus arose a system of barter and exchange.

The Phœnicians from fishermen became pirates, and from pirates, traders; from simple traders they became also manufacturers. Purple was always the fashionable color in the East, and they discovered two kinds of shellfish which yielded a handsome dye. One species was found on rocks, the other under water. When the supply of these shellfish on their own coast was exhausted, they obtained them

20 from foreign coasts, and as the shell yielded but a small quantity of fluid and was inconvenient to transport, they preferred to extract the dyeing material on the spot where the shells were found. This led to the establishment of factories, and permanent settlements were made.

25 Obtaining wool from the Arabs and other shepherd tribes, the Phœnicians manufactured woven goods and dyed them with such skill that they found a ready market

in Babylonia and Egypt. In this manner they purchased from those countries the produce and manufactures of the East, and these they sold at a great profit to the inhabitants of Europe.

When they sailed along the shores of that savage continent and came to a place where they intended to trade, they lighted a fire to attract the natives, pitched tents on shore, and held a fair, exhibiting in their bazaar the toys and trinkets manufactured at Tyre for this purpose, with purple robes and works of art in tinted ivory and gold for those who, like the Greeks, were more advanced. But in the best trading localities the factory system prevailed, and their establishments were planted in the Grecian Archipelago and in Greece itself, on the marshy shores of the Black Sea, in Italy, Sicily, Africa, and Spain.

Then, becoming bolder and more skillful, they would no longer be imprisoned within their landlocked sea. They sailed out through the Strait of Gibraltar and beheld the awful phenomenon of tides. They sailed on the left hand to Morocco for ivory and gold dust, on the right hand for amber and tin to the ice creeks of the Baltic and the foaming waters of the British Isles. They also opened up an inland trade. They were the first to overcome the exclusiveness of Egypt and were permitted to settle in Memphis itself. Their caravan routes extended in every direction toward the treasure countries of the East. Wandering Arabs were their sailors, and camels

were their ships. They made voyages by sand, more dangerous than those by sea, to Babylon, to Arabia Felix, and to the rainless shores of the Persian Gulf.

Phœnicia itself was a narrow, undulating plain about a
 5 hundred miles in length and at the most not more than a morning's ride in breadth. It was walled in by the mountains on the north and east. To those who sailed along the coast it appeared to be one great city interspersed with gardens and fields. On the lower slopes of the hills
 10 beyond gleamed the green vineyard patches and the villas of the merchants. The offing was whitened with sails, and in every harbor was a grove of masts. But it was Tyre which of all the cities was the queen. It covered an island off the shore, and the Greek poet Nonnus has
 15 thus described the mingling around it of the sylvan and marine: "The sailor furrows the sea with his oar, and the plowman the soil; the lowing of oxen and the singing of birds answer the deep roar of the main; the wood nymph under the tall trees hears the voice of the sea
 20 nymph calling to her from the waves; the breeze from the Lebanon, while it cools the rustic at his midday labor, speeds the mariner who is outward bound."

These Canaanitish men are fairly entitled to our gratitude and esteem, for they taught our ancestors to read
 25 and write. That the alphabet was invented by the Phœnicians is improbable in the extreme; but it is certain that they introduced it into Europe. They were intent

only on making money, it is true; they were not a literary or an artistic people; they spread knowledge by accident, like birds dropping seeds. But they were gallant, hardy, enterprising men. Those were true heroes who first sailed through the sea valley of Gibraltar into the vast ocean and breasted its enormous waves. Their unceasing activity kept the world alive. They offered to every country something which it did not possess. They roused the savage Britain with a rag of scarlet cloth. They brought to the satiated Indian prince the wines of Syria and the Grecian isles in goblets of exquisitely painted glass. From the amber gatherers of the Baltic mud to the nutmeg growers of the equatorial groves, from the mulberry plantations of the Celestial empire to the tin mines of Cornwall and the silver mines of Spain, emulation was excited, new wants were created, whole nations were stimulated to industry by the Phœnicians.

Phœnicia (fē nīsh'ī ā): once a famous country of the East, lying along the Mediterranean Sea. — **Canaanites** (kā'nān īts): Semitic tribes inhabiting Palestine and Syria. The date of their settlement of Phœnicia is hidden in the mists of the earliest history. — **smacks and cutters**: small sailing vessels. — **tunny fish**: large fish of the mackerel family. — **Memphis**: the ancient imperial city of Egypt. — **Arabia Felix**: the southern portion of the Arabian peninsula. — **Tyre**: a famous city of antiquity. It was settled previous to the thirteenth century B.C. and was at the height of its power in the time of Solomon, king of Israel. — **sylvan**: relating to woods. — **gal'lant**: brave. When accented on the last syllable the adjective means "courteous to ladies." — **amber**: the pale yellow, translucent resin of extinct trees, used in making beads, etc. — **mulberry plantations**: the nursery of the silkworm. — **Celestial empire**: China.

SAMSON

JOHN MILTON

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674) is second only to Shakespeare in the great names of English literature. His prose is scarcely less famous than his sonorous verse. *Paradise Lost* is his longest and most ambitious poem, in which his whole genius found expression. “We find in it the noblest
5 example which our literature affords of the majesty of classic form.”

NOTE. The following lines are from *Samson Agonistes* (ăg ō nīs'tēz). Samson, a hero of old Hebrew tradition, was taken captive by his enemies, the Philistines, who put out his eyes and kept him in chains. His prodigious strength enabled him to work his revenge. For the whole story
10 see Judges xvi. 4–30.

(*A Hebrew Messenger speaks*)

Occasions drew me early to this city;
And, as the gates I entered with sun-rise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street. Little I had dispatched,
15 When all abroad was rumored that this day
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.

I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
20 The building was a spacious theater,
Half round on two main pillars vaulted high,
With seats where all the lords, and each degree
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng

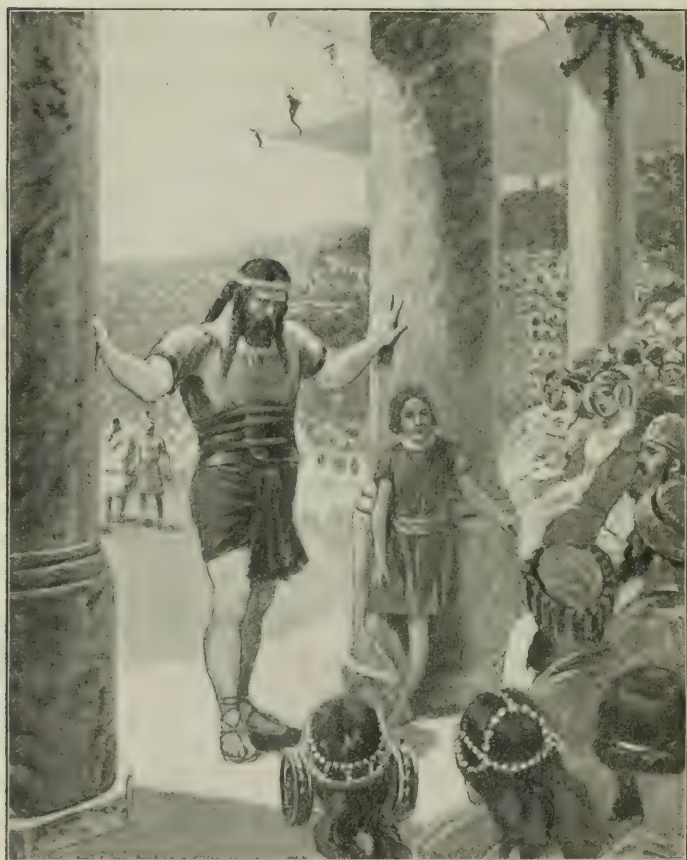
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand :
 I among these aloof obscurely stood.

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
 Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
 When to their sports they turned. Immediately 5
 Was Samson as a public servant brought,
 In their state livery clad : before him pipes
 And timbrels ; on each side went armèd guards ;
 Both horse and foot before him and behind,
 Archers and slingers, cataphracts, and spears. 10

At sight of him the people with a shout
 Rifted the air, clamoring their god with praise,
 Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
 He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
 Came to the place ; and what was set before him, 15
 Which without help of eye might be assayed,
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed
 All with incredible, stupendous force,
 None daring to appear antagonist.

At length, for intermission sake, they led him 20
 Between the pillars ; he his guide requested
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard),
 As over-tired, to let him lean a while
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
 That to the archèd roof gave main support. 25
 He, unsuspecting, led him ; which when Samson
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,

And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved :



At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud : —
“ Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,

Not without wonder or delight beheld ;
 Now, of my own accord, such other trial
 I mean to show you of my strength yet greater
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold."

This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed ; 5
 As with the force of winds and waters pent
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro
 He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
 The whole roof after them with burst of thunder 10
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,
 Lords, ladies, captains, counselors, or priests,
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast. 15
 Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
 Pulled down the same destruction on himself ;
 The vulgar only 'scaped, who stood without.

occasions : errands. — **high** : chief. — **dispatched** : accomplished. — **minded** : decided. — **vaulted** : arched. — **of sort** : of quality. — **sacrifice** : sacrifices were often offered by drinking wine. — **pipes and timbrels** : rude musical instruments like fifes and tambourines. — **horse and foot** : horsemen and footmen. — **cataphracts** : horsemen covered with armor. — **rifted** : tore asunder ; we have a similar phrase in *shouts rent the air*. — **thrall** : slave. — **without help of eye** : Samson had been blinded by his captors. — **which** : the pillars. — **as reason was** : with good reason. — **beheld** : I have been beheld. — **amaze** : amazement ; stupefaction. — **pent** : confined, held in. — **with these immixed** : in the midst of these. — **the vulgar** : the common people. This was the original meaning of the word.

COMETS

ROBERT STAWELL BALL

SIR ROBERT STAWELL BALL is a well-known astronomer. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1840.

The planets are all massive globes, more or less flattened at the poles; but now we have to talk about a
5 multitude of objects of the most irregular shapes and of the most flimsy description. We call them "comets," and they exist in such numbers that an old astronomer has said there are "more comets in the sky than fishes in the sea," though I think we cannot quite believe him.
10 There is also another wide difference between planets and comets: planets move round in nearly circular ellipses, and not only do we know where a planet is to-night, but we know where it was a month ago, or a hundred years ago, or where it will be in a hundred years or a thousand
15 years to come.

All such movements are conducted with conspicuous regularity and order; but now we are to speak of bodies which generally come in upon us in the most uncertain and irregular fashion. They visit us we hardly know whence,
20 except that it is from outer space, and they are adorned in a glittering raiment, almost spiritual in its texture. They are always changing their appearance in a baffling but still very fascinating manner. If an artist tries to draw a

comet, he will have hardly finished his picture of it in one charming robe before he finds it arrayed in another. The astronomer has also his complaints to make against the comets. I have told you how thoroughly we can rely on the movements of the planets, but comets often play sad 5 pranks with our calculations. They sometimes take the astronomers by surprise and blaze out with their long tails just when we do not expect them. Then, by way of compensation, they frequently disappoint us by not appearing when they have been most anxiously looked for. 10

After a voyage through space the comet at length begins to draw in toward the central parts of our system, and as it approaches the sun its pace becomes gradually greater and greater ; in fact, as the body sweeps round the sun the speed is sometimes twenty thousand times 15 faster than that of an express train. It is sometimes more than a thousand times as fast as the swiftest of rifle bullets, occasionally attaining the rate of two hundred miles a second. The closer the comet goes to the sun, the faster it moves ; and a case has been known in which a comet, 20 after coming in for an incalculable duration of time toward the sun, has acquired a speed so tremendous that in two hours it has whirled round the sun and has commenced to return to the depths of outer space. This terrific outburst of speed does not last long. It diminishes to ten thousand 25 times that of our express trains, to fifty times, to ten times that pace, while in the outermost part of its path the

comet seems to creep along so slowly that we might think it had been fatigued by its previous exertions.

When a comet appears, it is always a matter of interest to see whether it is an entirely new object, or whether it
5 may not be only another return of a comet which has paid us one or more previous visits. The question then arises as to how they are to be identified. Here we see a wide contrast between unsubstantial bodies like comets, and the weighty and stately planets. Sketches of the various
10 planets or of the face of the sun, though they might show slight differences from time to time, are still always sufficiently characteristic, just as a photographic portrait will identify the individual, even though the lapse of years will bring some changes in his appearance. But the
15 drawing of a comet is almost useless for identification. You might as well try to identify a cloud or a puff of smoke by making a picture of it. Make a drawing of a comet at one appearance and sketch particularly the ample tail with which it is provided. The next time the
20 comet comes round it may very possibly have two tails, or possibly no tail at all. We are therefore unable to place any reliance on the comet's personal appearance in our efforts to identify it. The highway which it follows through the sky affords the only means of recognition ;
25 for the comet, if undisturbed by other objects, will never change its actual orbit. But even this method of identification often fails, for it not unfrequently happens

that during its erratic movements the comet gets into trouble with other heavenly bodies. In such cases the poor comet is sometimes driven so completely out of its road that it has to make for itself an entirely new path, and our efforts to identify it are plunged in confusion. 5 It has happened that a second comet or even a third will be found in nearly the same track, but whether these are wholly different, or whether they are merely parts of the same original object, it is often impossible to determine. 10

The great majority of comets are only to be seen with a telescope, and hardly a year passes without the detection of at least a few of these faint objects. The number of really brilliant comets that can be seen in a lifetime could, however, be counted on the fingers. 15

More than two hundred years ago there lived a great astronomer named Halley, and in the year 1682 he, like every one else, was looking with admiration at a splendid comet with a magnificent tail which adorned the sky. At the observatories, of course, they diligently set down the 20 positions of the comet, which they ascertained by carefully measuring it with telescopes. Halley first calculated the highway which this comet followed through the heavens, and then he looked at the list of old comets that had been seen before. He thus found that in 1607 25 (that was seventy-five years earlier) a great comet had also appeared, the path of which seemed much the same

as that which he found for the body that he had himself observed. This was a remarkable fact, and it became still more significant when he discovered that seventy-six years earlier, namely, in 1531, another great comet had been
 5 recorded, which moved in a path also agreeing with those of 1607 and 1682. It then occurred to Halley that possibly these were not three different objects, but only different exhibitions of one and the same, which moved round in the period of seventy-five or seventy-six years.

10 There is a test which an astronomer can often apply in the proof of his theory, and it is a very severe test. Halley ventured to submit his reputation to this ordeal. He prophesied that the comet would appear again in another seventy-five or seventy-six years. He knew that he should
 15 of course be dead long before 1758 should arrive ; but when he ventured to make the prediction, he said that he hoped posterity would not refuse to admit that this discovery had been made by an Englishman.

— You can easily imagine that as 1758 drew near great
 20 interest was excited among astronomers, to see if the prediction of Halley would be fulfilled. We are accustomed in these days to find many astronomical events foretold with the same sort of accuracy that we expect to find in railway time-tables. Even now, however, we are not able
 25 to set forth our time-tables for comets with the same confidence that we show when issuing them for the sun, the moon, or the stars. How astonishing, then, must Halley's

prediction have seemed! Here was a vast comet which had to make a voyage through space to the extent of many hundreds of millions of miles. For three quarters of a century it would be utterly invisible in the greatest telescopes, and the only way in which it could be perceived 5 was by figures and calculations which enabled the mind's eye to follow the hidden body all around its mysterious track.

For fifty, or sixty, or seventy years nothing had been seen of the comet, nor, indeed, was anything expected to be seen of it; but as seventy-one, and seventy-two, and 10 seventy-three years passed, it was felt that the wanderer, though still unseen, must be rapidly drawing near. The problem was made more difficult for those skillful mathematicians who essayed to calculate it, by the fact that the comet approached the thoroughfares where the 15 planets circulate, and, of course, the flimsy object would be pulled hither and thither out of its path by the attractions of the weighty bodies. Clairaut, who devoted himself to this problem, suggested that there might also be some disturbances from other causes of which he did not 20 know, and that consequently the expected return of the comet might be a month wrong either way. Great indeed was the admiration in astronomical circles when, true to prediction, the comet blazed upon the world within the limits of time Clairaut had specified. 25

Generally speaking, great comets come to us once and then are never seen again. Such bodies do not move in

closed ovals or ellipses ; they follow another kind of curve. It is one that every boy ought to know. In fact, in one of his earliest accomplishments he learned how to make a parabola. It is true he did not call it by any name so
 5 fine as this, but every time a ball is thrown into the air it describes a part of the beautiful curve which geometers know by this word. In fact, you could not throw a ball so that it should describe any other curve than a parabola. No boy could throw a stone in a truly horizontal line. It
 10 will always curve down a little,—will always, in fact, be a portion of a parabola.

But the grandest of all parabolas are those which the comets pursue. Unlike the ellipse, the parabola is an open curve ; it has two branches stretching away and away for-
 15 ever, and always getting farther apart.

The shape of this grand curve will explain why so many comets only appear to us once. It is quite clear that if you begin to run round a closed race course, you may, if you continue your career long enough, pass and
 20 repass the starting post thousands of times. Thus comets which move in ellipses, and are consequently tracing closed curves, will pass the earth times without number. But suppose you are traveling along a road which, no matter how it may turn, never leads again into itself,
 25 then it is quite plain that, even if you continue your journey forever, you can never twice pass the same house on the roadside.

The orbits of most of the comets are parabolas which bend round the sun; and, generally speaking, the sun is very close to the turning point. The earth is also, comparatively speaking, close to the sun; so that while the comet is in that neighborhood we can sometimes see it. 5
 We do not see the comet for a long time before it approaches the sun, nor for a long time after it has passed the sun. All we know, therefore, of its journey is that the two ends of the parabola stretch on and on forever into space. 10

Why one of these mysterious wanderers should approach in such a hurry, and why it should then fly back again, can be partially explained without the aid of mathematics.

Let us suppose that, at a distance of thousands of 15 millions of miles, there floats a mass of flimsy material resembling that from which comets are made. Notwithstanding its vast distance from the sun, the attraction of that great body will extend thither. It is true that the pull of the sun on the comet will be of the feeblest and 20 slightest description, on account of the enormously great distance. Still the comet will respond in some degree, and will commence gradually to move in the direction in which the sun invites it. Perhaps centuries, or perhaps thousands, or even tens of thousands, of years will elapse 25 before the object has gained the solar system. By that time its speed will be augmented to such a degree that,

after a terrific whirl around the sun, it will at once fly off again along the other branch of the parabola. Perhaps you will wonder why it does not tumble straight into the sun. It would do so, no doubt, if it started at first from
 5 a position of rest; generally, however, the comet has a motion to begin with, which would not be directed exactly to the luminary. This it is which causes the comet to miss actually hitting the sun.

It may also be difficult to understand why the sun does
 10 not keep the comet when at last it has arrived. Why should the wandering body be in such a hurry to recede? Surely it might be expected that the attraction of the sun ought to hold it. If something were to check the pace of the comet in its terrific dash round the sun, then, no
 15 doubt, the object would simply tumble down into the sun and be lost. The sun has, however, not time to pull in the comet when it comes up with a speed twenty thousand times that of an express train. But the sun does succeed in altering the *direction* of the motion of the comet, and
 20 the attraction has shown itself in that way.

A comet is made of very unsubstantial material. This we can show in a very interesting manner when we see it moving over the sky between the earth and the stars. Sometimes a comet will pass over a cluster of very small
 25 stars, so faint that the very lightest cloud that is ever in the sky would be quite sufficient to hide them. Yet the stars are distinctly visible right through the comet,

notwithstanding that it may be hundreds of thousands of miles thick. This shows us how excessively flimsy is the substance of a comet, for while a few feet of haze or mist suffice to extinguish the brightest of stars, this immense curtain of comet stuff, whatever it may be made of, is 5 practically transparent.

Comets have such a capricious habit of dashing into the solar system at any time and from any direction, that it is worth while asking whether a comet might not sometimes happen to come into collision with the earth. There 10 is nothing impossible in such an occurrence. There is, however, no reason to apprehend that any disastrous consequences would ensue to the earth. Man has lived on this globe for many, many thousands of years, and the rocks are full of the remains of fossil animals which have 15 flourished during past ages; indeed, we cannot possibly estimate the number of millions of years that have elapsed since living things first crawled about this globe. There has never been any complete break in the succession of life; consequently during all those millions of years we are 20 certain that there has happened to the earth no such dire calamity as a frightful collision would have produced, and we need not apprehend any such catastrophe in the future.

I do not mean, however, that harmless collisions with comets may not have occasionally happened; in fact, 25 there is good reason for knowing that they have actually taken place. In the year 1861 we had a novel experience.

On a Sunday evening in midsummer of that year we dashed into a comet, or it dashed into us. We were not, it is true, in collision with its densest part; it was rather the end of the tail which we encountered. There
 5 were, fortunately, no very serious results. Indeed, most of us never knew that anything had happened, and the rest only learned of the accident after it was all over.

We have so often seen a stream of sparks stretching out along the track of a skyrocket that we might natu-
 10 rally suppose that the tail of a comet streamed out along its path in a similar manner. This would be quite wrong. The tail does not lie along the comet's path, but is always directed outwards from the sun. It is also noticeable that the tail of a comet, as it approaches the sun, seems to grow
 15 in length. When the comet is first seen, the tail is often a very insignificant affair, but it shoots out with enormous rapidity until it becomes many millions of miles long. These glories soon begin to wane as the comet flies out-
 20 ward; the tail gradually vanishes, and the wanderer re-treats again to the depths of space in the same undecorated condition as that in which it first approached. In fact, the tail is merely a stream of vaporous particles, dashing away from the sun as if the heat which had called them into being was a torment from which they were
 25 endeavoring to escape.

The tail of a comet is, therefore, not a permanent part of the body. It is more like the smoke from a great chimney.

The smoke is being incessantly renewed at one end as the column gets dispersed into the air at the other. As the comet retreats, the sun's heat loses its power. In the chills of space there is, therefore, no tail making in progress, while the small mass of the comet renders it unable to 5 gather back again by its attraction the materials which have been expelled. Should it happen that the comet moves in an elliptic orbit, it will, of course, endeavor to manufacture a tail each time that it approaches the source of heat. The quantity of material available for the for- 10 mation of tails is limited to the amount with which the comet originally started; no fresh supply can be added. If, therefore, the comet expends a portion of this every time it comes round, at each successive return the tails produced must generally decline in size and magnificence, 15 until at last the necessary materials have been all squandered, and we have the pitiful spectacle of a comet without any tail at all.

Clairaut (klě rō'): an eminent French mathematician. — **geom'eter**: a student of geometry; a mathematician.

We may be sure (although we know not why) that we give our lives like coral insects, to build up insensibly, in 20 the twilight of the seas of time, the reef of righteousness. And we may be sure (although we see not how) that it is a thing worth doing.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

HYMN TO MONT BLANC

[*Before Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni*]

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834) was one of a group of famous English poets.

NOTE. Besides the rivers Arve and Arveiron which have their sources at the foot of Mont Blanc, five conspicuous torrents rush down its sides, 5 and within a few steps of the glaciers the gentian grows in immense numbers, with its "flowers of loveliest blue."

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
 10 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form,
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
 15 An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge! But when I look again,
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity!
 O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
 20 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
 I worshiped the Invisible alone.



Yet like some sweet, beguiling melody,
 So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
 Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy ;
 5 Till the dilating soul — enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing — there,
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
 Thou owest ; not alone these swelling tears,
 10 Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !
 Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn !

Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !
 O, struggling with the darkness all the night,
 15 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink :
 Companion of the morning star at dawn,
 Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald ; wake, O, wake, and utter praise !
 20 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
 Who called you forth from night and utter death,
 25 From dark and icy caverns called you forth,

Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 For ever shattered and the same for ever ?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life,
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ? 5
 And who commanded, (and the silence came,)
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain, —
 Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice, 10
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
 Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living flowers 15
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ? —
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
 God ! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice !
 Ye pine groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds ! 20
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt th' eternal frost ;
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest ;
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm ; 25

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds ;
 Ye signs and wonders of the element, —
 Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

- Thou too, hoar Mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks,
 5 Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
 Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene
 Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast, —
 Thou too again, stupendous Mountain ! thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
 10 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
 To rise before me, — rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth !
 15 Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills,
 Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
 Great hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
 And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
 Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God !

Mont Blanc (mŏn blān): the highest peak of the Alps. — **Chamouni** (shá' mŏō nē): a valley at the foot of Mont Blanc. — **awful**: causing awe. — **Arve** (ärv): a river which finds its outlet in the Rhone. — **Arveiron** (är vā rŏn): a tributary of the Arve. — **transfused**: changed ; transferred. — **co-herald**: accompanying herald. — **perilous fall**: the dreaded avalanche. — **element**: the heavens. — **hi'erarch**: a priestly official.

RIBAUT'S FIRST EXPEDITION

FRANCIS PARKMAN

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-1893) was an eminent American historian who wrote mainly of French exploration and settlement in the New World.

NOTE. For years after the discovery of America there were few attempts to colonize the land now occupied by the United States. Spain was seeking gold in Mexico and Peru, while England and France were absorbed by affairs at home. An effort was made to establish a French colony in Brazil, but it was unsuccessful. Cartier's colony in Canada met with a like fate. The following narrative is abridged from *Pioneers of France in the New World*. 5

In the year 1562 a cloud of black and deadly portent 10 was thickening over France. Surely and swiftly she glided toward the abyss of the religious wars. None could pierce the future, perhaps none dared to contemplate it: the wild rage of fanaticism and hate, friend grappling with friend, brother with brother, father with son; altars profaned, 15 hearthstones made desolate; the robes of Justice herself bedrenched with murder.

In these days of fear a second Huguenot colony sailed for the New World. Jean Ribaut of Dieppe commanded the expedition. Under him, besides sailors, were a band 20 of veteran soldiers and a few young nobles. Embarked in two of those antiquated craft whose high poops and tub-like proportions are preserved in the old engravings of De Bry, they sailed from Havre on the eighteenth of February, 1562. They crossed the Atlantic, and on the 25

thirtieth of April, in the latitude of twenty-nine and a half degrees, saw the long, low line where the wilderness of waves met the wilderness of woods. It was the coast of Florida. Soon they descried a jutting point, which they
 5 called French Cape, perhaps one of the headlands of Matanzas Inlet. They turned their prows northward, skirting the fringes of that waste of verdure which rolled in shadowy undulation far to the unknown West.

On the next morning, the first of May, they found themselves off the mouth of a great river. Riding at anchor on
 10 a sunny sea, they lowered their boats, crossed the bar that obstructed the entrance, and floated on a basin of deep and sheltered water alive with leaping fish. Indians were running along the beach and out upon the sand bars, beckoning them to land. They pushed their boats ashore and
 15 disembarked, — sailors, soldiers, and eager young nobles. Corselet and morion, arquebuse and halberd, flashed in the sun that flickered through innumerable leaves, as, kneeling on the ground, they gave thanks to God who had
 20 guided their voyage to an issue full of promise.

The Indians, seated gravely under the neighboring trees, looked on in silent respect, thinking that they worshiped the sun. They were in full paint, in honor of the occasion, and in a most friendly mood. With their squaws and
 25 children they presently drew near and, strewing the earth with laurel boughs, sat down among the Frenchmen. The latter were much pleased with them, and Ribaut gave the

chief, whom he calls the king, a robe of blue cloth worked in yellow with the royal fleur-de-lis.

But Ribaut and his followers, just escaped from the dull prison of their ships, were intent on admiring the wild scenes around them. Never had they known a fairer May 5 Day. The quaint old narrative is exuberant with delight. The tranquil air, the warm sun, woods fresh with young verdure, meadows bright with flowers; the palm, the cypress, the pine, the magnolia; the grazing deer; herons, curlews, bitterns, woodcock, and unknown waterfowl that 10 waded in the ripple of the beach; cedars bearded from crown to root with long, gray moss; huge oaks smothering in the serpent folds of enormous grapevines; — such were the objects that greeted them in their roamings, till their new-discovered land seemed “the fairest, fruitfulest, 15 and pleasantest of all the world.”

Above all, it was plain to their excited fancy that the country was rich in gold and silver, turquoises and pearls. One of the latter, “as great as an Acorne at ye least,” hung from the neck of an Indian who stood near their 20 boats as they reëmbarked. They gathered, too, from the signs of their savage visitors, that the wonderful land of Cibola, with its seven cities and its untold riches, was distant but twenty days’ journey by water. In truth, it was on the Gila, two thousand miles off, and its wealth a fable. 25

They named the river the River of May (it is now the St. Johns) and on its southern shore, near its mouth,

they planted a stone pillar engraved with the arms of France. Then, once more embarked, they held their course northward, happy in that benign decree which locks from mortal eyes the secrets of the future.

5 Slowly moving northward, they named each river, or inlet supposed to be a river, after the streams of France. At length, opening betwixt flat and sandy shores, they saw a commodious haven, and named it Port Royal.

On the twenty-seventh of May they crossed the bar
10 and, dreaming nothing of what the rolling centuries should bring forth, held their course along the peaceful bosom of Broad River. When they landed, all was solitude. The frightened Indians had fled, but they lured them back with knives, beads, and looking-glasses, and enticed two
15 of them on board their ships. Here, by feeding, clothing, and caressing them, they tried to wean them from their fears; but the captive warriors moaned and lamented day and night, till Ribaut, with the prudence and humanity which seem always to have characterized him, gave over
20 his purpose of carrying them to France, and set them ashore again.

Ranging the woods they found them full of game, wild turkeys and partridges, bears and lynxes. Preliminary exploration, not immediate settlement, had been the object
25 of the voyage; but all was still rose-color in the eyes of the voyagers, and many of their number would fain linger in the new Canaan. Ribaut was more than willing to

humor them. He mustered his company on deck and made them a stirring harangue. He appealed to their courage and their patriotism, told them how, from a mean origin, men rise by enterprise and daring to fame and fortune, and demanded who among them would stay behind and hold Port Royal for the king. The greater part came forward, and "with such a good will," writes the commander, "as we had much to do to stay their importunity."

Thirty were chosen and a fort was forthwith begun about six miles from the site of Beaufort. They named it Charlesfort, in honor of Charles the Ninth. Ammunition and stores were sent on shore, and on the eleventh of June, with his diminished company, Ribaut, again embarking, spread his sails for France.

Ribaut: Jean Ribaut (zhān rē bō') was known for his staunch adherence to the Huguenot party, and for his skill as a sailor. — **Huguenot**: French Protestant. — **Dieppe** (dě ěp'): a French seaport. — **poop**: the high stern of a vessel. — **De Bry** (brē): a painter and engraver of the sixteenth century. — **corselet**: armor for the body. — **mo'rion**: an open helmet. — **arquebuse** (ār'quē būs): an ancient hand gun. — **halberd**: a spear and ax combined. — **fleur-de-lis** (flūr dē lē'): the emblem of France. It is the conventionalized iris. — **ye** (thē): the old printed form of *the*. It is often wrongly pronounced *ye*. Ribaut's account of his voyage was translated into English shortly after his return. No record in the original French exists. — **Cibola** (sē'bō lā): a cluster of Indian villages. — **Gila** (hē'lā): a river of Arizona. — **Canaan** (kā'nān): the promised land of the Israelites. — **Beaufort** (bū'fērt): a seaport of South Carolina, situated upon Port Royal Island. — **Charles the Ninth**: a weak and unhappy king of France. He was under the control of an unscrupulous mother, who was responsible for most of the horrors of his reign.

A NIGHT PIECE

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

— The sky is overcast

With a continuous cloud of texture close,
 Heavy and wan, all whitened by the Moon,
 Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,
 5 A dull, contracted circle, yielding light
 So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,
 Chequering the ground — from rock, plant, tree,
 or tower.

At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam
 Startles the pensive traveler while he treads
 10 His lonesome path, with unobserving eye
 Bent earthwards ; he looks up — the clouds are split
 Asunder, — and above his head he sees
 The clear Moon, and the glory of the heavens.
 There, in a black-blue vault she sails along,
 15 Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small
 And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
 Drive as she drives : how fast they wheel away,
 Yet vanish not ! — the wind is in the tree,
 But they are silent ; — still they roll along
 20 Immeasurably distant ; and the vault,
 Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,
 Still deepens its unfathomable depth.

THE GROWTH OF A NATION

JOHN FISKE

JOHN FISKE (1842-1901) was an American author and scholar.

The nation over which George Washington was called to preside in 1789 was a third-rate power, inferior in population and wealth to Holland, for example, and about on a level with Portugal or Denmark. The population, numbering less than four million, was thinly scattered through the thirteen states between the Atlantic and the Alleghenies, beyond which mountainous barrier a few hardy pioneers were making the beginnings of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio. Roads were few and bad, none of the great rivers were bridged, mails were irregular. There were few manufactures. There were many traders and merchant seamen in the coast towns of the north, but the great majority of the people were farmers who lived on the produce of their own estates and seldom undertook long journeys. Hence the different parts of the country knew very little about each other, and entertained absurd prejudices; and the sentiment of union between the states was extremely weak.

East of the Alleghenies the red man had ceased to be dangerous, but tales of Indian massacre still came from regions no more remote than Ohio and Georgia. By rare good fortune and consummate diplomacy the United

States had secured, at the peace of 1783, all the territory as far as the Mississippi River, but all the vast regions beyond, together with the important city of New Orleans at its mouth, belonged to Spain, the European power which most cordially hated us. The only other power which had possessions in North America was England, from which we had lately won our independence. The feeling entertained toward us in England was one of mortification and chagrin, accompanied by a hope that our half-formed Union would fall in pieces and its separate states be driven by disaster to beg to be taken back into the British Empire. The rest of Europe knew little about the United States and cared less.

This country, however, which seemed so insignificant beside the great powers of Europe, contained within itself the germs of an industrial and political development far greater than anything the world had ever seen. The American population was settled upon a territory much more than capable of supporting it. The natural resources of the country were so vast as to create a steady demand for labor far greater than ordinary increase of population could supply. This is still the case, and for a long time will continue to be the case. It is this simple economic fact which has always been at the bottom of the wonderful growth of the United States. But it was very necessary that the nation should be provided with such a government as would enable it to take full advantage of

this fact. It was necessary, first, that the federal government should be strong enough to preserve peace at home and make itself respected abroad; secondly, that local self-government should be maintained in every part of the Union; thirdly, that there should be absolute free 5 trade between the states. These three great ends our federal Constitution has secured. The requisite strength in the central government was, indeed, not all acquired in a moment. It took a second war with England, in 1812-1815, to convince foreign nations that the American 10 flag could not be insulted with impunity; and it took the terrible Civil War to prove that our government was too strong to be overthrown by the most formidable domestic combination that could possibly be brought against it. The result of both these wars has been to diminish the 15 probable need for further wars on the part of the United States. In spite of these and other minor contests, our federal Constitution for a century kept the American Union in such profound peace as was never seen before in any part of the earth since men began to live upon its 20 surface. Local self-government and free trade within the limits of the Union were not interfered with. As a result, we were able to profit largely by our natural advantages, so that the end of our first century of national existence found us the strongest and richest nation in the world. 25

For these blessings, in so far as they are partly the work of wise statesmanship, a large share of our gratitude

is due to the administration of George Washington. . . . The character of Washington may want some of those poetical elements which dazzle and delight the multitude, but it possessed fewer inequalities and a rarer union of
 5 virtues than perhaps ever fell to the lot of any other man, — prudence, firmness, sagacity, moderation, an overruling judgment, an immovable justice, courage that never faltered, patience that never wearied, truth that disdained all artifice, magnanimity without alloy. It seems as if
 10 Providence had endowed him in a preëminent degree with the qualities requisite to fit him for the high destiny he was called upon to fulfill, — to conduct a momentous revolution which was to form an era in the history of the world, and to inaugurate a new and untried government,
 15 which, to use his own words, was to lay the foundation “for the enjoyment of much purer civil liberty and greater public happiness than have hitherto been the portion of mankind.”

The fame of Washington stands apart from every other
 20 in history, shining with a truer luster and a more benignant glory. With us his memory remains a national property, where all sympathies throughout our widely extended and diversified empire meet in unison. Under all dissensions and amid all the storms of party his precepts and
 25 example speak to us from the grave with a paternal appeal; and his name, by all revered, forms a universal tie of brotherhood, a watchword of our Union.

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

ROBERT BROWNING

ROBERT BROWNING, a great English poet, was born near London in 1812, and died in Venice, Italy, in 1889.

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there !
 And whoever wakes in England 5
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England — now ! 10

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
 Hark, when my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent-spray's edge — 15
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew 20
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 — Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

JOHN MILTON AND THE PURITANS

JOHN RICHARD GREEN

John Milton is not only the highest but the completest type of Puritanism. His life is absolutely contemporaneous with his cause. He was born when it began to exercise a direct influence over English politics and English religion; he died when its effort to mold them into its own shape was over, and when it had again sunk into one of many influences to which we owe our English character.

Milton's youth shows us how much of gayety, poetic ease, and intellectual culture lingered in a Puritan home. His surroundings were all rigidly Puritan, but there was nothing narrow or illiberal in his early training. "My father," he says, "destined me while yet a little boy to the study of humane letters, which I seized with such eagerness that from the twelfth year of my age I scarcely ever went from my lessons to bed before midnight."

In spite of a "certain reservedness of natural disposition," Milton could enjoy the world around him. There was nothing ascetic in his look, in his slender, vigorous frame, his face full of a delicate yet serious beauty, and the rich brown hair that clustered over his brow. But his pleasures were "unreproved." From coarse self-indulgence the young Puritan turned with disgust. It was with this



JOHN MILTON AT THE AGE OF TWELVE

temper that he passed from his London school to Christ's College at Cambridge, and it was this temper that he preserved throughout his university career.

In minds of a less cultured order this moral tension ended no doubt in a hard, unsocial sternness of life. The ordinary Puritan "loved all that were godly, much misliking the wicked and profane." His bond to other men was not the sense of a common manhood, but the recognition of a brotherhood among the elect. Without the pale of the saints lay a world which was hateful to them. It was this utter isolation from the "ungodly" that explains the contrast which startles us between the inner tenderness of the Puritans and the ruthlessness of so many of their actions. Cromwell, whose son's death (in his own words) went to his heart "like a dagger, indeed it did!" and who rode away sad and wearied from the triumph of Marston Moor, burst into horseplay as he signed the death warrant of the king.

During the Civil War Milton had been engaged in strife with Presbyterians and with royalists, pleading for civil and religious freedom, for freedom of social life, and freedom of the press. At a later time he became Latin Secretary to the Protector, in spite of a blindness which had been brought on by the intensity of his study. The Restoration found him of all men the most hateful to the royalists. Parliament ordered his book, *The Defence of the English People*, to be burned, and he was for a time imprisoned.

As age drew on he found himself reduced to comparative poverty and driven to sell his library for subsistence.

Nor was his home a happy one. His temper had become stern and exacting. His daughters, who were forced to read to their blind father in languages which they could 5 not understand, revolted against their bondage. But solitude and misfortune only brought into bolder relief Milton's inner greatness. There was a grand simplicity in the life of his later years. He listened every morning to a chapter of the Hebrew Bible and then pursued his studies 10 until midday. Then he took exercise for an hour, played for another hour upon the organ or viol, and renewed his studies. The evening was spent in converse with visitors and friends. For, lonely and unpopular as Milton was, there was one thing about him which made his house a 15 place of pilgrimage. He was the last of the Elizabethans. Possibly he had seen Shakespeare. His *Comus* had rivaled the masques of Ben Jonson. It was with a reverence drawn from thoughts like these that men looked on the blind poet as he sat, clad in black, in his chamber 20 hung with rusty green tapestry, his brown hair falling as of old over a calm, serene face, his cheeks delicately colored, his clear gray eyes showing no trace of their blindness.

During these years of persecution and loneliness he 25 mused on his great poem, *Paradise Lost*. It was published in 1667, and four years later *Paradise Regained*

and *Samson Agonistes* appeared. Great as the two last works were, their greatness was eclipsed by that of their predecessor, in which the poet's whole genius expressed itself. Whatever was highest and best in the Puritan
 5 temper spoke in the nobleness and elevation of the poem, in its purity of tone, in its loftiness of conception, in its ordered and equable realization of a great purpose.

The great poem of Milton was, however, the epic of a fallen cause. Puritanism had laid down the sword. It
 10 ceased from the long attempt to build up the kingdom of God by force and violence, and fell back on its truer work of building up a kingdom of righteousness in the hearts and consciences of men. It was from the moment of its seeming fall that its real victory began. Slowly but
 15 steadily it introduced its own seriousness and purity into English society, English literature, and English politics.

humane letters: literature tending to refine or "humanize." — **ascetic**: rigidly self-denying. — **temper**: character. — **without the pale**: beyond the boundary. A pale was an inclosed space or field. — **Cromwell**: the leader of the Puritan army. — **Marston Moor**: a celebrated battle field where in 1644 the royal forces were defeated. — **horseplay**: vulgar jesting. — **the king**: Charles I. — **the Civil War**: a rebellion against the royal government. — **the Protector**: Cromwell assumed this title on the overthrow of the monarchy. — **the Restoration**: in 1660 the monarchy was restored. — **the Elizabethans** (ēlĭzəbē'thənz): those who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth. — **Comus**: a pastoral drama or "masque." — **Ben Jonson**: a famous English dramatist and poet. — **rusty green tapestry**: Richardson, an English painter, is the authority for this description. — **Samson Agonistes**: a tragedy constructed after the strict rules of the Greek drama. *Agonistes* is the Greek word for "a struggler" or "a champion." See page 426.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

JOHN BUNYAN

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688) was the son of a poor tinker of Bedfordshire, England. The religious excitement of the century made a great impression upon a nature that was peculiarly imaginative and emotional. While in confinement for holding illegal religious meetings he wrote a book called *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which is now considered one of the 5 three great allegories of the world's literature, the others being Dante's *Divine Comedy* and Spenser's *Faerie Queene*. Six years after his release from prison his work was published. The charm of his style, so quaint and graphic and yet so rich and lyrical, made the book one of the most widely read of his own time and of the succeeding centuries. 10

NOTE. The Pilgrim, in Bunyan's allegory, is an earnest soul desirous of leading a good life, and his story is of the temptations and dangers he has to face. The author presents his narrative in the form of a dream. The Pilgrim, on his way to the city of Zion, meets two frightened travelers, Timorous and Mistrust, who warn him of lions in the path. But he 15 goes bravely on, and presently he sees a very stately palace before him, the name of which is Beautiful, and it stands by the highway side.

So I saw in my dream that he made haste and went forward that, if possible, he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far he entered into a very narrow 20 passage, which was about a furlong off the porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the danger that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he 25 was afraid and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him.

But the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that he made a halt, as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, "Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained and are placed there
5 for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none. Keep in the midst of the path and no hurt shall come unto thee."

Then I saw that he went on, trembling for fear of the lions; but taking good heed to the directions of the porter,
10 he heard them roar, but they did him no harm. Then he clapped his hands, and went on till he came and stood before the gate where the porter was. Then said he to the porter, "Sir, what house is this? And may I lodge here to-night?"

15 The porter answered, "This house was built by the Lord of the hill, and he built it for the relief and security of pilgrims." This porter also asked whence he was, and whither he was going. The Pilgrim answered, "I am come from the city of Destruction, and am going to Mount Zion;
20 but, because the sun is now set, I desire, if I may, to lodge here to-night." . . .

"Well," said the porter, "I will call out one of the virgins of this place who will, if she likes your talk, bring you in to the rest of the family according to the rules of
25 the house."

So Watchful, the porter, rang a bell, at the sound of which came out at the door of the house a grave and

beautiful damsel, named Discretion, and asked why she was called.

The porter answered, "This man is on a journey from the city of Destruction to Mount Zion; but being weary and benighted he asked me if he might lodge here to-
night: so I told him I would call for thee, who, after dis-
course had with him, mayest do as seemeth thee good,
even according to the law of the house."

Then she asked him whence he was and whither he was going, and he told her. She asked him also how he got
into the way, and he told her. Then she asked him what
he had seen and met with in the way, and he told her.
And at last she asked his name. So he said, "It is Chris-
tian: and I have so much the more a desire to lodge here
to-night, because, by what I perceive, this place was built by
the Lord of the hill for the relief and security of pilgrims."

So she smiled, but the water stood in her eyes; and
after a little pause she said, "I will call forth two or
three more of the family." So she ran to the door and
called out Prudence, Piety, and Charity, who after a little
more discourse with him, led him in to the family; and
many of them meeting him at the threshold of the house
said, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; this house was
built by the Lord of the hill on purpose to entertain such
pilgrims in."

Then he bowed his head and followed them into the
house. So when he was come in and set down, they gave

him something to drink and consented together that until supper was ready, some of them should have some particular discourse with him for the best improvement of time.

- 5 Now I saw in my dream that thus they sat talking together until supper was ready, and until late at night. And after they had committed themselves to their Lord for protection, they betook themselves to rest. The pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window
10 opened toward the sun rising: the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day. Abridged

allegory : a story with a figurative meaning. — **furlong** : an eighth of a mile. — **virgins** : maidens. — **benighted** : overtaken by darkness. — **seemeth thee** : seemeth to thee. Note the likeness between the language used here and that of the King James translation of the Bible, which had been finished about fifty years before Bunyan wrote his great book.



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THOMAS GRAY

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771) was an English poet and scholar.

NOTE. The Elegy is perhaps the most finished poem in our literature. It was begun in 1742, but was laid aside and not completed until 1750. It gained immediate favor and is still regarded as worthy of the highest praise.

5

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight. 10
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
 The moping owl does to the moon complain 15
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, 20
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

5 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 10 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 15 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike the inevitable hour :
 20 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?

Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

5

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;

10

Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear :

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

15

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,

Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

20

The applause of listening senates to command,

The threats of pain and ruin to despise,

To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,

And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

5 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 10 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 15 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 20 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead, 5
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say, 10
 “ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch, 15
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love. 20

“ One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“The next with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH

5 Here rests, his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 10 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
 He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 15 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

curfew: a bell rung at bedtime. In the early days of English history it was the signal to cover the fires of the household and go to bed. The summer twilight in England, it must be remembered, lasts much longer than in America. — **lea**: open field or meadow. — **save**: except. — **glebe**: ground; earth. — **broke**: an old form still used in poetry. — **joc'und**: merry. — **awaits**, etc.: an inverted sentence of which *hour* is the subject. — **fretted**: carved. — **pregnant with celestial fire**: filled with celestial fire. — **living**: waking to life; animating. — **Hampden**: a noted English statesman and patriot. — **madding**: mad. — **e'en**: even. — **melancholy**: the love of meditation, thoughtfulness; a somewhat rare use of the word.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

ANDREW D. WHITE

ANDREW D. WHITE (1832-) is an eminent American scholar and diplomat.

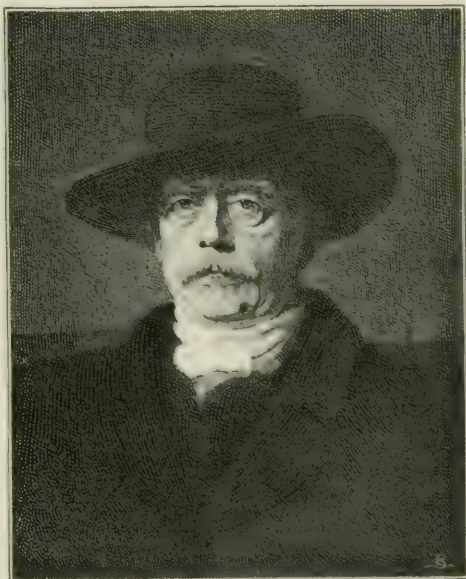
NOTE. The following pages are the conclusion of a lecture on "The Statesmanship of Bismarck," delivered July 13, 1909, before the summer session of Cornell University.

5

Something less than a year since, I passed a day amid my old haunts on the shore of the German Ocean and visited Friedrichsruhe, the second of the two great estates given Bismarck in gratitude for his services to his country.

There it was that he had passed the happiest years of his later life. In those broad forests I trod

his favorite paths, rested in his accustomed seats, looked forth over the prospects which he had most enjoyed. In



PRINCE BISMARCK

(After a painting by *Franz von Lenbach*)

the old, hospitable mansion I lingered in the room where he died, all things in it remaining as at his death hour ; sat in his workroom, at his table. In the rooms where he was wont to lavish hospitality I talked with his grandson, 5 the heir to his title, a bright boy of twelve years, and he seemed to welcome kindly my hope expressed to him that he would bear worthily his great name. Noteworthy were the manifold tokens of love and gratitude from the fellow-citizens of the great Chancellor, among them a striking 10 copy of the picture representing him standing before the emperor William the First, in the sumptuous hall of Louis the Fourteenth at Versailles, and announcing to the world the German Empire.

But one thing remained, of deeper interest than all else. 15 Hard by, in a chapel of plain hewn stone, was his tomb, a single block of granite above it, bearing the simple words which he had ordered placed upon it : " Prince Bismarck — a faithful servant of Kaiser William the First." Significant of much is it that no mention is made of the two 20 succeeding emperors whom he served. But of far deeper significance is the inscription over the adjacent altar. In letters of gold it gives Bismarck's favorite text, that which Schleiermacher placed in his hands at his confirmation in his boyhood, words of St. Paul to the Colossians : " Do it 25 heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men."

There is the key to Bismarck's character, without which no man can understand him. Faults he had, and

great faults ; errors he committed, and great errors ; but at the foundation of the whole man was his loyalty to duty, and this was enforced by his unconquerable will. This it was which gave him that success which astonished the world, — which made him the greatest German since 5 Luther, and one of the greatest men who ever lived.

My friends, you are entering life ; I am leaving it. Let me tell you that his key to success is yours. I have seen sixty successive generations of students graduated at American colleges and universities, forty-two of them 10 here at Cornell. I have watched their after careers. Some who seemed likely to succeed have failed ; some who seemed likely to fail have made successes. And it has become clear to me that the great secret of all success worth having is character — sound, solid, truthful, 15 wholesome character — based upon a sense of duty and enforced by a strong will. Without this you will have no success worth having. With this all the success worth having is sure.

Friedrichsruhe (frēd'riks ruə) : " Frederick's rest." — **Bismarck** : a great Prussian statesman, who brought about the union of the small German states into one powerful empire. After the war with France (1870-1871) he dictated the terms of peace and had the satisfaction of seeing King William of Prussia crowned emperor of Germany in the palace of the French kings. Bismarck was made Chancellor a few days later. — **Versailles** (vair säy) : a royal palace near Paris ; it was the headquarters of the German invaders. — **Kaiser** (kī'zēr) : Emperor. — **Schleiermacher** (shlē'ēr māk ēr) : a famous preacher and professor. — **Luther** : the founder of Protestantism.



TO AUTUMN

JOHN KEATS

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!

Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;

Conspiring with him how to load and bless

With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;

5 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,

And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;

To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells

With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,

And still more, later flowers for the bees,

10 Until they think warm days will never cease,

For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?

Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find

Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,

Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;

Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,

5

Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook

Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers :

And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep

Steady thy laden head across a brook ;

Or by a cider-press, with patient look,

10

Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Ay, where are they ?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, —

While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,

And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;

15

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn

Among the river shallows, borne aloft

Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;

And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;

Hedge-cricket sing ; and now with treble soft

20

The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,

And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

gran'ary : a storehouse for grain. — **fume of poppies** : opium, a drug which induces sleep, is obtained from poppies. — **sallows** : willows. — **bourn** : boundary. — **croft** : a small inclosed piece of land. — **gathering swallows** : the swallows gather for their migration early in the autumn.

THE PRICE OF WAR

DAVID STARR JORDAN

DAVID STARR JORDAN (1851-) is a well-known American author who for many years has been the president of Leland Stanford Junior University in California.

NOTE. The following are brief selections from Dr. Jordan's essay.

5 There was once a time when the struggles of armies resulted in a survival of the fittest, when the race was indeed to the swift and the battle to the strong. The invention of gunpowder has changed all this. Except in the kind of warfare called guerilla, the quality of the individual
10 ual has ceased to be much of a factor. There is little play for selection in modern war save what is shown in the process of enlistment.

America has grown strong with the strength of peace, the spirit of democracy. Her wars have been few. Were
15 it not for the mob spirit they would have been still fewer; but in most of them she could not choose but fight. Volunteer soldiers have swelled her armies, men who went forth of their own free will, knowing whither they were going, believing their acts to be right, and taking patiently
20 whatever the fates might hold in store. . . .

It was at Lexington that "the embattled farmers" "fired the shot heard round the world." To them life was of less value than a principle, the principle written by Cromwell on the statute book of Parliament. "All just powers under

God are derived from the consent of the people." Since the War of the Revolution many patriotic societies have arisen, finding their inspiration in personal descent from those who fought for American independence. The assumption, well justified by facts, is that these were a superior 5 type of men, and that to have had such names in our personal ancestry is of itself a cause for thinking more highly of ourselves. In our little private round of peaceful duties we feel that we might have wrought the deeds of Putnam and Allen, of Marion and Greene, of our Revolutionary an- 10 cestors, whoever they may have been. But if those who survived were nobler than the mass, so also were those who fell. If we go over the records of brave men and wise women whose fathers fought at Lexington, we must think also of the men and women who shall never be, whose 15 right to exist was cut short at this same battle. It is a costly thing to kill off men, for in men alone can national greatness consist. . . .

We can never know what might have been. We can never know how great is our actual loss, nor can we 20 know how far the men that are fall short of the men that ought to have been. It may be that the vexing problems of to-day, the problems of greed and lawlessness, would be easier if we had the men who ought to have been to help us in their settlement. . . . 25

How long will the republic endure? So long as the ideas of its founders remain dominant. How long will

these ideas remain dominant? Just so long as the blood of its founders remains dominant in the blood of its people. Not the blood of the Puritans and the Virginians alone, the original creators of free states. We must not read our
 5 history so narrowly as that. It is the blood of free-born men, whoever they may be, which creates a free nation. Our republic shall endure so long as the human harvest is good, so long as the movement of history, the progress of science and industry, leaves for the future not the worst
 10 but the best of each generation. The republic of Rome lasted so long as there were Romans; the republic of America will last so long as its people, in blood and in spirit, remain what we have learned to call Americans. . . .

War is bad, only to be justified as the last resort of "man-
 15 gled, murdered liberty," a terrible agency to be evoked only when all other arts of self-defense shall fail. The remedy for most ills of men is not to be sought in "whirlwinds of rebellion that shake the world," but in peace and justice, equality among men, and the cultivation of those virtues
 20 which have been virtues ever since man and society began, and will be virtues still when the era of strife is past.

It is the voice of political wisdom, the expression of the best political economy which falls from the bells of Christmas tide: "Peace on earth, good will toward men!"

"the embattled farmers": a quotation from Emerson's "Concord Hymn."
 — Putnam and Allen, Marion and Greene: Revolutionary heroes.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

JOSEPH B. GILDER

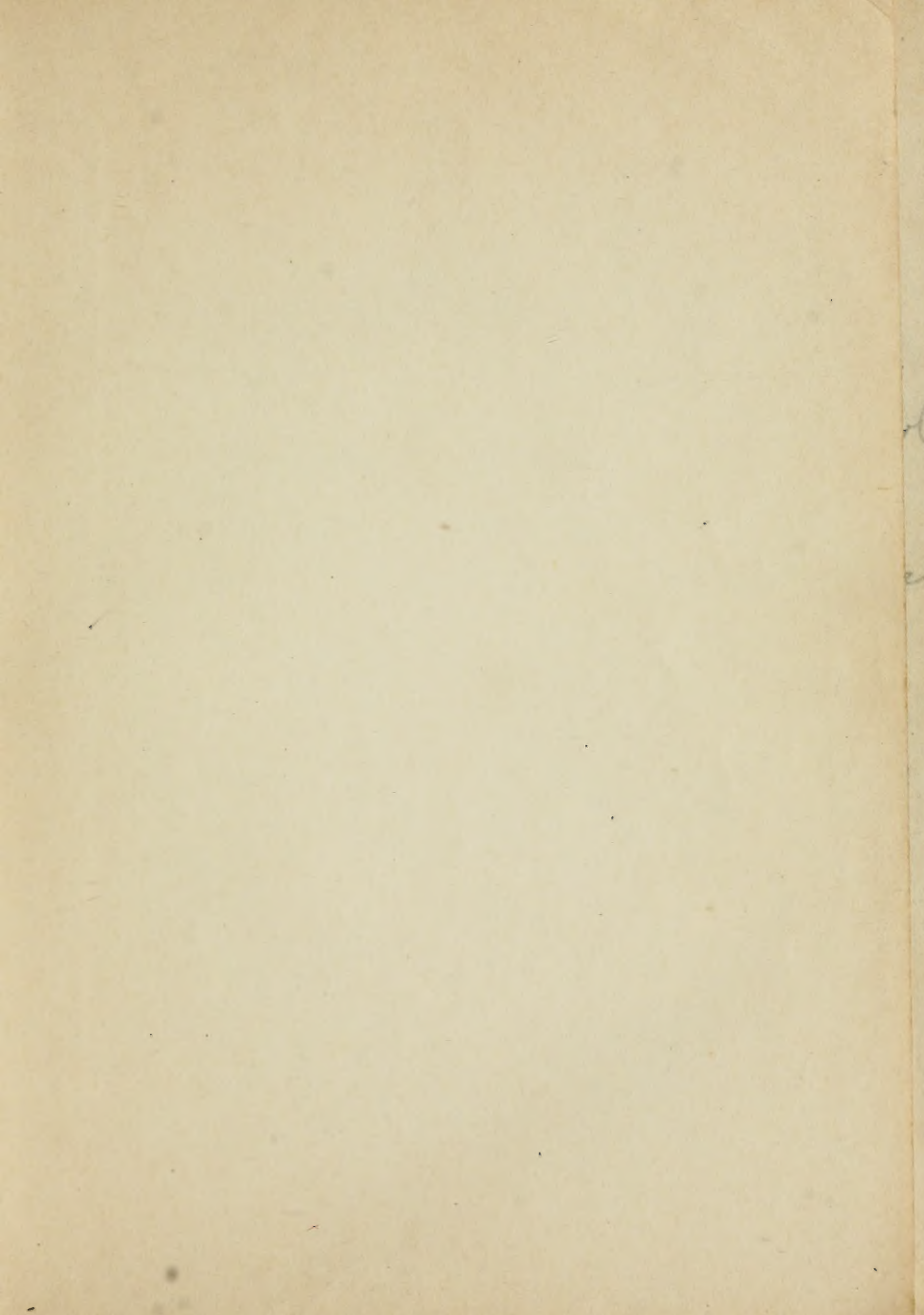
JOSEPH B. GILDER is an American journalist. The following poem was printed in 1900.

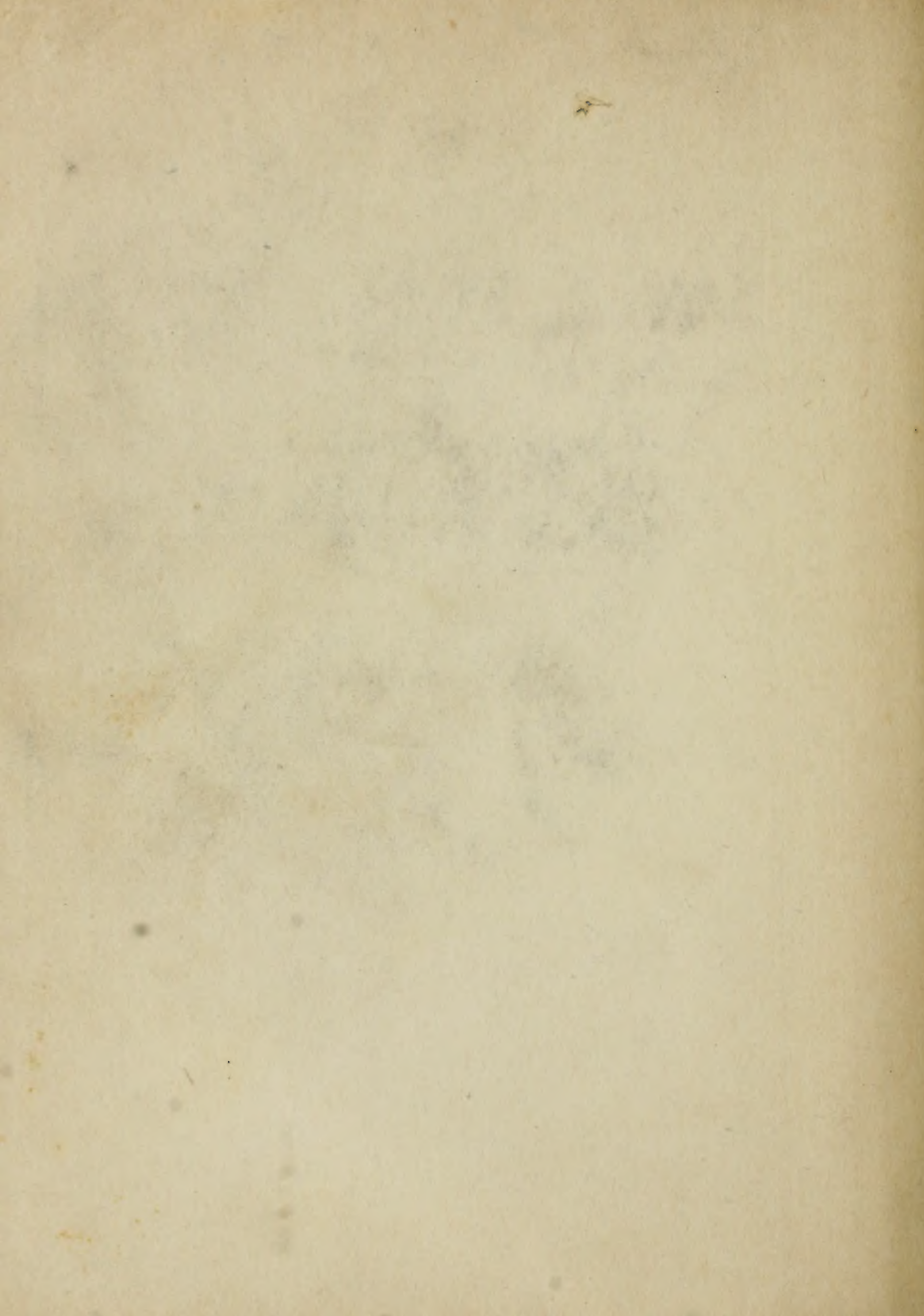
Untrammeled Giant of the West,
 With all of Nature's gifts endowed,
 With all of Heaven's mercies blessed, 5
 Nor of thy power unduly proud —
 Peerless in courage, force, and skill,
 And godlike in thy strength of will, —

Before thy feet the ways divide :
 One path leads up to heights sublime ; 10
 Downward the other slopes, where bide
 The refuse and the wrecks of Time.
 Choose then, nor falter at the start,
 O choose the nobler path and part !

Be thou the guardian of the weak, 15
 Of the unfriended, thou the friend ;
 No guerdon for thy valor seek,
 No end beyond the avowèd end.
 Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,
 Be godlike in the will to serve ! 20

Giant of the West : a name justified by the marvelous growth of the United States. — **guerdon** (gêr'dón) : reward.





Florence Stuber

Waco

Nebr.

age 9 Young county
Grade 5. Jan. 14, 1922

Waco Public School

Teacher Miss W. M.

Wachne

Property of
Waco Public School,
District No. 34.

